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The Columbia University Course in Literature

The Wisdom of the East

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INTRODUCTION

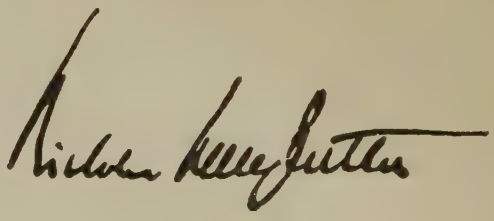
IT is not easy, even if possible, to say anything new about literature. Criticism, exposition, and analysis have long since exhausted themselves and that which has stood their test has thereby become classic. Different epochs, different languages, and different civilizations have found varied modes of expression in literature for their reflection, their emotion, and their aspiration. To gather together representative selections of these is no slight or easy task, but when accomplished it is a task that matters mightily for those who, not themselves scholars or masters of several languages, are seriously bent upon reading the best that has been said and written in the world and upon bringing themselves under its influence.

The Columbia University Course in Literature attempts precisely this. It offers in reasonably brief compass a survey and interpretation of what is most characteristic in the literature of the world, the material chosen being arranged in chronological order according to the nations that have produced it. From these selections the reader should be able to gain a clear idea of the style and distinctive quality of those writers whose work endures. From the introductory essays the reader will be given a viewpoint from which the selections that follow may best be understood and appreciated and may come to know something of the author and of the reasons that have led to the continuing repute of his work. The general introductions to the larger groups of literary work will present to the reader those fundamental conditions of life, of thought, and of religious and economic experience that have both shaped the literary expression of any given age and also made these literary expressions continuous from the time when literature began to the present day.

No book and no series of books can contain all that one should know or all that one might well hope to read, but a collection of wisely made selections of what is best can serve a purpose which is very real and very practical. A work that is classic, when really grasped and appreciated, becomes not only a friend but a companion. One wishes for its association; one wishes for its society and turns to it at every opportunity. In particular is this true of great poetry, of great oratory, and of great historical presentation and exposition. Who could ever tire of the Odyssey or the Æneid or of the Divine Comedy or of Hamlet or of Faust? There are lines and passages in Sophocles, in Horace, in Molière, in Milton, in Byron, in Shelley, in Wordsworth, and in Browning that will last as long as life itself. Imagine anyone of intelligence not reveling in the stately oratory of Demosthenes or of Cicero or in the superb eloquence of Bossuet, of Mirabeau, of Burke, or of Webster. There are parts of Herodotus, of Thucyd-

ides, of Tacitus, of Froissart, and of Montesquieu of which one can never grow weary, and the splendid flow of Macaulay's style is quite as much literature as history.

To know and to love these is an essential element of liberal education. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of literature as a unifying force within nations and as a unifying force between nations. Science speaks no single language and therefore may quickly bind together all those whom its influence reaches. Literature uses various tongues but its spirit is one and the same. The thought, the emotion, the aspiration which it expresses and reveals are common to all humanity. To approach an understanding of genuine literature and to gain an appreciation of it and the comfort and satisfaction which that understanding and appreciation bring, is to go very far indeed toward making life worth living.



Columbia University
October 24, 1927

LITERATURE AND CIVILIZATION

LITERATURE is one of the oldest, one of the most continuous, and one of the most important of man's activities. It began shortly after he had learned to speak and long before he had learned to write. From that time to the present its course has been unceasing from generation to generation and people to people. It has never been more highly esteemed than today, and it engages a larger proportion of the time and energy of more human beings than ever before.

As soon as man began to find words for things, he began also to strive to put some part of his experience and ideas into words that should be memorable. No tribe is so primitive that it has altogether failed to preserve proverbs, stories, or ritual, the beginnings of a literature. From such origins each settled people has gone on accumulating a treasury of poetry and history, to be guarded jealously and preserved for its descendants. The greatest empires, the most progressive nations that the world has known have cherished their literatures as among their proudest traditions and their best gifts to humanity. Nothing could be more absurd than the vulgar error that literature is merely decorative, ornamental, genteel, unessential. On the contrary, it is a fundamental element and a chief index of the advance of civilization which it records. Man has been described as a tool-using animal. His most important tool is language. The lasting product of that marvelous mechanism is literature.

For thousands of years he has been creating this product, weaving into it his knowledge and his dreams, improving old and inventing new patterns, discarding what becomes worn and faded, treasuring the best. Out of the experiences of this life, he has created another life, of the imagination — a world that mirrors the real world, that records history, that depicts the ways of mortal man, and yet is free from the limits of time and space and reality. Open a book, and you may enter this world to sing with Homer or reason with Socrates. Open a book, and you have closed the door on the life of your daily experience and are living anew the most marvelous imaginings of the race. Here is preserved the best that has been thought and said, the aspirations of men of all time for a more abundant life.

Literature has become very complex. The song, story, and ritual of primitive man have become a multitude of varying and complicated forms. Certain of these have become traditional, and the models and methods of some great creative period like that of the Greeks continue to influence the artistic practice for centuries. Thus, the drama, in spite of many changes, has maintained its form, and we can compare the tragedies of Mr. Eugene O'Neill with those

of Ibsen or Racine or Otway or Shakespeare or Euripides. Another basis of comparison of methods of art may be found in certain subjects which repeat themselves. For example, stories of the gods, or mythologies, have formed a basis of much of the great poetry of different peoples. But while any attempt to define and classify literature may prove useful and convenient, it is sure to be narrow and one-sided. It may put the emphasis on the more imaginative and fanciful kinds and forget that philosophy and history make a large portion of the literature of the past and that encyclopedias and newspapers play a part in making the literature of today. Or such analysis may stress the traditional literary art and forget that great books are often produced in violation of all artistic tradition. One of the immortal books of the Middle Ages is the 'Travels of Marco Polo,' dictated by a Venetian gentleman while in prison, taken down in faulty French by a fellow-prisoner without any trace of literary art. Another immortal book is Chaucer's 'Prologue to the Canterbury Tales,' written by a highly educated Englishman who had learned much from French and Italian poets and formed a very skilful and conscious poetic method of his own. How shall we compare the two books? Chaucer's is immeasurably greater as a work of traditional yet original art, but Marco Polo's crude narrative of fact is perhaps as sure of immortality.

Men preserve as literature what they continue to care for, what remains interesting and significant. What they preserve is not always noble or exalting. Literature does not always observe the standards of morality any more than it always observes those of artistic excellence. Into it go man's spiritual desolations as well as spiritual triumphs, economic struggles as well as religious idealisms, his adventures as well as his meditations. It may be light-hearted and mocking as well as sober and instructive. It may be immoral or even indecent. Literature is scarcely less varied than the life it mirrors. The imagination serves no one master for long. Yet in the main, through the centuries, the literary imagination has been guided by the ideals of literary excellence and of moral or social instruction. It seeks to enlarge knowledge, to teach, to influence conduct, and it seeks to make words into rhythms, images, patterns that will delight the eye and the ear and the mind. This dual purpose has been expressed in many phrases — to instruct and to please, to edify and to delight, to give reality and joy. The vast and manifold world of the imagination that literature has created has been for the pleasure of men in this real world below, but it has also been intended for their instruction. The greatest books have gained immortality through their undying ministrations to man's zeal for wisdom and beauty.

This immortality distinguishes a work of literature from a work in certain other of man's great and continuous enterprises, such as law, government, or science. The accomplishment of one man in law or science lives not by itself but merges in the works of successors. The poem or history may also be imitated and thus become the ancestor of many other poems and histories, as

have the Æneid of Vergil and the History of Thucydides; yet they still live in themselves, fresh sources of delight and profit now as when they were first written. In this respect, literature is like other of what we call the fine arts — music, painting, sculpture, and architecture — in which the creation of the individual artist may outlive time. Perhaps, however, literature offers the most impressive opportunity for the expression of the individual and for the influencing of his fellow-men. The poets early learned to boast that they could in their verses erect a monument for a patron more enduring than marble or bronze. Colors fade, temples crumble, empires vanish, but words endure. No other art has succeeded as has the art of words in taking the sympathies and thoughts of one man and making them clear and significant to many others. Literature is in part the full expression of great men, of Plato and Sophocles, Dante and Chaucer, Molière and Shakespeare, Goethe and Tolstoy. We listen again to their beautiful voices, we wonder at their art, we sit at their feet to learn their teachings; through them we renew our faith in the greatness of man and the glory of his pilgrimage on earth.

The teacher cannot teach without pupils. The poet's song is lost if no one listens to it. Literature must have an audience as well as creators, readers as well as writers. Indeed, a book repeats itself in each new reader. The audience for whom a book was intended may help to determine its character. Was it written for a royal patron, for fashionable and high-bred ladies, for the brothers of a monastery, for the theater, or for the many-thousanded public of today? In some cases the audience may be of an interest scarcely less than the book itself. Take, for example, the writings of the American Colonial period. Here, to a strip of land along the seacoast, our ancestors from the nations of Western Europe had come as pioneers, facing hardship and privation, building their homes on a new continent. Slowly but surely they transplanted the old civilization to the new world. How did they live, what did they write, what manner of men were they? We study the history of their schools, their churches, their governments, even of their carpentry and pottery, and especially we study the books that they wrote and read, not so much because of direct benefit to ourselves, but in order that we may know them. A book opens to us not only the mind of its creator but also the life and spirit of its age. We find its economics, politics, religion, daily habits, and intellectual exercise are revealed. Though we may study the past in many ways, we cannot study it intelligently without the aid of literature. Books are constantly reviving for us the past, and in a true sense making that life a part of our own. When we say that a writer has humanity, we mean both that he deals vividly with a large range of life and also that he reaches in us, his readers, a wide range of sympathy and understanding for our fellows.

Two mechanical devices have been of the greatest importance in enlarging this human appeal of literature, the inventions of writing and printing. Writing made possible the accumulation and preservation of literature in quantity and

its circulation among a considerable body of educated readers. The invention of printing made literature accessible to everyone and reading an occupation for the millions. The spoken word, to be sure, has not yet lost its power of making literature. A play is written to be spoken before an audience, as were the plays of Æschylus and Aristophanes. A preacher may still sway men by his eloquence as did Bossuet, or a political orator may influence the destiny of a nation as did Cicero. But the play or sermon or oration today soon reaches in print an audience far greater than that which could assemble within hearing of the speaker's voice. This constantly enlarged audience has proved one of the chief factors in shaping the development of modern literature. Up to the time of the invention of printing, literature in the main could reach only the few educated persons. It represented a selected class, a very small proportion of the total population. Even after the printing-presses were turning out books in abundance, the reading class was still small. It was not thought worth while to collect Shakespeare's plays in a volume until seven years after his death. Even as late as a century ago the novels of Walter Scott, which were read by everyone who read anything, sold under a hundred thousand copies for the most successful. Today a popular novel in serial publication, in book form, and in reissue in the daily papers, may be read by millions of persons within a year of its appearance. The orator, or poet, or historian, or dramatist may speak to the whole world; and almost in an instant the minds of millions of readers may be echoing and re-echoing his words.

In the more civilized countries the demand of the public for reading matter has become prodigious. It is met by newspapers, magazines, new books of every description, reprints of old books, by selections, anthologies, by libraries, by every possible device to satisfy this ever increasing demand for something to read. In consequence, each reader may make his choice from a multitude of offerings, and he may make his choice between hasty or careful reading, between what is ephemeral and what is lasting in value, between the new and the old. He may choose what is being read by millions of other persons at the same moment, or he may choose what has been read by the elect of the ages.

No one can or should neglect the offerings of the moment. In order to profit from the past, it is not necessary to condemn the present. The literature of the present performs an incalculable service in binding together in feeling and understanding the millions, just as the literature preserved from preceding generations does a great service in binding our hearts and minds to those of the past. But it is scarcely necessary to indicate the appeal that the literature of the past has upon any man or woman. It is selected, it has been winnowed and chosen from century to century. It represents the great masters of human speech. It presents a tradition of workmanship, of literary excellence, of artistic mastery, on which all subsequent literature must depend. It reveals the amazing history of man's struggle and growth, it is a record of civilization.

Conservatives are always fearful that the present will lose hold on the virtues

of the past. Revolutionaries often demand that we cut loose from its tutelage. The fear of the one party and the demand of the other are alike impossible of realization in any sweeping measure. The past is always with us, and in the last century or so men have been studying it and understanding it and valuing it as never before. And they have been studying the past of the whole world. A little more than a hundred years ago, the Sanskrit poems and the writings of Confucius were as unknown to the West as was the history and literature of Europe to the East. Now American tourists by the thousands journey across the earth to view the Taj Mahal, and Shakespeare is taught in the schools of China and Japan. The literature of the past is helping us to realize that we are citizens of the world.

The modern man is intensely interested in the past. There is little danger that the masterpieces of the world's literature will be neglected by the present generation. Many now, as always, will be interested in little else but their personal occupations and cares. But as more men and women acquire liberty and leisure, more will find time for an interest in the larger issues of life, for science and history and literature. Especially will this be true in our own country. Our pioneering days, to be sure, are not over. We still have enormous material tasks to perform, waste land to be reclaimed, physical resources to be developed and preserved. But we are acquiring wealth, leisure, and a sense of our relationship to the world at large. We are coming to know that great and difficult problems lie before us which can be met only by a thorough knowledge of the past. We are feeling our place in the tradition of intellectual and imaginative endeavor which has raised man from the earth and enabled him to survey the world with head erect. We are intent on our own literature, both what we have made and what we are making, and we are interested in the literature of other nations and other times.

The world has never known such an audience. Now, the average man can readily acquire all the knowledge of the past which Franklin or Jefferson or Hamilton possessed, and in addition may benefit from the enormous accomplishments of the last century. Now, a hundred million people are living in comfort, with wealth widely distributed, with education universal, and with the books of knowledge open before them. Our nation is asking itself what is its purpose, its responsibility, its hopes. Surely it will turn for guidance and courage to what man has already achieved in art and science, and surely no intelligent American will neglect the great literature of the world.

A. H. Thorndike

ORIENTAL LITERATURE

THE term "Orient" should be applied, strictly speaking, only to Asia, which is conventionally divided into the Far East (from 90° East Longitude through Japan), the Middle East (60–90°), and the Near East (40–60°); but it has been so extended as to include Asia Minor as well as Egypt, which is no farther east than the Crimea, and even all Africa north of the Sahara, since the language and civilization of this latter area are Arabic, and thus derived from the Near East in the true sense of the term.

From the point of view of racial origins, it would appear that only three of the literatures of the Orient have been produced by races indigenous to Asia: Sumerian, Chinese, and Japanese. Egyptian literature was doubtless native to Africa, as is its modern representative, Coptic; but all the Oriental literatures created by the Indo-Iranians and the Semites were the work of races that had migrated to Asia in prehistoric times. The three autochthonous peoples of this continent who alone have risen by their own efforts to the cultivation of letters were favored by nature above the inhabitants of the inhospitable deserts, barren plateaus, and monotonous steppes of Inner and Northern Asia in that they dwelt in fertile lands. There they formed stable governments, developed along sound lines laid down by traditions suitable to their various characteristics, and evolved a settled mode of life in place of a nomadism earlier enforced by harsh natural environment. Gradually amassing wealth, they obtained the leisure, amid intervals of peace, requisite for the development of literature and the arts. Finally political, economic, and religious contacts with other peoples stimulated and molded their culture.

The Indo-Iranians, one of the two great races who entered Asia, appear to have migrated from some area, variously supposed to have been either in Europe or even in North Africa, to regions east of the Caspian which, far less arid than they now are, may then have been fertile. Thence, it would seem, they passed southward in a series of migrations through the Iranian Plateau and into the Panjab area of northern India, finally extending their influence over the entire Indian Peninsula, including the Dravidians, and, through the spread of Buddhism, affecting Java, Tibet, the Sogdian, "Sakian," "North Iranian," and Tokharian lands, Indo-China, and even China. These Indo-Iranians were one of the great branches of the Indo-Europeans who imposed their type of language and at least some of such civilization as they possessed upon their predecessors in Europe and parts of Asia and Anatolia, receiving, in return, modifications of various kinds. They were

akin, therefore, to the Greeks, Romans, Albanians, Celts, Teutons, Balto-Slavs, Illyrians, and Thracians in Europe, to the Armenians, Phrygians, and Kaneshians in Asia Minor, and to the Tokharians of Turkistan in Asia, all of whom, except the Illyrians, Thracians, and Phrygians, have left more or less abundant literatures.

The other great race immigrant into Asia was that of the Semites, who are represented in literature by the Akkadians (formerly called Babylonians and Assyrians), Hebrews, Aramaeans (Samaritans, Syrians, and Mandaeans), Arabs, and Abyssinians. From the dawn of history, Arabia appears to have been the Semitic homeland; yet certain linguistic connections between Semitic and Egyptian, and between the latter and the Hamitic Berber languages of North Africa, have led many to believe, not without good reason, that the ancestors of the Semites migrated at a very early period from northern Africa across the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb into the Arabian Peninsula.

A brief consideration of valleys and mountain ranges of Asia will show how geographical conditions fostered these divisions. As regards the original inhabitants, the Sumerians, coming, in all probability, from the central part of the continent, settled in the fertile plains of Lower Mesopotamia; Japan is a group of islands; China is separated from northern and central Asia by deserts, plateaus, and mountains; in Africa, the Egyptians dwelt along the Nile, cut off from alien contact by deserts on the west, south, and east, and by the Mediterranean on the north. Of all these, the Sumerians were the first to develop a literature (about 4000 B.C.), the Egyptians the second (about 3200 B.C.), the Chinese the third (about 840 B.C.), and the Japanese the last (712 A.D.). Sumerian, Egyptian, and early Chinese were, so far as we can tell, untouched by foreign thought; but the later literature of China was modified by Indian Buddhism, while, by way of Korea, China directly, and India indirectly, profoundly influenced Japan long before her written records began; and China stamped her impress upon Korean and Manchurian literature.

The Indo-Iranian division forms another unit, consisting of the Iranian Plateau and the Indian Peninsula. Each of these forms a subsidiary unit, since the only roads of communication between them are the semi-arid region of Baluchistan and a few narrow and difficult passes through the Himalayas. Iran, in its turn, was vulnerable, under ancient conditions, only from the northeast, between the Caspian and the Oxus, and from the west, through Mesopotamia — the former the historic path of invasion from Inner Asia used by the Turco-Mongols and probably by the Indo-Iranians themselves; the latter the breach by which the Arabs entered upon their career of conquest in Iran. Within this Indo-Iranian region the two divisions, first the Indians and then the Iranians, established literatures, virtually independent of each other, at dates impossible to fix definitely, but conventionally set about

1500 and 500 B.C. respectively. While the literature of Aryan India was thus wholly original, its influence upon others has been deep. It has virtually inspired all the literatures of the southern part of the Peninsula, the domain of a totally unrelated group of languages, the Dravidian (notably Telugu, Tamil, Malayalam, and Kanarese); through Buddhism it has affected Tibet, China, Japan, Indo-China, and even Java; while its fable-literature penetrated Europe, and its "box-arrangement" of story within story, familiar to us from the 'Arabian Nights,' is seen in such works as the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio. On the other hand, with the Mogul Empire, from the sixteenth century onward, the vernacular literatures of North India received an influx of Muhammadan influence in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish. The effect of Iranian literature on the outer world was far less, though it once extended well into what is now Turkistan, as is shown by texts in Sogdian, "Sakian," and "North Iranian." Since the days of the Arab invasion, soon after the Prophet's death, however, Persian letters have been diverted largely into Arabic channels of thought and expression, even if the Iranian genius has succeeded, by conscious effort, in preserving much of its own individuality.

The course of development of the Indian and Iranian (Persian) literatures is considered at length in special sections of this volume, so that detailed discussion is needless here, but such is not the case with the Semitic and Anatolian writings. In the Semitic world the situation is dominated geographically by the "fertile crescent," one horn of which rests upon the Mediterranean due north of the Red Sea and the other upon the Persian Gulf, thus skirting the northern edges of the deserts of Arabia and covering the fertile areas of Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia. The first waves of Semitic migration along this crescent were of the people later known as Babylonians, who entered Mesopotamia in the early part of the third millennium B.C. and fell heir to the civilization and the dominion of the Sumerians, of whom their literature retains marked traces. The Babylonians were followed, centuries later, by another Semitic influx, this time of those subsequently called Assyrians; and other waves — to mention only those of literary significance — found a home along the Mediterranean littoral. The first of these were the Canaanites, whose most famous representatives were the Hebrews, who gave the Bible to the world. The oldest document of the Bible is supposed to be the 'Song of Deborah' (Judges v, 2–31), which was probably composed in the second millennium B.C. The question of foreign influences upon the Bible, whether from Akkadian (Assyro-Babylonian) in Genesis and some of the legal codes, or from Persia during the Exile in the sixth century B.C., has been, and is, much debated. At least some of the supposed borrowings, however, seem to be more readily explicable, from a strictly scientific point of view, as independent, though parallel, developments, so that one would appear to be justified in concluding that the Bible is essentially unaffected by elements from without. After the completion of the Bible, a somewhat

later form of Hebrew was used in the 'Mishna,' or 'Repetition' (of the Law), in the 'Midrashoth,' or 'Commentaries,' and by many writers in the Middle Ages.

The major part of medieval Hebrew literature was, naturally enough, theological in character; and, produced largely in Spain and France, areas under or adjacent to Moorish dominion, it was more than tinged by Arabic influences. The writers of this period were legion. Here belong, for instance, the voluminous theological and philosophic works of Levi ben Gershon, or Gersonides (1288–1344); the Talmudic and mystic treatises of Eleazar ben Judah of Worms (died in 1238); the Kabbalistic compositions of Isaac the Blind, called "the father of the Kabbala" (thirteenth century); the great Kabbalistic work termed the 'Zohar,' known from the thirteenth century, though of uncertain authorship; and the travels of Benjamin of Tudela (twelfth century). It was, moreover, during this epoch that the Jewish liturgy was developed, and that it was enriched with an abundance of poems (technically called 'Piyyutim') composed for use in the synagogue. Found in all the great Jewish centers of the Middle Ages, more than nine hundred names of authors of this type of poetry are recorded from Jose ben Jose (before 850) to the fourteenth century; and among them were many of the greatest scholars of the period in Jewry — Moses ben Kalonymus in Germany (eleventh century), Moses ben Jacob of Coucy in France (first half of the thirteenth century), Immanuel ben Solomon of Rome (1265–1330), and, above all, Solomon ibn Gabirol (died about 1058), Judah ha-Levi (first half of the twelfth century), and even Maimonides himself in Spain. There was, finally, secular poetry as well, represented especially by Samuel ha-Nagid (died 1055), Moses ibn Ezra (1070–1139), his kinsman Abraham ibn Ezra (1092–1167), Judah ha-Levi, Immanuel of Rome, and Israel ben Moses Najara (sixteenth century). Of all this mass of production, the poetry, both sacred and profane, attracts the *littérateur* rather than the prose, which is scarcely marked, for the most part, by stylistic beauty; and the student of literature can only feel keen regret that so little of medieval Hebrew verse has as yet been made accessible in translation.

Of Canaanite other than Hebrew, remains are relatively scanty, the oldest document of Canaanite itself being an inscription of Mesha, King of Moab (shortly after 900 B.C.), in which he recounts his campaign against Jehoram, King of Israel (*cf.* II Kings iii, 4–27). The remaining important language of this group was Phoenician, represented by many inscriptions scattered over a wide area, some of them apparently as early as the ninth century B.C., though for the most part they seem to date from the fifth and following centuries. This was slightly modified in North Africa into Punic, of which, besides inscriptions, one fragment of *quasi*-literary character has been preserved, in somewhat corrupt form in two versions, in the 'Poenulus' ['Young Carthaginian'] of the Latin comedian Plautus (second century B.C.), but

every trace of the native literature, which seems to have been of considerable extent, has long since vanished.

The Canaanite migrations were followed by Aramean invasions from at least the fourteenth century B.C. onward, their oldest recorded document being the inscription of Zakar, King of Hamath and La'ash, probably from the beginning of the eighth century. The Aramaeans spread along the "fertile crescent" from the Mediterranean to Mesopotamia, and their language gradually superseded all others in that entire area, becoming the *lingua franca* of commerce and all international intercourse by the time of the rise of the Persian Empire in the sixth century B.C. The later portions of the Bible show many Aramaic forms incorporated in the Hebrew text, and it even contains whole passages in Aramaic (notably Ezra iv, 8—vi, 18; vii, 12–26; Daniel ii. 2^b—vii, 28). Aramaic was the language employed by the Jewish communities of Egypt, as is shown by a mass of papyri of the early fifth century; it was the language of Christ (*cf.* Matthew v, 22; xxvii, 46; Mark v, 41; vii, 34; xiv, 36; and see I Corinthians xvi, 22); and probably was the language of the substratum, if not of the original version, of the Gospel of Mark.

Aramaic literature falls into two great divisions, Western and Eastern, neither of which attained full development till after the beginning of the Christian era. To the former belongs the Christian Aramaic literature of Palestine, of which little has survived; but of Jewish Palestinian, on the other hand, we have important and extensive documents in the 'Targums' ['Translations'] for considerable portions of the Old Testament, as well as large sections of the Jerusalem Talmud; and here, too, belong the fragments of Samaritan, consisting chiefly of a translation of the Pentateuch, a Targum, and a commentary on the Pentateuch. In Eastern Aramaic we have not only the parts of the Bible already noted, but also the Babylonian Talmud, which has exercised so profound an influence on all orthodox Judaism since the close of the Bible canon, and likewise the sacred books of the Mandaeans, a sect with an interesting mixture of Jewish, Christian, Zoroastrian, Akkadian, and Gnostic beliefs who may still be found in small numbers in Lower Mesopotamia.

By all odds the most important literature evolved by the Eastern Aramaeans was the Syriac, which began, properly speaking, in the second century A.D. with a translation of the Bible and continued to exist until the thirteenth, though its period of real productivity and power came to an end with the Arab conquest in the seventh century. It is quite true that the Syriac writings are of more interest to the theologian and the Church historian than to the student of literature, since they consist almost wholly of religious treatises, some of which, translated from the Greek, give us versions of documents now lost in their original tongue. Yet, jejune though they be to the average reader, they have their place in the literature of the world, and one must not forget that it was through the Syrians that the

civilization and the learning of the Greeks were transmitted to the Arabs, who were to be the creators of a literature great in every sense and to influence in turn the culture of Western Europe. Nor was the influence of Syriac confined to the Arabs; for its alphabet was used in the Middle Persian documents of the Manichaeans in distant Turkistan and formed the basis of the script still used by the Mongols; while Nestorian missionaries carried some knowledge of the language even to China, where a bilingual inscription in Syriac and Chinese stands today at Si-ngan-fu in the Province of Shen-si. Arabic, however, was destined to supersede Aramaic, even as Aramaic had swept Akkadian and Hebrew away in centuries past, with the result that Syriac now survives only in three villages near Damascus, in a few small areas in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, and along the western shore of Lake Urumia in Persia.

Sweeping forth from Arabia under the impulse of the teachings of Muhammad, the Arabs bore their language, rendered holy by the Qur'an, over all the Near East. Receiving much from the Syrians and Persians whom they conquered, they gave generously in turn to others — to Persians, Indians, Turks, and Africans of the north; while their conquest of the Iberian Peninsula fostered the revival of learning among the Jews settled there and has left marked traces in the vocabularies of Spanish and Portuguese to this very day. Divided into many dialects — Mesopotamian, Syro-Palestinian, Egyptian, Tripolitan, Tunisian, Algerian, Moroccan, Maltese, Hadramautian, Omanese, and the extinct Moorish of Spain — and with a vast literature in the Classical dialect, in which much is still written, Arabic is a force with which one must reckon. In the usual sense of the term, it is, properly speaking, only the northern of the two great divisions of the language; for the southern type, as shown by Sabaean and Minaean inscriptions of somewhat uncertain date and now represented by dialects spoken in the coastal regions of Mahra and Shikhr, as well as in the island of Socotra, has left no remains of a literary character.

It was, however, from South Arabia that, long before the Christian era, waves of emigrants crossed to Africa, where we find several of their inscriptions from about 300 to 500 A.D. About the sixth century Christian literary activity in their language, Ethiopic or Ge'ez, commenced, though from the eighth to the second half of the thirteenth there was a long silence, due to Arab conquests, after which a new dynasty rose to power and revived the cultivation of letters, even if the language itself was no longer spoken. Besides this, we have, from the seventeenth century onward, a literature in the vernacular of the land, Amharic. Apart from their historical records, both Ge'ez and Amharic derive their inspiration essentially from Greek and Arabic sources, so that they can lay no claim to literary independence.

When we turn to Anatolia, we find that two of its literatures, both of considerable extent, are likewise almost wholly of foreign origin: Armenian,

dating from the fifth century of our era, based primarily on Syriac and Greek, and the inspiration of the literature of Georgia in the southwestern Caucasus; and Turkish. The latter begins with the tenth or eleventh century, when translations of Buddhist, Manichaean, and Christian documents were already in existence; but after the fourteenth it was under Perso-Arabic domination both in its western (Osmanli) and in its eastern (Chagatai) branches. The literatures of the Mongols, Manchus, Koreans, Tibetans, Burmans, and Javanese in Asia are equally devoid of originality; but a word may be said in passing of the Cumans, an Ugric people who invaded Hungary about the eleventh century A.D. and who have left us five translations of hymns of the Latin Church (*e. g.* of the 'Vexilla Regis Prodeunt' ['The Royal Banners Forward Go']), as well as a Communion hymn of twenty-seven stanzas which appears to be original.

Explorations in Anatolia have recovered a large amount of literature, chiefly legal, historical, and commercial in character, in the area of the ancient Hittite Empire, which covered much of the country. This is written in two characters, pictographic and cuneiform. The former is still undeciphered, but the cuneiform texts, first found at Boghaz-köi in 1906 and 1907, are now known to be in an Indo-European language and have received tentative translation. Whether this language was actually that spoken by the Hittites is quite uncertain, and it seems best to call it provisionally Kaneshian, since the texts themselves apparently contrast the land of Kanesh with that of Khattu, the Hittite area proper. Fragments of other Anatolian literatures have also been found in Khaürrian, Luvian, and Palawian, discovered together with Kaneshian, as well as in Mitannian, Vannic (sometimes called Urartian or Khaldian), Elamite (also termed Susian or Anzanite), Lydian, and Lycian; but none of these is noteworthy from the point of view of belles-lettres.

It would seem possible, then, to classify all these literatures of the East — excepting those of which one knows too little to be able to make any definite statements [1] — into three classes: "pure," *i. e.*, having, so far as one can tell, few, if any, foreign elements; "mixed," *i. e.*, influenced from without to an appreciable degree; and "derived," *i. e.*, drawn wholly, or at least for the most part (excepting historical texts), from foreign sources. This gives the following scheme, further illustrated by the accompanying sketch-map, which shows the approximate areas of these literatures, as well as their influence one upon another: —

(*a*) "Pure" — Egyptian, Sumerian, early Chinese, Ancient and Middle Indian, Ancient Iranian, Hebrew, Kaneshian;

(*b*) "Mixed" — Akkadian, later Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, Modern Indian, Modern Iranian;

[1] Notably Moabite, Phoenician, Punic, South Arabic, Khaürrian, Luvian, Palawian, Mitannian, Vannic, Lydian, and Lycian.

(c) "Derived"—Elamite, Aramaic, Ethiopic, Amharic, Coptic, Sogdian, "Sakian," "North Iranian," Tokharian, Armenian, Georgian, Turkish, Cuman, Mongol, Manchu, Tibetan, Korean, Indo-Chinese, Javanese, Dravidian.

The "pure" and "mixed" members of our classification (excepting Kaneshian, of which relatively little is thus far known), as well as the "derived" Armenian, are the themes of individual studies in the pages which follow; but a few words may be added here regarding the principal other "derived" group. Elamite has thus far revealed only non-literary inscriptions, votive dedications, and the like; Sogdian literature consists chiefly of translations of Buddhist and a smaller number of Christian documents from Sanskrit and Syriac respectively; "North Iranian" of versions of Christian, Manichaean, and Buddhist writings; "Sakian," Tokharian, Indo-Chinese, and Tibetan of renderings of Buddhist treatises; Javanese of translations from Sanskrit; Korean wholly of versions from Chinese; Manchu chiefly of renderings from Chinese and Mongol; Mongol itself of historical, didactic, legal, and medical works, shamanistic texts, folk-songs, and translations of Buddhist writings; Amharic is little but a continuation of the old Ethiopic; and the Dravidian literatures are completely dominated by Sanskrit models, as is Turkish by Arabic and Persian.

Some of the "derived" literatures, however, can show original productions, this being especially true of Syriac. Here one may note, for example, the apocryphal 'Acts of Thomas' (third century A.D.), which contains two Gnostic hymns of considerable poetic merit; the 'Homilies' of Aphraates, Bishop of Mar Mattai (middle of the fourth century); Ephraim (306–373), regarded as the greatest poet in all Syriac literature; the 'Romance of Julian the Apostate' (early sixth century); histories of real value and theological writings of importance; and countless poems of diverse qualities, all on religious themes. In Ethiopic literature, apart from biographies of the saints, perhaps the most notable original work is the 'Kebra Negast' ('Glory of the King'), composed probably in the fourteenth century, partly from Arabic sources, and recounting the traditional history of the land, whose sovereign traces his lineage to Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. In Coptic, the Christian successor of ancient Egyptian, one finds, apart from theological and edifying treatises, a trace of the early fondness for tales in the Nile valley in the 'Story of Theodosius and Dionysius' (eighth century?) and the 'Romance of Cambyses.' Finally, in Georgia, in the reign of Queen T'amar (1184–1212), still the great heroic figure of her people, there was an outburst of poetry, not only lyric, as in the verses of Gregory Chakhrukhadse, but epic, as in Shot'a Rust'aveli's 'Man in the Panther's Skin,' while the knightly romance of 'Amiran,' by Moses of Khoni, belongs to this period.

Some of the literatures here noted doubtless contain much of value which has not yet been made accessible, and further discoveries may very possibly

be made which will materially increase our knowledge. It must be borne in mind, moreover, that much early literature has been lost in the Orient as elsewhere. This is certainly true, for instance, of early Iranian — *e. g.*, the disappearance of the major part of the Avesta and the vanishing of the 'Chronicles' of the Persian Kings (*cf.* Esther ii, 23; vi, 1) — and of Syriac; and we know it to have been the case in Hebrew literature, for the Old Testament itself makes reference to the 'Book of Jasher' (or, 'the Upright'), the 'Book' of Nathan the prophet, the 'Prophecy' of Ahijah the Shilonite, the 'Visions' and 'Words' of Iddo the seer, and the 'Words' of Shemaiah the prophet (Joshua x, 13; II Samuel i, 18; II Chronicles ix, 29; xii, 15; xiii, 22).

Each of the great races of the East has produced a literature which in a measure reflects its own ethnic nature. One may venture, without taking account of finer shadings and outstanding exceptions, to make certain broad characterizations. In Egypt, corresponding to the rise and fall of the Nile, one finds a marked alternation between the gay and the grave with a notable practicality in both — on the one hand, devotion to all the luxuries and joys of this life; on the other hand, devotion to the gods and to provision for the life to come, but always with a shrewd eye to the ego's own welfare both here and hereafter. Among the Sumerians and the Chinese, practicality seems the keynote; idealism is seldom found; the platitudes of a Confucius replace any true spirituality. In fact, it appears safe to affirm that whatever of real depth there is in Chinese literature is due to the spirituality and brotherly love of the Mahayana type of Buddhism carried from India to China. The struggles for existence waged by their ancestors, first in their prehistoric homeland and then along the rivers of Mesopotamia and China, had apparently bequeathed to their descendants racial memories too profound to be eradicated when their lives became easier and their civilizations more developed. In Japan, one finds a similar lack of spiritual depth (except, once more, for the influence of Buddhism); but here, thanks to the evolution of a feudal system in the island-confines, there are a knightly spirit and a devotion to others than self that make Japanese literature living and real; and there is, too, not merely an observation, but a true love, of nature that is without counterpart in the Orient (except possibly in India) or even in the Classical world.

The Indo-European Indians and Iranians reveal pre-eminently a spirit of independence and individuality. Deeply religious, they nevertheless feel themselves to be on what may be called "terms of respectful good-fellowship" with their deities, and they cultivate the joys both of body and of soul without falling into any morbid extremes. In Iran this spirit defied even the dampening influence of Muhammadanism and the devastation of the Mongols. In India, on the contrary, the original Indo-European genius seems to have been sapped, after the oldest, or Vedic, period, by the far lower

civilization and outlook of the aborigines among whom they came. There is some ground for the belief that the great curses of India today, as for many centuries — child-marriage, belief in *karma* and the transmigration of souls, the pessimism which denies the value of the individual and makes life a deceitful futility, the hypertrophy of the analytic faculty with an accompanying atrophy of the power to synthesize — all these, and many more, are due to Dravidian and other aboriginal influence. And yet, despite these handicaps imposed from without, the literature of India is marked by a very real love of beauty both of form and of content: it has the majesty of the epic and the humor of the epigram; the ratiocinations of an acute, if not very profound, philosophy; the transparently sincere outpourings of almost every phase of religious thought; a vivid interest in each aspect of human activity which it knew. Its worst literary fault is an extreme and well-nigh incredible artificiality, though this is found only in the period of decadence, when inventive genius had become exhausted, and when it was considered better to say an old thing in a new way than a new thing in any way.

With the Semites the case was rather different. Their long sojourn in and near the unfriendly deserts of Arabia seems to have impressed them most profoundly with a sense of the littleness of man and the omnipotence of the superhuman. When the Psalmist wrote (cxliv, 3): "Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!" he gave expression not merely to a Hebrew concept, but to what is, perhaps, the deepest conviction of all Semitic thought. Submission to authority, whether of the gods or of earthly rulers, be their mandates just or unjust; and irresponsible rule from above, subject to any passing caprice — these points of view are fundamental in the Semitic East, though they may be (and often are) raised, as by the Prophets in Israel, to a lofty moral and religious plane. It may be affirmed, however, that the love of liberty inherent in the Indo-European mind is largely lacking in the Semite, save in so far as it has been imported from without, as in the case of later Arab thought. Semitic literature, therefore, moves within more restricted bounds than Indo-Iranian, though within these confines it has developed a high degree of cultivation, notably in Arabic poetry, the Hebrew Psalms and Prophets, and the hymns of Babylonia and Assyria.

The rise and development of the literatures of the East were affected not merely by geographical and ethnological factors, but also by the events of history. Here political, military, commercial, and religious influences played the leading parts. The literature of Egypt, for example, pursued a course parallel to the orderly and stable political history of Upper and Lower Egypt, and it practically ceased when the native dynasties came to an end. The result of military conquest is seen in the literature of modern Persia, Muhammadanized by the Arab supremacy, as contrasted with the Avesta

or with the Middle Persian (Pahlavi) period. The wide extent and domination, for hundreds of years, of Aramaic over Accadian and Hebrew were due to the commercial ability of the Syrians, who succeeded the Hittites as the merchants and traders of the Near East; and the missionary zeal of Buddhism brought a new element into the writings of China. To all these factors must be added at least one more: the wholesale adoption of a literature from a people of higher civilization by a folk less advanced. Thus the Turks had no letters worthy of the name until they came into contact with the output of Arabo-Persian genius; and the Dravidians of India created their works exclusively on Sanskrit models.

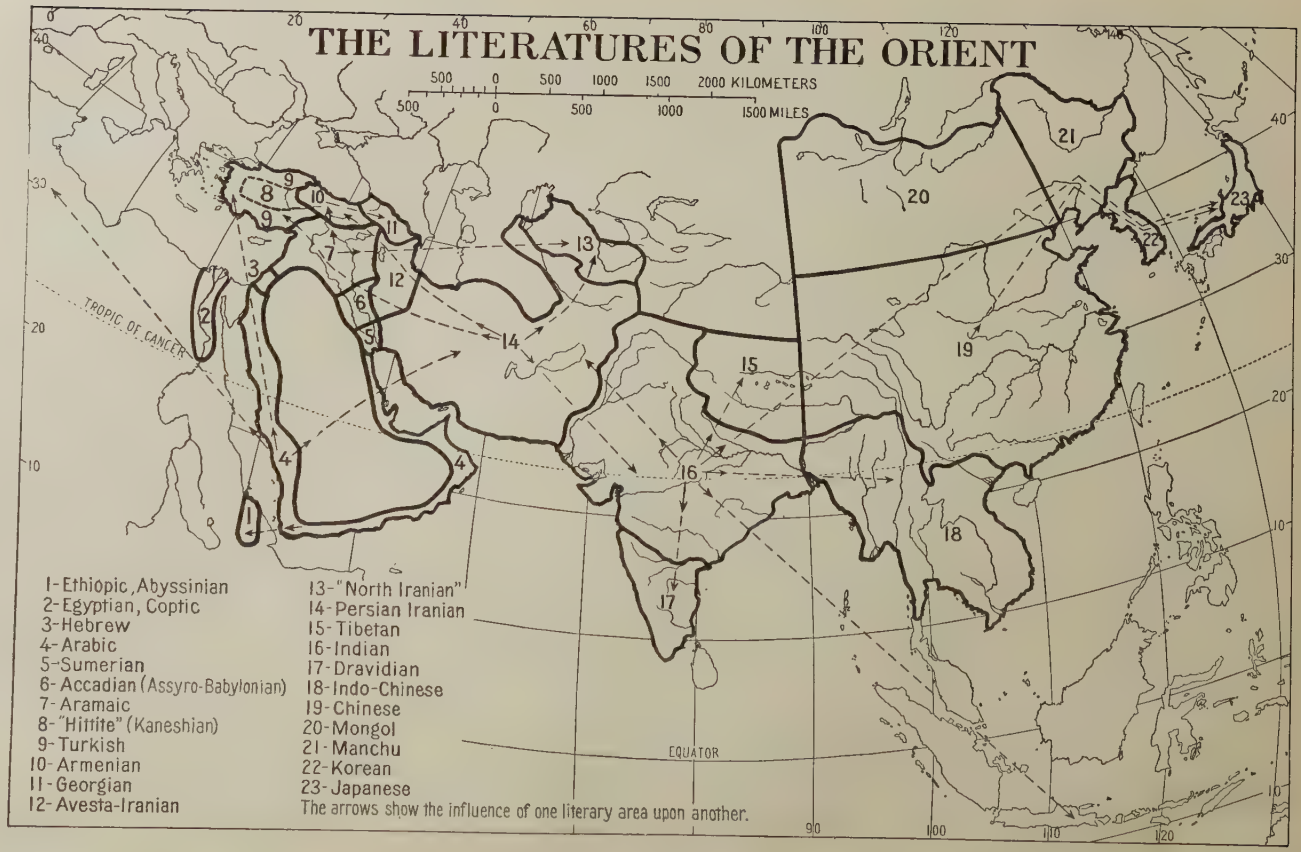
It is obvious that each and every one of the factors here set forth finds parallels in the history of the literatures of Europe — one need only think of Greece and Rome; of Rome and Gaul and Britain; of the spread of Latin Christianity; of the supremacy of French literature and French civilization on the Continent; of the extension of English speech throughout the world. Yet it must be remembered that while Europe produced but one indigenous literature — the Greek — from which all its others are ultimately derived, however modified, developed, and differentiated by individual racial genius, the East gave birth to six — Egyptian, Sumerian, Chinese, Indian, Iranian, and Hebrew. Africa south of the Sahara, like the Oceanic world, had none; the pre-Columbian Americas but the germs of three — Aztec, Mayan, and Peruvian. The East, then, has produced more than twice as many independent and original literatures as all the rest of the world combined. If, however, one prefers to judge by quality rather than by mere numbers, one can scarcely escape being driven to the conclusion that, when all has been weighed and valued, Greek literature remains paramount over every other, whether in the Orient or in the Occident. The East, in fact, has made but one great contribution to human thought that has molded the world, though that one is the greatest of all and has filled the single gap left by Greek, the marvelous depth and beauty of the Hebrew Bible.

After all these considerations, what is the position to be assigned to the East in the literatures of the world? This is a question far easier to ask than to answer, for not merely is the judgment of literature, as of all other matters of purely subjective opinion, only too liable to fluctuate widely, but under the term of "Oriental literature" one must subsume the products of many minds among peoples far divergent yet subject to complicated interrelations, and covering a period of more than five thousand years. First of all, two extreme points of view must be avoided. On the one hand, the glamour of "the purple East" must not be permitted to lead one to denial of anything good save in the Orient, or to conceal its shortcomings, or to paint its defects as virtues. On the other hand, one must guard equally against either the narrow pride of ignorance convinced that only Occidental literatures have any worth and the weary aversion which sometimes comes upon

the specialist who has concentrated too long upon a theme that has grown uncongenial. Moreover, one must frankly recognize the gulf between the Occidental and the Oriental mind, a gulf which seems in reality to yawn as widely and to be in fact as unbridgeable today as in the past. And yet, just as one may see and sincerely appreciate the beauty in such divergent types of European architecture as Romanesque and Gothic, looking at the two from radically different points of view, so it is possible to have a very real admiration both for Oriental and for Occidental literature — with the reservation that, after all, one will finally give preference ultimately to one of the two.

The great obstacles in the way of understanding the literatures of the East, and of sympathizing with them, lie, naturally enough, at the beginning: types of thought hitherto unknown; the countless allusions to religion, tradition, history, and daily life as familiar to the Oriental as references to Shakespeare or to Europe's history are to us; the inevitable effects of the original languages upon the literary style of the writings composed in them; the difficulty — or, rather, the impossibility — of exactly rendering every delicate shade of meaning when translation must be the vehicle of communication. All these barriers, however, can be surmounted by reasonable patience and good will. Then new vistas open before the reader; his intellectual and, perchance, his spiritual horizon is widened; his understanding of the character and the thought of other peoples is deepened; his literary knowledge augmented, his judgment is ripened; and he will know the East, not merely as the alien has described it, but as its own native genius has portrayed it.

Louis H. Gray


THE LITERATURES OF THE ORIENT
500 0 500 1000 1500 2000 KILOMETERS
500 0 500 1000 1500 MILES
TROPIC OF CANCER
EQUATOR
1-Ethiopic, Abyssinian
2-Egyptian, Coptic
3-Hebrew
4-Arabic
5-Sumerian
6-Accadian (Assyro-Babylonian)
7-Aramaic
8-"Hittite" (Kaneshian)
9-Turkish
10-Armenian
11-Georgian
12-Avesta-Iranian
13-"North Iranian"
14-Persian Iranian
15-Tibetan
16-Indian
17-Dravidian
18-Indo-Chinese
19-Chinese
20-Mongol
21-Manchu
22-Korean
23-Japanese
The arrows show the influence of one literary area upon another.

EGYPTIAN LITERATURE

THE advance made in recent years in the decipherment of the ancient literatures of the world enables us to deal in a very matter-of-fact way with the Egyptian texts. Their chief mysteries are solved, their philosophy is almost fathomed, their general nature is understood. The story they have to tell is seldom startling to the modern mind. The world was younger when they were written. The heart of man was given to devious ways then as now and in the days of Solomon — that we can affirm; but his mind was simpler: apart from knowledge of men and the conduct of affairs, the educated Egyptian had no more subtlety than a modern boy of fifteen, or an intelligent English rustic of a century ago.

To the Egyptologist these writings have a wonderful charm. The script itself in its leading form is the most attractive that has ever been seen. Long rows of clever little pictures of everything in heaven and earth compose the sentences: every sign is a plaything, every group a pretty puzzle, and at present, almost every phrase well understood brings a tiny addition to the sum of the world's knowledge. But these documents, so rich in facts that concern the history of mankind and the progress of civilization, seldom possess any literary charm. If pretentious, as many of them are, they combine bald exaggeration with worn-out simile, in which ideas that may be poetical are heaped together in defiance of art. Such are the priestly laudations of the kings by whose favor the temples prospered. Take, for instance, this dating of a stela erected under Rameses II on the route to the Nubian gold mines:

"On the fourth day of the first month of the season of winter, in the third year of the Majesty of Horus, the Strong Bull, beloved of the Goddess of Truth, lord of the vulture and of the uræus diadems, protecting Egypt and restraining the barbarians, the Golden Horus, rich in years, great in victories, King of Upper Egypt and King of Lower Egypt, *Mighty in Truth of Ra, Chosen of Ra,*[1] the son of Ra, *Rameses Beloved of Amen,* granting life forever and ever, beloved of Amen Ra, lord of the 'Throne of the Two Lands'[2] in Apt Esut, appearing glorious on the throne of Horus among the living from day to day, even as his father Ra; the good god, lord of the South Land, Him of Edfû,[3] Horus bright of plumage, the beauteous sparrow-

1 The italicized phrases represent the principal names of the King.

2 The temple of Karnak.

3 Horus as the winged disk of the sun, often figured as a protecting symbol over the doors of temples.

hawk of electrum that hath protected Egypt with his wing, making a shade for men, fortress of strength and of victory; he who came forth terrible from the womb to take to himself his strength, to extend his borders, to whose body the color of Mentu's strength was given [4]; the god Horus and the god Set. There was exultation in heaven on the day of his birth; the gods said, 'We have begotten him'; the goddesses said, 'He came forth from us to rule the kingdom of Ra'; Amen spake, 'I am he who hath made him, whereby I have set Truth in her place; the earth is established, heaven is well pleased, the gods are satisfied by reason of him.' The Strong Bull against the vile Ethiopians, which uttereth his roaring against the land of the negroes while his hoofs trample the Troglodytes, his horn thrusteth at them; his spirit is mighty in Nubia and the terror of him reacheth to the land of the Kary [5]; his name circulateth in all lands because of the victory which his arms have won; at his name gold cometh forth from the mountain as at the name of his father, the god Horus of the land of Baka; beloved is he in the Lands of the South even as Horus at Meama, the god of the Land of Buhen,[6] King of Upper and Lower Egypt, *Mighty in Truth of Ra,* son of Ra, of his body, Lord of Diadems, *Rameses Beloved of Amen,* giving life for ever and ever like his father Ra, day by day." [Revised from the German translation of Adolf Erman.]

The courtly scribe was more successful, however, when he took his similes directly from nature, as in the following description, also of Rameses II: —

"A victorious lion putting forth its claws while roaring loudly and uttering its voice in the Valley of the Gazelles. . . . A jackal swift of foot seeking what it may find, going round the circuit of the land in one instant, . . . his mighty will seizeth on his enemies like a flame catching the ki-ki plant [7] with the storm behind it, like the strong flame which hath tasted the fire, destroying, until everything that is in it becometh ashes; a storm howling terribly on the sea, its waves like mountains, none can enter it, every one that is in it is engulfed in Duat." [8]

Here and there among the hieroglyphic inscriptions are memorials of the dead in which the praises of the deceased are neatly strung together and balanced like beads in a necklace, and we find passages of picturesque narrative worthy to rank as literature of the olden time. Here belongs, for instance, the biographical epitaph of the nomarch Ameny, who was governor of a province in Middle Egypt for twenty-five years during the long reign of Usertesen I (about 2700 B.C.): —

[4] To the learned in such matters the coloration or configuration of his limbs indicated his victorious career. Mentu was the god of war.

[5] The southern boundary of the Egyptian empire.

[6] Baka, Meama, and Buhen were in Nubia.

[7] The castor-oil plant (*Ricinus communis*).

[8] The underworld.

"I was a possessor of favor, abounding in love, a ruler who loved his city. Moreover I passed years as ruler in the Oryx nome. All the works of the house of the King came into my hand. Behold, the superintendent of the gangs[9] of the domains of the herdsmen of the Oryx nome gave me 3000 bulls of their draught stock. I was praised for it in the house of the King each year of stock-taking. I rendered all their works to the King's house; there were no arrears to me in any of his offices.

"The entire Oryx nome served me in numerous attendances.[10] There was not the daughter of a poor man that I wronged, nor a widow that I oppressed. There was not a farmer that I chastised, not a herdsman whom I drove away, not a foreman of five whose men I took away for the works.[11] There was not a pauper around me, there was not a hungry man of my time. When there came years of famine, I arose and ploughed all the fields of the Oryx nome to its boundary south and north, giving life to its inhabitants, making its provisions. There was not a hungry man in it. I gave to the widow as to her that possessed a husband, and I favored not the elder above the younger in all that I gave. Thereafter great rises of the Nile took place, producing wheat and barley, and producing all things abundantly, but I did not exact the arrears of farming."

The cursive forms of writing — hieratic from the earliest times, demotic in the latest — were those in which records were committed to papyrus. This material has preserved to us documents of every kind, from letters and ledgers to works of religion and philosophy. To these, again, "literature" is a term rarely to be applied; yet the tales and poetry occasionally found in papyri are perhaps the most pleasing of all the productions of the Egyptian scribe.

A word should be said about the condition in which most of the literary texts have come down to us. Monumental inscriptions seldom contain serious mistakes in orthography; the peculiarities of late archaistic inscriptions which sometimes produce a kind of "dog Egyptian" can scarcely be considered blunders, for the scribe knew what meaning he intended to convey. But it is otherwise with copies of literary works on papyrus. Sometimes these were the productions of schoolboys copying from dictation as an exercise in the writing-school, and the margins of these papyri are often decorated with attempts at the more difficult signs. The master of the school would seem not to have cared what nonsense was produced by the misunderstanding of his dictation, so long as the signs were well formed. The composition of new works on the model of the old, and the accurate understanding of the

[9] The fellâhîn herdsmen of the time seem to have clubbed together into gangs, each of which was represented by a ganger, and the whole body by a superintendent of the gangs.

[10] Corvée work for the government.

[11] *I. e.*, he did not impress men (wrongfully ?) for the government works, such as irrigation or road-making.

ancient works, were taught in a very different school, and few indeed attained to skill in them. The boys who had passed through the writing-school would read and write a little; the clever ones would keep accounts, write letters, make out reports as clerks in the government service, and might ultimately acquire considerable proficiency in this kind of work. Apparently men of the official class sometimes amused themselves with puzzling over an ill-written copy of some ancient tale, and with trying to copy portions of it. The work, however, was beyond them: they were attracted by it, they revered the compilations of an elder age and those which were "written by the finger of Thoth himself"; but there was little or no systematic instruction in the principles of the ancient grammar and vocabulary. Those who desired to attain eminence in scholarship after they had passed through the writing-school had to go to Heliopolis, Hermopolis, or wherever the principal university of the time might be, and there sit at the feet of priestly professors; but only those endowed with special talents might after almost lifelong study become proficient in the ancient language.

There must have been a large class of hack-copyists practised in forming characters both uncial and cursive. Sometimes their copies of religious works are models of deft writing, the embellishments of artist and colorist being added to those of the calligrapher: the magnificent rolls of the 'Book of the Dead' in the British Museum and elsewhere are the admiration of all beholders. Such manuscripts satisfy the eye, and apparently neither the multitude in Egypt nor even the priestly royal undertakers questioned their efficacy in the tomb. Yet they are very apples of Sodom to the hieroglyphic scholar; fair without, but ashes within. On comparing different copies of the same text, he sees in almost every line omissions, perversions, corruptions, until he turns away baffled and disgusted. Only here and there is the text practically certain and even then there are probably grammatical errors in every copy. Nor is it only in the later papyri that these blunders are found. The hieroglyphic system of writing, especially in its cursive forms, lends itself very readily to perversion by ignorant and inattentive copyists; and even monumental inscriptions, so long as they are mere copies, are usually corrupted.

In the eighth century B.C. the new and the old were definitely parted, to the advantage of each. On the one hand the transactions of ordinary life were more easily registered in the cursive demotic script, while on the other the sacred writings were more thoroughly investigated and brought into order by the priests. Hence, in spite of absurdities that had irremediably crept in, the archaistic texts copied in the XXVIth Dynasty are more intelligible than the same class of work in the XIXth and XXth Dynasties.

In reading translations from Egyptian, it must be remembered that uncertainty still attaches to the meanings of multitudes of words and phrases. Every year witnesses a great advance in accuracy of rendering; but even an easy text requires close and careful guesswork here and there to supply the connecting

links of passages or words that are thoroughly understood, or compels resort to some conventional rendering that has become current for certain ill-understood but frequently recurring phrases.

The history of Egyptian literature falls into three periods. The earliest historic period — from the Ist Dynasty to the IIId, about B.C. 4500 — has left no inscriptions of any extent. Some portions of the 'Book of the Dead' profess to date from these or earlier times, and probably much of the religious literature is of extremely ancient origin. The first book of 'Proverbs' in the Prisse Papyrus is attributed by its writer to the end of the IIId Dynasty (about 4000 B.C.). From the IVth Dynasty to the end of the VIth, the number of inscriptions increases; tablets set up to the kings of the IVth Dynasty in memory of warlike raids are found in the peninsula of Sinai, and funerary inscriptions abound. The pyramids raised at the end of the Vth and during the VIth Dynasty are found to contain interminable religious inscriptions, forming almost complete rituals for the deceased kings. They contain much verbiage, many pious platitudes, and many obscure allusions to the affairs of the other world, but also passages full of movement and wild energy, in which poetical inspiration and religious emotion are still discernible through the veil of mythological expressions. Of the funerary and biographical inscriptions the most remarkable is that of Una. Another, slightly later but hardly less important, is on the façade of the tomb of Herkhuf, at Aswân, recounting his successful expeditions into Ethiopia and the southern oases. In Herkhuf's later life he delighted a boy king of Egypt by bringing back for him from one of his raids a grotesque dwarf dancer of exceptional skill; and the young Pharaoh sent him a long letter on the subject, which was copied in full on the tomb as an addition to the other records there. It is to the Vth Dynasty also that the second collection of 'Proverbs' in the Prisse Papyrus is ascribed. The VIIth and VIIIth Dynasties have left us practically no records of any kind.

The Middle Kingdom, from the IXth to the XVIIth Dynasty (B.C. 3000–1600), shows a great literary development. Historical records of some length are not uncommon, and the funerary inscriptions descriptive of character and achievement are often remarkable.

Many papyri of this period have survived: the Prisse Papyrus of 'Proverbs,' a papyrus discovered by Flinders Petrie with the 'Hymn to Usertesen III,' papyri at Berlin containing a dialogue between a man and his soul, the 'Story of Sanehat,' the 'Story of the Sekhti,' and a very remarkable fragment of another story; besides the 'Westcar Papyrus of Tales' and at Leningrad the 'Shipwrecked Sailor.' The productions of this period were copied in later times; the royal 'Teaching of Amenemhat,' and the worldly 'Teaching of Dauf' as to the desirability of a scribe's career above any other trade or profession, exist only in late copies. Doubtless much of the later literature was copied from the texts of the Middle Kingdom. Treatises on medicine and

arithmetic are also extant; and portions of the 'Book of the Dead,' are found inscribed on tombs and sarcophagi.

From the New Kingdom (B.C. 1600–700) we have the 'Maxims of Any,' spoken to his son Khonsuhetep, numerous hymns to the gods, including that of King Akhenaten to the Aten (or disk of the sun), and the later hymns to Amen Ra. Inscriptions of every kind, historical, mythological, and funereal, abound. The historical inscription of Piankhy is of very late date. On papyri there are the stories of the 'Two Brothers,' of the 'Taking of Joppa,' and of the 'Doomed Prince.'

From the Saite period (XXVIth Dynasty, B.C. 700) and later, there is little worthy of record in hieroglyphics: the inscriptions follow ancient models, and present nothing striking or original. In demotic we have the 'Story of Setna,' a papyrus of moralities, a chronicle somewhat falsified, a harper's song, a philosophical dialogue between a cat and a jackal, and others.

Here we may end. Greek authors in Egypt were many: some were native, some of foreign birth or extraction, but they all belong to a different world from the Ancient Egyptian. With the adaptation of the Greek alphabet to the spelling of the native dialects, Egyptian came again to the front in Coptic, the language of Christian Egypt. Coptic literature was almost entirely produced in Egyptian monasteries and intended for edification; but the Acts of the Saints, of which its original works chiefly consist, are of interest chiefly for the linguist or the church historian. They certainly display the adjustment of the Ancient Egyptian mind to new conditions of life and belief; but they are essentially Greek and Christian rather than Egyptian in spirit, and so scarcely come within the scope of our survey.

FRANCIS LLEWELLYN GRIFFITH and KATE BRADBURY GRIFFITH

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

[One of the most complete documents existing on papyrus is the 'Story of the Shipwrecked Sailor.' The tale itself seems to date from a very early period, when imagination could still have full play in Upper Nubia. In it a sailor is apparently presenting a petition to some great man, in hopes of royal favor as the hero of the marvels which he proceeds to recount.

The Papyrus, which apparently is of the XIth Dynasty, is preserved at Leningrad, but is still unpublished.]

THE wise servant said, "Let thy heart be satisfied, O my lord, for that we have come back to the country; after we have long been on board, and rowed much, the prow has at last touched land. All the people rejoice and embrace us one after another. Moreover, we have come back in good health, and not a man is lacking; although we have been to the ends of

Wawat [Lower Nubia] and gone through the land of Senmut [district about the First Cataract] we have returned in peace, and our land — behold, we have come back to it. Hear me, my lord; I have no other refuge. Wash thee and turn the water over thy fingers, then go and tell the tale to the Majesty."

His lord replied, "Thy heart continues still its wandering words! But although the mouth of a man may save him, his words may also cover his face with confusion. Wilt thou do, then, as thy heart moves thee. This that thou wilt say, tell quietly."

The sailor then answered: —

"Now I shall tell that which has happened to me, to my very self. I was going to the mines of Pharaoh, and I went down on the Sea [a name often applied to the great river Nile] on a ship of 150 cubits long and 40 cubits wide, with 150 sailors of the best of Egypt, who had seen heaven and earth, and whose hearts were stronger than lions. They had said that the wind would not be contrary, or that there would be none. But as we approached the land the wind arose, and threw up waves eight cubits high. As for me, I seized a piece of wood; but those who were in the vessel perished, without one remaining. A wave threw me on an island, after that I had been three days alone, without a companion beside my own heart. I laid me in a thicket and the shadow covered me. Then stretched I my limbs to try to find something for my mouth. I found there figs and grapes, all manner of good herbs, berries and grain, melons of all kinds, fishes and birds. Nothing was lacking. And I satisfied myself, and left on the ground that which was over, of what my arms had been filled withal. I dug a pit, I lighted a fire, and I made a burnt-offering unto the gods.

"Suddenly I heard a noise as of thunder, which I thought to be that of a wave of the sea. The trees shook and the earth was moved. I uncovered my face, and I saw that a serpent drew near. He was thirty cubits long, and his beard greater than two cubits; his body was overlaid with gold, and his color as that of true lazuli. He coiled himself before me.

"Then he opened his mouth, while that I lay on my face before him, and he said to me, 'What has brought thee, what has brought thee, little one, what has brought thee? If thou sayest not speedily what has brought thee to this isle, I will make thee know thyself; as a flame thou shalt vanish, if thou tellest me not something I have not heard, or which I knew not before thee.'

"Then he took me in his mouth and carried me to his resting-place, and laid me down without any hurt. I was whole and sound, and nothing was gone from me. Then he opened his mouth against me, while that I lay on my face before him, and he said, 'What has brought thee, what has brought thee, little one, what has brought thee to this isle which is in the sea, and of which the shores are in the midst of the waves?'

"Then I replied to him, and holding my arms low before him [1] I said to

[1] The usual Egyptian attitude of respect to a superior was to stand bent slightly forward, holding the arms downward.

him: — 'I was embarked for the mines by the order of the Majesty, in a ship; 150 cubits was its length, and the width of it 40 cubits. It had 150 sailors of the best of Egypt, who had seen heaven and earth, and the hearts of whom were stronger than lions. They said that the wind would not be contrary, or that there would be none. Each of them exceeded his companion in the prudence of his heart and the strength of his arm, and I was not beneath any of them. A storm came upon us while we were on the sea. Hardly could we reach to the shore when the wind waxed yet greater, and the waves rose even eight cubits. As for me, I seized a piece of wood, while those who were in the boat perished without one being left with me for three days. Behold me now before thee, for I was brought to this isle by a wave of the sea!'

"Then said he to me, 'Fear not, fear not, little one, and make not thy face sad. If thou hast come to me, it is God [2] who has let thee live. For it is he who has brought thee to this isle of the blest, where nothing is lacking, and which is filled with all good things. See now thou shalt pass one month after another, until thou shalt be four months in this isle. Then a ship shall come from thy land with sailors, and thou shalt leave with them and go to thy country, and thou shalt die in thy town. Converse is pleasing, and he who tastes of it passes over his misery. I will therefore tell thee of that which is in this isle. I am here with my brethren and my children around me; we are seventy-five serpents, children, and kindred; without naming a young girl who was brought unto me by chance, and on whom the fire of heaven fell and burnt her to ashes. As for thee, if thou art strong, and if thy heart waits patiently, thou shalt press thy infants to thy bosom and embrace thy wife. Thou shalt return to thy house which is full of all good things, thou shalt see thy land, where thou shalt dwell in the midst of thy kindred!'

"Then I bowed in my obeisance, and I touched the ground before him. 'Behold now that which I have told thee before. I shall tell of thy presence unto Pharaoh, I shall make him to know of thy greatness, and I will bring to thee of the sacred oils and perfumes, and of incense of the temples with which all gods are honored. I shall tell moreover of that which I do now see (thanks to him), and there shall be rendered to thee praises before the fullness of all the land. I shall slay asses for thee in sacrifice, I shall pluck for thee the birds, and I shall bring for thee ships full of all kinds of the treasures of Egypt, as is comely to do unto a god, a friend of men in a far country, of which men know not.'

"Then he smiled at my speech, because of that which was in his heart, for he said to me, 'Thou art not rich in perfumes, for all that thou hast is but common incense. As for me, I am prince of the land of Punt,[3] and I have

[2] The polytheistic Egyptians frequently used the term "God" without specifying any particular deity: perhaps, too, in their own minds they did not define the idea, but applied it simply to some general notion of Divinity.

[3] Punt was the "land of spices" to the Egyptian, and thence, too, the finest incense was brought for the temple services. It included Somaliland in Africa, and the south of Arabia.

perfumes. Only the oil which thou saidst thou wouldst bring is not common in this isle. But when thou shalt depart from this place, thou shalt never more see this isle; it shall be changed into waves.'

"And behold, when the ship drew near, attending to all that he had told me before, I got me up into an high tree, to strive to see those who were within it. Then I came and told to him this matter; but it was already known unto him before. Then he said to me, 'Farewell, farewell; go to thy house, little one, see again thy children, and let thy name be good in thy town; these are my wishes for thee!'

"Then I bowed myself before him, and held my arms low before him, and he, he gave me gifts of precious perfumes, of cassia, of sweet woods, of kohl, of cypress, an abundance of incense, of ivory tusks, of baboons, of apes, and all kinds of precious things. I embarked all in the ship which was come, and bowing myself, I prayed God for him.

"Then he said to me, 'Behold, thou shalt come to thy country in two months, thou shalt press to thy bosom thy children, and thou shalt rest in thy tomb!' After this I went down to the shore unto the ship, and I called to the sailors who were there. Then on the shore I rendered adoration to the master of this isle and to those who dwelt therein.

"When we shall come, in our return, to the house of Pharaoh, in the second month, according to all that the serpent has said, we shall approach unto the palace. And I shall go in before Pharaoh, I shall bring the gifts which I have brought from this isle into the country. Then he shall thank me before the fullness of all the land. Grant then unto me a follower, and lead me to the courtiers of the king. Cast thine eye upon me after that I am come to land again, after that I have both seen and proved this. Hear my prayer, for it is good to listen to people. It was said unto me, 'Become a wise man, and thou shalt come to honor,' and behold I have become such."

This is finished from its beginning unto its end, even as it was found in a writing. It is written by the scribe of cunning fingers, Ameniamenaa; may he live in life, wealth, and health.

Translated by W. M. Flinders Petrie

THE TWO BROTHERS

['The Story of the Two Brothers' is incoherent in places, but charms throughout by beautiful and natural touches. The copy in which it has been preserved to us is practically complete, but is full of errors of writing and of composition, whole sentences having crept in that are useless, or contradictory to the context. The style is, however, absolutely simple and narrative, and the language entirely free from archaisms.

The papyrus, which bears the name of Seti II as crown prince, dates from the XIXth Dynasty. The beginnings of many of the sentences and paragraphs are written in red: this is specially the case when a sentence commences with an indication of time, usually expressed in a fixed formula. In such cases the translation of the passage written in red is here printed in italics.]

ONCE there were two brothers, of one mother and one father; Anpu was the name of the elder, and Bata was the name of the younger. Now, as for Anpu, he had a house and he had a wife. His younger brother was to him as it were a son; he it was who made for him his clothes, while he walked behind his oxen to the fields; he it was who did the plowing; he it was who harvested the corn; he it was who did for him all the work of the fields. Behold, his younger brother grew to be an excellent worker; there was not his equal in the whole land; behold, the strain of a god was in him.

Now when the days multiplied after these things, his younger brother followed his oxen as his manner was, daily; every evening he turned again to the house, laden with all the herbs of the field, with milk and with wood, and with all things of the field. He put them down before his elder brother, who was sitting with his wife; he drank and ate; he lay down in his stable with the cattle.

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, he took bread which he had baked, and laid it before his elder brother; and he took with him his bread to the field, and he drave his cattle to pasture them in the fields. And he used to walk behind his cattle, they saying to him, "Good is the herbage which is in such a place"; and he hearkened to all that they said, and he took them to the good pasture which they desired. And the cattle which were before him became exceeding excellent, and they became prolific greatly.

Now at the time of plowing, his elder brother said unto him, "Let us make ready for ourselves a yoke of oxen for plowing; for the land hath come out from the water; it is good for plowing in this state; and do thou come to the field with corn, for we will begin the plowing in the morrow morning." Thus said he to him; and his younger brother did everything that his elder brother had bidden him, to the end.

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, they went to the fields with their yoke of oxen; and their hearts were pleased exceedingly with that which they accomplished in the beginning of their work.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, they were in the field; they stopped for seed corn, and he sent his younger brother, saying, "Haste thou, bring to us corn from the farm." And the younger brother found the wife of his elder brother; [some] one was sitting arranging her hair. He said to her [the wife], "Get up, and give to me seed corn, that I may run to the field, for my elder brother hastened me; be not slow." She said to him,

"Go, open the store, and thou shalt take for thyself what is in thy heart; do not interrupt the course of my hair-dressing."

The youth went into his stable; he took a large measure, for he desired to take much corn; he loaded it with barley and spelt; and he went out carrying them. She said to him, "How much of the corn that is wanted, is that which is on thy shoulder?" He said to her, "Three bushels of spelt, and two of barley, in all five; these are what are upon my shoulder;" thus said he to her. And she spake with him, saying, "There is great strength in thee, for I see thy might every day." And her desire was to know him with the knowledge of youth. She arose and took hold of him, and said to him, "Come, lie with me; behold, this shall be to thine advantage, for I will make for thee beautiful garments." Then the youth became like a leopard of the south in fury at the evil speech which she had made to him; and she feared greatly. He spake with her, saying, "Behold, thou art to me as a mother; thy husband is to me as a father; for he who is elder than I hath brought me up. What is this great wickedness that thou hast said? Say it not to me again. For I will not tell it to any man, that it should go forth by the mouth of all men." He lifted up his burden, and he went to the field and came to his elder brother; and they took up their work, to labor at their task.

Now afterwards, at the time of evening, his elder brother was returning to his house; the younger brother was following after his oxen; he loaded himself with all the things of the field; he brought his oxen before him, to make them lie down in their stable which was in the farm. Behold, the wife of the elder brother was afraid for the words which she had said. She took a pot of fat; she made herself as one who had been beaten by miscreants, in order that she might say to her husband, "It is thy younger brother who hath done this wrong." Her husband returned in the even, as his manner was every day; he came unto his house; he found his wife lying down, ill of violence; she did not put water upon his hands as his manner was; she did not make a light before him; his house was in darkness, and she was lying vomiting. Her husband said to her, "Who hath spoken with thee?" Behold, she said, "No one hath spoken with me except thy younger brother. When he came to take for thee seed corn he found me sitting alone; he said to me, 'Come, let us lie together; put on thy wig';[1] thus spake he to me. I would not hearken to him: 'Behold, am I not thy mother, is not thy elder brother to thee as a father?' Thus spake I to him, and he feared, and he beat me to stop me from making report to thee, and if thou lettest him live I shall kill myself. Now behold, when he cometh tomorrow, seize upon him; I will accuse him of this wicked thing which he would have done the day before."

The elder brother became as a leopard of the south; he sharpened his knife;

[1] The Egyptians shaved their heads and wore wigs, as a matter of cleanliness in a hot climate.

he took it in his hand; he stood behind the door of his stable to slay his younger brother as he came in the evening to let his cattle into the stable.

Now the sun went down, and he loaded himself with all the herbs of the field in his manner of every day. He came; his leading cow entered the stable; she said to her keeper, "Behold, thy elder brother is standing before thee with his knife to slay thee; flee from before him." He heard what his leading cow had said; the next entered and said likewise. He looked beneath the door of the stable; he saw the feet of his elder brother standing behind the door with his knife in his hand. He put down his load on the ground, he set out to flee swiftly; his elder brother pursued after him with his knife. Then the younger brother cried out unto Ra Harakhti [the sun], saying, "My good Lord! Thou art he who distinguishest wrong from right." Ra hearkened to all his complaint; Ra caused to be made a great water between him and his elder brother, full of crocodiles; the one brother was on one bank, the other on the other bank; and the elder brother smote twice on his hands at not slaying him. Thus did he. The younger brother called to the elder on the bank, saying, "Stand still until the dawn of day; when Ra ariseth I shall argue with thee before him, and he giveth the wrong to the right. For I shall not be with thee unto eternity. I shall not be in the place in which thou art; I shall go to the Valley of the Acacia."

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, Ra Harakhti shone out, and each of them saw the other. The youth spake with his elder brother, saying: — "Wherefore camest thou after me to slay me wrongfully, when thou hadst not heard my mouth speak? For I am thy younger brother in truth; thou art to me as a father; thy wife is to me even as a mother: is it not so? Verily, when I was sent to bring for us seed corn, thy wife said to me, 'Come lie with me.' Behold, this has been turned over to thee upside down." He caused him to understand all that happened with him and his wife. He swore an oath by Ra Harakhti, saying, "Thy coming to slay me wrongfully, having thy spear, was the instigation of a wicked and filthy one." He took a reed knife and mutilated himself; he cast the flesh into the water, and the silurus swallowed it. He sank; he became faint; his elder brother chided his heart greatly; he stood weeping for him loudly, that he could not cross to where his younger brother was, because of the crocodiles. The younger brother called unto him, saying, "Whereas thou hast devised an evil thing; wilt thou not also devise a good thing, or such a thing as I would do unto thee? When thou goest to thy house thou must look to thy cattle; for I stay not in the place where thou art, I am going to the Valley of the Acacia. Now as to what thou shalt do for me: verily, understand this, that things shall happen unto me; namely, that I shall draw out my soul, that I shall put it upon the top of the flowers of the acacia; the acacia-tree will be cut down, it shall fall to the ground, and thou shalt come to seek for it, and if thou passest seven years searching for it, let not thy heart sicken. Thou shalt find it; thou must put it

in a cup of cold water that I may live again, that I may make answer to what hath been done wrong. Thou shalt understand this; namely, that things are happening to me, when one shall give to thee a pot of beer in thy hand and it shall foam up: stay not then, for verily it shall come to pass with thee."

He went to the Valley of the Acacia; his elder brother went to his house; his hand was laid on his head; he cast dust on his head; he came to his house, he slew his wife, he cast her to the dogs, and he sat in mourning for his younger brother.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, his younger brother was in the Valley of the Acacia; there was none with him; he spent the day hunting the game of the desert, he came back in the even to lie down under the acacia, the topmost flower of which was his soul.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, he built himself a tower with his hand, in the Valley of the Acacia; it was full of all good things, that he might provide for himself a home.

He went out from his tower, he met the Ennead of the gods,[2] who were going forth to arrange the affairs of their whole land. The Nine Gods talked one with another, they said unto him: "Ho! Bata, Bull of the Ennead of the gods, art thou remaining alone, having fled thy village from before the wife of Anpu thy elder brother? Behold, his wife is slain. Thou hast given him an answer to all that was transgressed against thee." Their hearts were sad for him exceedingly. Ra Harakhti said to Khnumu, "Behold, frame thou a wife for Bata, that he may not sit alone." Khnumu made for him a mate to dwell with him. She was more beautiful in her limbs than any woman who is in the whole land. Every god was in her. The seven Hathors came to see her: they said with one mouth, "She will die a sharp death."

He loved her very exceedingly, and she dwelt in his house; he passed his time in hunting the game of the desert, and brought what he took before her. He said, "Go not outside, lest the sea seize thee; for I cannot rescue thee from it, for I am a woman like thee: my soul is placed on the top of the flower of the acacia; and if another find it, I shall be vanquished by him." He explained to her all about his soul.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, Bata went to hunt as his daily manner was. The girl went to walk under the acacia which was by the side of her house; the sea saw her, and cast its waves up after her. She set out to run away from it; she entered her house. The sea called unto the acacia, saying, "Oh, catch hold of her for me!" The acacia brought a lock from her hair, the sea carried it to Egypt, and dropped it in the place of the washers of Pharaoh's linen. The smell of the lock of hair entered into the clothes of Pharaoh. They were wroth with Pharaoh's washers, saying, "The smell of

[2] Ra Harakhti was the chief of this Ennead. Khnumu, one of his companion gods, was the craftsman, sometimes represented as fashioning mankind upon the potter's wheel.

ointment is in the clothes of Pharaoh." The men were rebuked every day; they knew not what they should do. The chief of the washers of Pharaoh went down to the seaside; his soul was black within him because of the chiding with him daily. He stopped and stood upon the sandy shore opposite to the lock of hair, which was in the water; he made one go in, and it was brought to him; there was found in it a smell, exceeding sweet. He took it to Pharaoh; the scribes and the wise men were brought to Pharaoh; they said unto Pharaoh: — "This lock of hair belongs to a daughter of Ra Harakhti; the strain of every god is in her; it is a tribute to thee from a strange land. Let messengers go to every foreign land to seek her: as for the messenger who shall go to the Valley of the Acacia, let many men go with him to bring her." Then said his Majesty, "Excellent exceedingly is what we have said"; and the men were sent.

When the days were multiplied after these things, the people who went abroad came to give report unto the king: but there came not those who went to the Valley of the Acacia, for Bata had slain them; he spared one of them to give a report to the king. His Majesty sent many men and soldiers as well as horsemen, to bring her back. There was a woman among them, into whose hand was put every kind of beautiful ornaments for a woman. The girl came back with her; there were rejoicings for her in the whole land.

His Majesty loved her exceedingly, and raised her to be a princess of high rank; he spake with her that she should tell concerning her husband. She said to his Majesty, "Let the acacia be cut down, and let one chop it up." They sent men and soldiers with their weapons to cut down the acacia; they came to the acacia, they cut the flower upon which was the soul of Bata, and he fell dead upon the instant.

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, the acacia was cut down. And Anpu, the elder brother of Bata, entered his house; he sat down and washed his hands: one gave him a pot of beer, it foamed up; another was given him of wine, it became foul. He took his staff, his sandals, likewise his clothes, with his weapons of war; he set out to walk to the Valley of the Acacia. He entered the tower of his younger brother; he found his younger brother lying on his bed; he was dead. He wept when he saw his younger brother verily lying dead. He went out to seek the soul of his younger brother under the acacia tree, under which his younger brother used to lie in the evening. He spent three years in seeking for it, but found it not. When he began the fourth year, he desired in his heart to return into Egypt; he said, "I will go tomorrow"; thus spake he in his heart.

When the earth lighted and the second day came, he went out under the acacia, and set to work to seek it again. He found a seed-pod. He returned with it. Behold, this was the soul of his younger brother. He brought a cup of cold water, he dropped it into it: he sat down, as his manner of every day was. Now when the night came his [Bata's] soul absorbed the water; Bata shud-

dered in all his limbs, he looked on his elder brother; his soul was in the cup. Then Anpu took the cup of cold water in which the soul of his younger brother was; he [Bata] drank it, his soul stood again in its place, he became as he had been. They embraced each other, and they spake with one another.

Bata said to his elder brother, "Behold, I am to become as a great bull, with all the right markings; no one knoweth his history, and thou must sit upon his back. When the sun arises we will go to that place where my wife is, that I may return answer to her; and thou must take me to the place where the king is. For all good things shall be done for thee, and one shall lade thee with silver and gold, because thou bringest me to Pharaoh; for I become a great marvel, they shall rejoice for me in all the land. And thou shalt go to thy village."

When the earth lighted and the second day came, Bata became in the form which he had told to his elder brother. And Anpu his elder brother sat upon his back until the dawn. He came to the place where the king was; they made his Majesty to know of him; he saw him, and he rejoiced exceedingly. He made for him great offerings, saying, "This is a great wonder which has come to pass." There were rejoicings over him in the whole land. They loaded him with silver and gold for his elder brother, who went and settled in his village. They gave to the bull many men and many things, and Pharaoh loved him exceedingly above all men that are in this land.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, the bull entered the place of purifying; he stood in the place where the princess was; he began to speak with her, saying, "Behold, I am alive indeed." She said to him, "Who then art thou?" He said to her: "I am Bata. Thou knewest well when thou causedst that they should cut down the acacia for Pharaoh, that it was to my hurt, that I might not be suffered to live. Behold, I am alive indeed, being as an ox." Then the princess feared exceedingly for the words that her husband had spoken to her. And he went out from the place of purifying.

His Majesty was sitting, making a good day with her: she was at the table of his Majesty, and the king was exceeding pleased with her. She said to his Majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'What thou shalt say, I will obey it for thy sake.'" He hearkened unto all that she said. And she said, "Let me eat of the liver of this bull, because he will do nothing"; thus spake she to him. He was exceedingly vexed at that which she said, the heart of Pharaoh was grieved exceedingly.

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, there was proclaimed a great feast with offerings to the ox. The king sent one of the chief butchers of his Majesty, to have the ox sacrificed. Afterwards it was caused to be sacrificed, and when it was in the hands of the men, it shook its neck, and threw two drops of blood over against the double door of his Majesty. One fell upon the one side of the great door of Pharaoh, and the other upon the other side. They grew as two great Persea trees; each of them was excellent.

One went to tell unto his Majesty, " Two great Persea trees have grown, as a great marvel for his Majesty, in the night, by the side of the great gate of his Majesty." There was rejoicing for them in all the land, and there were offerings made to them.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, his Majesty was adorned with a blue crown, with garlands of flowers on his neck; he was upon the chariot of electrum; he went out from the palace to behold the Persea trees: the princess also went out with horses behind Pharaoh. His Majesty sat beneath one of the Persea trees, and it spake thus with his wife: — " Oh thou deceitful one, I am Bata; I am alive, though I have suffered violence. Thou knewest well that the causing of the acacia to be cut down for Pharaoh was to my hurt. I then became an ox, and thou hadst me slain."

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, the princess stood at the table of Pharaoh, and the king was pleased with her. She said to his Majesty, " Swear to me by God, saying, ' That which the princess shall say to me I will obey it for her.' Thus do thou." And he hearkened unto all that she said. She said, " Let these two Persea trees be cut down, and let them be made into goodly timber." He hearkened unto all that she said.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, his Majesty sent skilful craftsmen, and they cut down the Persea trees of Pharaoh, while the princess, the royal wife, stood by and saw it. A chip flew up and entered into the mouth of the princess; and she perceived that she had conceived, and while her days were being fulfilled Pharaoh did all that was in her heart therein [*i. e.,* in the matter of the trees].

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, she bore a male child. One went to tell his Majesty, " There is born to thee a son." They brought him [*i. e.,* the child, to the king], and gave to him a nurse and servants; there were rejoicings in the whole land. The king sat making a good day; they performed the naming of him, his Majesty loved him exceedingly on the instant, the king raised him to be the royal son of Kush.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, his Majesty made him heir of all the land.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, when he had fulfilled many years as heir of the whole land, his Majesty flew up to heaven. There was command given, " Let my great nobles of his Majesty be brought before me, that I may make them to know all that has happened to me." And they brought to him his wife, and he argued with her before them, and their case was decided. They brought to him his elder brother; he made him hereditary prince in all his land. He was thirty years King of Egypt, and he died, and his elder brother stood in his place on the day of burial.

Excellently finished in peace, for the Ka of the scribe of the treasury, Kagabu, of the treasury of Pharaoh, and for the scribe Hora, and the scribe

Meremapt. Written by the scribe Anena, the owner of this roll. He who speaks against this roll, may Tahuti [3] *be his opponent.*

Translated by Francis Llewellyn Griffith

THE STORY OF SETNA

[The beginning of this tale is lost, but it is clear from what remains of it that Setna Kha-em-uast, son of a Pharaoh who may be identified with Rameses II, of the XIXth Dynasty (about 1300 B.C.), was a diligent student of the ancient writings, chiefly for the sake of the occult knowledge which they were supposed to contain. He discovered, or was told of, the existence of a book which Thoth, the god of letters, science, and magic, had "written with his own hand," and learned that this book was to be found in the cemetery of Memphis, in the tomb of Naneferkaptah, the only son of some earlier Pharaoh. Setna evidently succeeded in finding and entering this tomb, and there he saw the *kas* or ghosts of Naneferkaptah, his wife (and sister) Ahura, and their little boy Merab; and with them was the book. To dissuade Setna from abstracting the book, Ahura tells him how they had become possessed of it, and had paid for it with their earthly lives. Setna, however, insists upon taking the book; but Naneferkaptah challenges him, as a good scribe and a learned man, to a trial of skill in a game, and in the imposition of magical penalties on the loser. Setna agrees; but being worsted, he calls in outside help and succeeds in carrying off the book. Naneferkaptah comforts Ahura for its loss by assuring her that Setna shall ignominiously restore it. Setna studies the book with delight; but presently, by the magic power of Naneferkaptah, he becomes the victim of an extraordinary hallucination, and the strength of his spirit is broken because (in imagination at least) he is steeped in impurity and crime. When he awakes from this trance, Pharaoh persuades him to return the book to its dead owners. On his return to the tomb, Naneferkaptah exacts from him the promise to go to the cemetery of Koptos and bring thence to Memphis the bodies of Ahura and of Merab, which had been buried there, apart from him. Setna duly performs his promise, and so the story ends.

The only known copy of this tale appears to have been written in 251 B.C., the thirty-fifth year of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and it must have been composed at least as late as the Sebennyte Dynasty, early in the fourth century, although it refers to historical characters of a thousand years before.

The story is more elaborate, and its plot is more coherent than is the case with the earlier tales, such as that of Anpu and Bata, in which events often

[3] The divine scribe and one of the judges of the dead.

succeed each other without natural connection. The language, however, is in simple narrative style, without any attempt at fine writing.

At the point at which the mutilated papyrus begins, we find that Ahura is telling Setna the story of her life. Apparently he has just been told how she sent a messenger to the king, asking that she may be married to her brother Naneferkaptah. The king has refused her request, and the messenger has reproached him for his unkindness; the king replies: —]

" 'IT is thou who art dealing wrongly towards me. If it happen that I have not a child after two children, is it the law to marry the one with the other of them? I will marry Naneferkaptah with the daughter of a commander of troops, and I will marry Ahura with the son of another commander of troops: it has so happened in our family much.'

" It came to pass that the amusement was set before Pharaoh, and they came for me and took me to the amusement named, and it happened that my soul was troubled exceedingly and I behaved not in my manner of the previous day. Said Pharaoh to me, 'Ahura, is it thou that didst cause them to come to me in these anxieties, saying, "Let me marry with Naneferkaptah, my elder brother"?'

" Said I to him, 'Let me marry with the son of a commander of troops, and let him marry with the daughter of another commander of troops: it has happened in our family much.'

" I laughed, Pharaoh laughed, and his soul was exceeding gladdened. Said Pharaoh to the steward of the king's house, 'Let Ahura be taken to the house of Naneferkaptah tonight, and let all things that are good be taken with her.'

" I was taken as a wife to the house of Naneferkaptah in the night named, and a present of silver and gold was brought to me; the household of Pharaoh caused them all to be brought to me. And Naneferkaptah made a good day [*i.e.*, to keep holiday, to hold festival] with me; he received all the heads of the household of Pharaoh. And he found me pleasing, he quarreled not with me, ever, ever: each of us loved his fellow. And when I was about to bear a child, report of it was before Pharaoh, and his soul was exceeding gladdened, and Pharaoh caused many things to be taken for me on the instant; he caused to be brought to me a present of silver and gold and royal linen, beautiful exceedingly. Then came my time of bearing: I bore this boy that is before thee, whose name is called Merab, and he was caused to write in the book of the 'House of Life.' [1]

" It came to pass that Naneferkapath, my brother, had no habit on the earth [2] but to walk in the cemetery of Memphis, reading the writings that

[1] This apparently means that he was enrolled as one to be educated as a learned scribe.

[2] We should say, "He did nothing in the world but walk in the cemetery of Memphis," etc.

were in the catacombs of the Pharaohs, with the tablets of the scribes of the 'House of Life,' and the inscriptions that were on the monuments; and he was eager for writing exceedingly.

"After these things it befell that there was a procession in honor of Ptah; Naneferkaptah went into the temple to worship, and he chanced to be walking behind the procession reading the inscriptions that were in the shrines of the gods. An aged priest saw him and laughed. Naneferkaptah said to him, 'For what art thou laughing at me?'

"And he said: — 'I am not laughing at thee; if I laughed, it was that thou art reading writings that no one on earth has any good of. If it be that thou seekest to read writings, come to me, and I will bring thee to the place where that roll is which it was Thoth [the scribe of the gods] that wrote with his own hand, and which goes down to fetch the gods. There are two formulas of writing that are upon it, and when thou readest the first formula thou wilt enchant the heaven, the earth, the underworld, the mountains, and the seas; thou shalt discover all that the birds of the heaven and the creeping things shall say; thou shalt see the fishes of the deep, for there is a power from God brings them into water above them. And when thou readest the second formula, if it be that thou art in Ament [the realm of Osiris as god of the dead] thou takest thy form of earth again. Thou wilt see the sun rising in the sky with his circle of gods, and the moon in its form of shining.'

"And Naneferkaptah said, 'As the king liveth! Let a good thing that thou dost desire be told me, and I will have it done for thee, if thou wilt direct me to the place where this roll is.'

"Said the priest to Naneferkaptah: 'If it be that thou desirest to be directed to the place where this roll is, thou shalt give me three hundred ounces of silver for my funeral, and provide that they shall make me two coffin cases as a great priest, rich in silver.'

"Naneferkaptah called a lad, and caused to be given the three hundred ounces of silver for the priest, and he caused to be done what he desired for two coffin cases; he caused them to be made as for a great and rich priest.

"Said the priest to Naneferkaptah: 'The roll named, it is in the midst of the Sea of Koptos,[3] in a box of iron. In the iron box is a box of bronze, in the bronze box is a box of *Kedt* wood, in the box of *Kedt* wood is a box of ivory and ebony, in the box of ivory and ebony is a box of silver, in the box of silver is a box of gold in which is the roll. There is a mile of snakes, scorpions, and every kind of reptile surrounding the box in which the roll is; there is a snake of eternity [*i.e.*, an immortal snake] surrounding the box named.'

"At the time of the relation that the priest made before Naneferkaptah, Naneferkaptah knew not what place on earth he was in [a frequent phrase for extreme delight or amazement]. And he came out of the temple and related before me all that the priest had said to him. He said to me, 'I shall go

[3] It is difficult to locate this lake in accordance with the actual geography of Egypt.

to Koptos, I shall fetch this roll thence; I shall not be slow in coming back to the north again.'

" It came to pass that I opposed the priest, saying: 'Beware of this thing that thou hast spoken before him! Thou hast brought to me the strife of the nome of Thebes;[4] I have found it cruel.' I caused my hand to stay [An idiomatic phrase for " I laid my hand on," etc.; *cf.* " Setna caused his hand to go after the roll " for " put out his hand to take the roll " (page 44)] with Naneferkaptah, in order not to let him go to Koptos. He did not hearken to me; he went before Pharaoh and related before Pharaoh everything that the priest had said to him — all. Pharaoh said to him, 'What is it that thou desirest?'

" He said to him, 'Cause to be given to me the royal pleasure-boat with its equipment: I will take Ahura and Merab her boy to the south with me; I will fetch this roll without delaying.'

" They gave him the royal pleasure-boat with its equipment, and we went up on board it; we set sail and reached Koptos. And they made report of it before the priests of Isis of Koptos and the high priest of Isis; they came down to meet us, they delayed not to meet Naneferkaptah; their women came down to meet me also. We went up on shore; we went into the temple of Isis and Harpokrates, and Naneferkaptah caused to be brought ox, goose, and wine; he made a burnt-offering and a drink-offering before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. We were taken to a house exceeding beautiful, filled with all good things, and Naneferkaptah spent four days making a good day with the priests of Isis of Koptos, the women of the priests of Isis making a good day with myself.

" Came the morning of our fifth day: Naneferkaptah caused to be brought to him pure wax.[5] He made a boat, furnished with its crew and its tackle. He read a spell to them, he caused them to live, he gave them breath, he cast them into the sea. He loaded the royal pleasure-boat of Pharaoh with sand; he caused the boat to be brought, he went on board. I sat by the Sea of Koptos, saying, 'I will discover what will become of him.'

" He said, 'Boatmen, row on with me as far as the place in which this roll is.' And they rowed by night as by midday.

" And when he reached it, in three days, he threw sand before him, then there became a space of dry land. And when he found a mile of serpents and scorpions, and every kind of creeping thing encompassing the box in which the roll was, and when he found a snake of eternity encompassing the box, he read a spell to the mile of serpents, scorpions, and every kind of creeping thing that was around the box, and suffered them not to leap up. He went to the place in which was the snake of eternity; he made battle with it, he slew

[4] There seems to be some reference to past history in this.

[5] Wax was the regular material used for the manufacture of models which were intended to be used in the practice of magic.

it. It lived; it made its form again. He made battle with it again for a second time; he slew it: it lived. He made battle with it again for a third time; he made it in two pieces; he put sand between one piece and its fellow. It died; it did not make its form ever again.

"Naneferkaptah went to the place where the box was. He found that it was a box of iron; he opened it, he found a box of bronze; he opened it, he found a box of *Kedt* wood; he opened it, he found a box of ivory and ebony; he opened it, he found a box of silver; he opened it, he found a box of gold; he opened it, he found the book in it. He took up the roll from in the box of gold, he read a formula of writing from it. He enchanted the heaven, the earth, the underworld, the mountains, and the seas; he discovered all that the birds of the heaven with the fishes of the deep, the beasts of the mountains said — all. He read another formula of writing, he saw the Sun rising in the sky with all his circle of gods, and the moon rising, and the stars in their shapes; he saw the fishes of the deep, for there was a power from God brought them into the water over them. He read a spell to the sea, and restored it as it was. He embarked. He said to the crew, 'Row on for me as far as the place to which I go.' And they rowed at night like as at midday. When he reached the place where I was, he found me sitting by the Sea of Koptos, without drinking or eating anything, without doing anything on the earth, being in the likeness of one who has reached the Good Houses [the place of embalmment].

"I said to Naneferkaptah, 'O Naneferkaptah, let me see this book, for which we have taken these pains!'

"He put the roll into my hand. I read a formula of writing in it; I enchanted the heaven, the earth, the underworld, the mountains, the seas; I discovered what the birds of the sky, the fishes of the deep, and the beasts of the hills said — all. I read another formula of the writing, and I saw the sun rising in the sky with his circle of gods; I saw the moon shining with all the stars of the heaven in their nature; I saw the fishes of the deep, for it was that a power from God brought them into the water above where they were. As I could not write, it was that I spoke to Naneferkaptah my elder brother, who was a good scribe and a learned man exceedingly; and he caused to be brought before him a piece of new papyrus; he wrote every word that was on the roll before him — all. He dipped it in beer, he melted it in water, he saw that it had been melted, he drank it, he knew that which was in it.[6]

"We returned to Koptos on the day named: we made a good day before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. We embarked, we went down to the river, we reached north of Koptos by one mile. Behold, Thoth had discovered everything that happened to Naneferkaptah on account of the roll; Thoth delayed

[6] A similar method is still employed by Arab doctors and wizards. To heal a disease a formula is written out and then washed off the paper in a bowl of water, which is given to the patient to drink.

not, he complained before the Sun, saying, 'Know my right, my judgment with Naneferkaptah the son of Pharaoh Mernebptah! He went to my place, he robbed it, he took my box containing my book, he killed my guard who was watching it.'

"It was said to him, 'He is before thee, with every man that belongeth to him — all.'

"There was sent a power from God down from heaven, saying, 'Let not Naneferkaptah go to Memphis safe, with every man that belongeth to him — all.'

"An hour passed: Merab, the boy, came out from under the awning of the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh, he fell into the river, he did the will of Ra. Everybody that was on board uttered a cry — all. Naneferkaptah came out from under his cabin, he read a writing over him, he caused him to come up, for it was that a power from God in the water was laid on his upper side [*i. e.*, above him]. He read a writing over him, he made him relate before him of everything that had happened to him — all; and the accusation that Thoth made before Ra.

"We returned to Koptos with him. We caused him to be taken to the Good House and laid in state; we caused him to be embalmed like a prince and great man; we caused him to rest in his coffin in the cemetery of Koptos.

"Said Naneferkaptah my brother, 'Let us go down the river, let us not delay before Pharaoh hear the things that have happened to us, and his soul be sad therefore.'

"We embarked, we went down-stream, we delayed not; and traveled to the north of Koptos by one mile. At the place of the falling of Merab the boy into the river, I came out from under the awning of the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh, I fell into the river, I did the will of Ra. Everybody that was on board uttered a cry — all. They told it to Naneferkaptah, he came out from under the awning of the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh, he read a writing over me, he caused me to leap up, for it was that a power from God in the water rested on my upper side. He caused me to be taken up, he read a writing over me, he caused me to relate before him everything that had happened unto me — all; and the accusation that Thoth had made before Ra. He returned to Koptos with me, he caused me to be brought to the Good House, he caused me to be laid in state, he caused me to be embalmed with the embalmment of a prince and very great person, he caused me to rest in the tomb where Merab the boy lay.

"He embarked, he went down-stream, he hastened north of Koptos by one mile to the place of our falling into the river. He spake with his soul, saying: 'Can I go to Koptos and dwell there? Otherwise, if it be that I go to Memphis, the moment that Pharaoh asks me after his children, what shall I say to him? Can I tell it to him, saying, I took thy children to the nome of Thebes, I killed them, I being alive; I came to Memphis, I being alive still?'

"He caused them to bring a strip of royal linen before him; he made it into a girdle. He bound the roll, he put it upon his stomach, he made it firm. Naneferkaptah came out from under the awning of the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh, he fell into the river, he did the will of Ra. Everybody that was on board uttered a cry — all, saying: 'Great woe! Oppressive woe! Has he gone back [an expression for death, like our "gone home"], the good scribe, the learned man, to whom there is no equal?'

"The pleasure-boat of Pharaoh went down-stream, without any one on earth knowing where Naneferkaptah was. They reached Memphis, they made report of it before Pharaoh. Pharaoh came down to meet the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh in mourning, the army of Memphis took mourning — all, together with the priests of Ptah, the chief prophet of Ptah, with the officials and household of Pharaoh — all. They saw Naneferkaptah clinging to the rudders of the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh, by virtue of his art of a good scribe. They drew him up, they saw the roll on his stomach. Said Pharaoh, 'Let this roll that is on his stomach be hidden away.'

"Said the officers of Pharaoh, with the priests of Ptah, and the chief prophet of Ptah, before Pharaoh: 'O our great lord the King, may he accomplish the duration of Ra [*i. e.*, "may he live as long as the Sun-god"]! Naneferkaptah was a good scribe, a learned man exceedingly.'

"Pharaoh caused to be given to him entrance to the Good House for sixteen days, wrapping for thirty-five and coffining for seventy; he was caused to rest in his tomb, in his places of rest."

[Having finished her story, Ahura proceeds to point out the moral to Setna.]

"I am suffering the ills which have come upon us because of this roll of which thou sayest, 'Let it be given to me!' Thou hast no claim to it: our life on earth has been taken for it."

Said Setna, "Ahura, let this roll be given me which I see between thee and Naneferkaptah, else will I take it by force."

Rose Naneferkaptah on the couch; he said: "Art thou Setna, before whom this woman has told these misfortunes which thou hast not suffered — all? The book named, canst thou take it only by strength of a good scribe? It were sufficient to play draughts with me. Let us play for it at the game of fifty-two points."

And Setna said, "I am ready."

The board and its pieces were put before them. They played at the fifty-two, and Naneferkaptah won a game from Setna. He [Naneferkaptah] read a spell over him; he [Setna] defended himself with the game-board that was before him. He [Naneferkaptah] made him [Setna] go into the ground as far as his feet. He did its like in the second game; he won it from Setna, he made him go into the ground as far as his middle. He did its like in the third game; he made him go into the ground as far as his ears. After these things

Setna made a great blow on the hand of Naneferkaptah. Setna called to Anheru, his brother by Anherart,[7] saying: "Make haste and go up upon the earth, do thou relate of everything that has happened to me before Pharaoh, and do thou bring the amulets of Ptah my father,[8] and my rolls of magic."

He hastened up upon earth, he related before Pharaoh of everything that had happened to Setna. Said Pharaoh, "Take to him the amulets of Ptah his father, and his rolls of magic."

Anheru hastened down into the tomb; he laid the talismans on the body of Setna, he [Setna] sprang to heaven at the moment named.[9] Setna caused his hand to go after the roll, he took it. It came to pass that Setna went up from the tomb, Light walking before him and Darkness walking behind him, and Ahura weeping after him, saying, "Hail to thee, King Darkness! Farewell to thee, King Light! All consolation is gone that was in the tomb."

Said Naneferkaptah to Ahura, "Be not troubled of soul; I will make him bring this book hither, there being a fork for a staff in his hand, there being a pan of fire on his head."[10]

And Setna came up from the tomb, he made it fast behind him in its manner.

Setna went before Pharaoh, he related before him of the thing that had happened to him with the roll. Said Pharaoh to Setna, "Take this roll to the tomb of Naneferkaptah in the manner of a prudent man, else he will make thee bring it, there being a fork for a staff in thine hand, there being a pan of fire on thine head."

Not did Setna hearken to him. It came to pass that Setna had no habit on earth but unrolling the roll and reading it before everybody.

After these things there was a day when Setna passed time in the court of Ptah, and saw a woman beautiful exceedingly, there being no woman of her beauty. There were ornaments of much gold upon her, there were children and women walking behind her, there were fifty-two persons of chiefs of households assigned to her. The hour that Setna saw her he knew not the place on earth where he was. Setna called to his attendant youth, saying, "Go quickly to the place where this woman is; learn what comes under her command."

The attendant youth went quickly to the place where the woman was, he addressed the handmaid who walked behind her, he asked her, saying, "What person is this woman?" She said to him, "She is Tabubua, the daughter of

[7] The presence of names compounded with the name of Anher, god of Sebennytus, indicates that the story was written during or after the supremacy of that city, at the end of the native rule.

[8] Setna Kha-em-uast was high priest of Ptah.

[9] Evidently a strong expression, to show the instantaneous and powerful effect of the amulets in drawing him out of the ground.

[10] This choice of symbols of submission is not yet explained.

the prophet of Bast, lady of Ankhtaui, she having come hither to pray before Ptah the great god."

The youth went back to Setna, he related before him of everything that she had told him — all.

[In his infatuation for this woman, Setna forgets all decorum and all duty, and follows her home to Bubastis, and "ashamed was every one that was about Setna." To win the favor of Tabubua, he hands over to her all his possessions and the inheritance of his children; and at length she demands that his children should be put to death to prevent disputes.]

Setna said, "Let there be done unto them the abomination that has entered thy heart."

She caused his children to be slain before his face; she caused them to be cast down from the window before the dogs and the cats. They devoured their flesh, he hearing them, he drinking with Tabubua.

[Setna awakens from the trance in which he has in imagination sunk to such depths of wickedness, to find himself lying naked in a strange place.]

An hour it was that passed when Setna saw a great man riding on a chariot, there being many men running at his feet, he being like Pharaoh. Setna came to rise; he could not rise for shame, for there was no clothing upon him. Pharaoh said, "Setna, what has befallen thee in this state in which thou art?"

Said he, "Naneferkaptah is he who hath done this to me — all."

Pharaoh said, "Go to Memphis: thy children they are seeking for thee; they are standing on their feet before Pharaoh."

Setna said before Pharaoh, "My great lord the King, may he accomplish the duration of Ra! What is the manner of going to Memphis that I can do, there being no clothes on earth upon me?"

Pharaoh called to a youth standing by, he made him give clothing to Setna. Said Pharaoh to Setna, "Go to Memphis: thy children, they are alive, they are standing on their feet before Pharaoh."

Setna came to Memphis, he embraced his children with hand, he found them alive. Pharaoh said, "Is it drinking that hath brought thee thus?"

Setna related everything that had happened to him with Tabubua, with Naneferkaptah — all. Pharaoh said: "Setna, I put my hand upon thee before [compare the expression previously noted], saying, 'Thou wilt be slain if thou dost not take this roll to the place from which it was brought.' Thou didst not listen to me till this hour. Give this roll to Naneferkaptah, there being a forked stick for a staff in thine hand, there being a pan of fire on thine head."

Setna came out from before Pharaoh, there being a forked stick for a staff in his hand, there being a pan of fire on his head. He went down to the tomb in which was Naneferkaptah. Ahura said to him, "Setna, it is Ptah the great god who hath brought thee back safe."

Naneferkaptah laughed, saying, "This is a thing that I told thee before."

Setna saluted Naneferkaptah; he found him as it is said, "He is the sun that is in the whole tomb." Ahura and Naneferkaptah saluted Setna greatly. Setna said, "Naneferkaptah, is there aught that is disgraceful?"

Naneferkaptah said, "Setna, thou knowest this, that Ahura and Merab her child, they are in Koptos: bring them here into this tomb by the skill of a good scribe. Let it be commanded before thee, and do thou take pains, and do thou go to Koptos, and do thou bring them hither."

Setna came up from the tomb and went before Pharaoh; he related before Pharaoh of everything that Naneferkaptah had said to him — all.

Pharaoh said, "Setna, go to Koptos, bring Ahura and Merab her child."

He said before Pharaoh, "Let the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh be given to me with its equipment."

The pleasure-boat of Pharaoh was given to him with its equipment; he embarked, he sailed up, he did not delay, he arrived at Koptos.

Information of it was given before the priests of Isis of Koptos, and the chief prophet of Isis. They came down to meet him, they took his hand to the shore. He went up, he went into the temple of Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. He caused ox, goose, wine to be brought; he made a burnt-offering, a drink-offering, before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. He went to the cemetery of Koptos, with the priests of Isis and the chief prophet of Isis; they spent three days and three nights searching in the tombs which were in the cemetery of Koptos — all, turning over the stelæ of the scribes of the House of Life, reading the inscriptions that were on them. They found not the places of rest in which were Ahura and Merab her son.

Naneferkaptah perceived that they found not the places of rest of Ahura and Merab her son. He rose from the dead as an old man, great of age exceedingly. He came to meet Setna, and Setna saw him. Setna said to the old man, "Thou art of the appearance of a man great of age: knowest thou the places of rest in which are Ahura and Merab her child?"

The old man said to Setna, "The father of the father of my father told to the father of my father, and the father of my father told to my father, that the resting-places of Ahura and Merab her child are by the south corner of the house of Pehemato, as his name is."

Said Setna to the old man, "Is it not an injury that Pehemato hath done thee, by reason of which thou comest to cause his house to be brought down to the ground?"

The old man said to Setna, "Let watch be set over me and let the house of Pehemato be taken down. If it be that they find not Ahura and Merab her child under the south corner of his house, may abomination be done to me."

A watch was set over the old man; the resting-place of Ahura and Merab her child was found under the south corner of the house of Pehemato. Setna caused them to enter as great people on the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh; he

caused the house of Pehemato to be built in its former manner. Naneferkaptah made Setna to discover what had happened: that it was he who had come to Koptos to let them find the resting-place in which Ahura and Merab her child were.

Setna embarked on the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh, he went down the river, he did not delay, he reached Memphis with all the army that was with him — all. Report was made of it before Pharaoh, he came down to meet the pleasure-boat of Pharaoh. He caused them to be introduced as great persons to the tomb where Naneferkaptah was, he caused dirges to be made above them.

This is a complete writing, relating of Setna Khaemuast, and Naneferkaptah, and Ahura his wife, and Merab her child. This . . . was written in the XXXVth year, the month Tybi.

Translated by Francis Llewellyn Griffith

LOVE SONGS

SOME of the prettiest Egyptian poetry is contained in a papyrus of the XVIIIth Dynasty at the British Museum. The verses are written in hieratic, and are extremely difficult to translate, but their beauty is apparent to the translator even when he cannot fix the exact sense. The songs are collected in small groups, generally entitled 'Songs of Entertainment.' The lover and his mistress call each other "brother" and "sister." In one song the girl addresses her lover in successive stanzas under the names of different plants in a garden, and plays on these names. Others are as follows: —

LOVE-SICKNESS

I will lie down within,
Behold, I am sick with wrongs.
Then my neighbors come in
To visit me.
This sister of mine cometh with them;
She will make a laughing-stock of the physicians;
She knoweth mine illness.

THE LUCKY DOORKEEPER

The villa of my sister
Hath its gates in the midst of the estate;
[So often as] its doors are opened,
[So often as] the bolt is withdrawn,
My beloved is angry.
If I were set as the gatekeeper,
I should cause her to chide me;
Then should I hear her voice [when she is] angry: —
A child before her!

LOVE'S DOUBTS

[My brother] hath come forth [from mine house];
[He careth not for] my love;
My heart standeth still within me.

Behold, honeyed cakes in my mouth.
They are turned into salt;
Even must, that sweet thing,
In my mouth is as the gall of a bird!

The breath of thy nostrils alone
Is that which maketh my heart live.
I found thee! Amen grant thee unto me,
Eternally and for ever!

THE UNSUCCESSFUL BIRD-CATCHER

The voice of the wild goose crieth,
For she hath taken her bait;
[But] thy love restraineth me,
I cannot loose it.[1]

So I must gather my net together.
What then shall I say to my mother,
To whom I come daily
Laden with wild-fowl?

I have not laid my net to-day,
For thy love hath seized me.

Translated by W. Max Müller

[1] "Loose," *i.e.*, take the bird out of the snare to carry home to her mother.

HYMN TO USERTESEN III

[This hymn, the most remarkable example of Egyptian poetry known to us, was found by Flinders Petrie near the pyramid and temple of Usertesen II, in the town founded there for the accommodation of the workmen employed upon these buildings, and for the priestly staff who performed the services for the dead Pharaoh in his chapel. The hymn is addressed to the son and successor of that king, Usertesen III, an active and warlike prince, who, as the poet also testifies, used his power for the benefit of his country and the pious support of its institutions. Unfortunately, the lacunæ, together with the peculiar language employed by the scribe, are baffling to the decipherer. Four stanzas only can be read with comparative completeness and certainty.

The parallelism of the sentences, the rhythm, the balancing of the lines of verse, and the pause in each, recall the style of the Hebrew Psalms. The choice of metaphors, too, is in a similar direction; but our limited knowledge of the ancient language does not permit us to analyze closely the structure of the verses, nor to attempt any scansion of them. The radicals only of Egyptian words are known to us; of the pronunciation of the language at the time of the XIIth Dynasty we are entirely ignorant.]

I

HOMAGE to thee, Kha-kau-ra: our "Horus Divine of Beings." [1]
Safeguarding the land and widening its boundaries: restraining the foreign nations by his kingly crown.
Enclosing the two lands [*i. e.*, Upper and Lower Egypt] within the compass of his arms: seizing the nations in his grip.
Slaying the Pedti without stroke of the club: shooting an arrow without drawing the bowstring.
Dread of him hath smitten the Anu in their plain: his terror hath slain the Nine Races of Men.[2]
His warrant hath caused the death of thousands of the Pedti who had reached his frontier: shooting the arrow as doth Sekhemt,[3] he overthroweth thousands of those who knew not his mighty spirit.

[1] *Kha-kau-ra,* "Glory of the *Kas* of the Sun," was the principal name that Usertesen III, following the custom of the Pharaohs, adopted on his accession to the throne. "Horus, Divine of Beings," was the separate name for his royal *Ka* assumed at the same time. The *Ka* of a person was his ghostly Double, before and after death, and to the Egyptian this shadowy constituent of the whole being had a very distinct existence.

[2] To the Egyptian the world was inhabited by nine races of men.

[3] Sekhemt, a goddess represented with the head of a lioness, the embodiment of the devastating power of the Sun and of the wrath of Ra.

The tongue of his Majesty bindeth Nubia in fetters: his utterances put to flight the Setiu.
Sole One of youthful vigor, guarding his frontier: suffering not his subjects to faint, but causing the Pat [4] to repose unto full daylight.
As to his timid youth in their slumbers: his heart [5] is their protection.
His decrees have formed his boundaries: his word hath armored the two regions.

II

Twice jubilant are the gods: thou hast established their offerings.
Twice jubilant are thy children: thou hast made their boundaries.
Twice jubilant are thy forefathers: thou hast increased their portions.[6]
Twice jubilant is Egypt in thy strong arm: thou hast guarded the ancient order.
Twice jubilant are the Pat in thine administration: thy mighty spirit hath taken upon itself their provisionment.
Twice jubilant are the two regions in thy valor: thou hast widened their possessions.
Twice jubilant are thy paid young troops: thou hast made them to prosper.
Twice jubilant are thy veterans: thou hast made them to renew their youth.
Twice jubilant are the two lands in thy might: thou hast guarded their walls.
Twice jubilant be thou, O Horus, who hast widened his boundary: thou art from everlasting to everlasting.

III

Twice great is the lord of his city, above a million arms: as for other rulers of men, they are but common folk.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a dyke, damming the stream in its water flood.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a cool lodge, letting every man repose unto full daylight.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a bulwark, with walls built of the sharp stones of Kesem.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a place of refuge, excluding the marauder.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were an asylum, shielding the terrified from his foe.

[4] "Pat" seems to be a name for mankind, or perhaps for the inhabitants of Egypt.
[5] We speak of the "head" as the seat of the intellect; to the Egyptians it was the "heart."
[6] Ancestor worship being universal in Egypt, the endowments for funerary services and offerings for the deceased kings must have been very large.

Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a shade, the cool vegetation of the flood-time in the season of harvest.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a corner warm and dry in time of winter.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a rock barring the blast in time of tempest.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were Sekhemt to foes who tread upon his boundary.

IV

He hath come to us, that he may take the land of the South Country: the Double Crown [7] hath been placed upon his head.
He hath come, he hath united the two lands: he hath joined the Reed to the Hornet.[8]
He hath come, he hath ruled the people of the Black Land: he hath placed the Red Land in his power.[9]
He hath come, he hath protected the two lands: he hath tranquilized the two regions.
He hath come, he hath made the people of Egypt to live: he hath destroyed its afflictions.
He hath come, he hath made the Pat to live: he hath opened the throat of the Rekhyt.[10]
He hath come, he hath trampled on the nations: he hath smitten the Anu who knew not his terror.
He hath come, he hath secured his frontier: he hath delivered him who was stolen away.
He hath come . . . he granteth reward-in-old-age by what his mighty arm bringeth to us.
He hath come, we nurture our children: we bury our aged ones [11] by his good favor.

Translated by Francis Llewellyn Griffith

[7] The " Double Crown " was that of Upper and Lower Egypt.
[8] The Reed and the Hornet were the symbols of Upper and Lower Egypt respectively.
[9] The " Black Land " is the alluvial of Egypt, the " Red Land " is its sandy border.
[10] " Rekhyt," like " Pat," seems to be a designation of the Egyptians. To " open the throat " of a man is to give him life by enabling him to breathe.
[11] A " good burial " after a " long old age " was a characteristic wish of the Egyptians.

HYMN TO THE ATEN[1]

[The following hymn addressed by King Akhenaten (B.C. 1450) to his one god, the visible Sun itself, was perhaps originally written in ten-line stanzas like the 'Hymn to Usertesen III,' but its known texts are all too mutilated and uncertain for us to attempt any thorough restoration of it at present.

Akhenaten was one of the most original minds known to us in Egyptian history. His training was probably far more favorable to awakening powers of thought than was usually the case with the Pharaohs. Through his mother, Queen Tiy, he had been in close contact with the religions of Mesopotamia, perhaps even with Israelite monotheism; suddenly he cast off the traditions of his own country and all its multitudinous deities of heaven, earth, and the underworld, and devoted himself to the worship of one god, visible and exalted, before whom all else seemed either petty, gross, or unreal. Fervently he adored his god; and we may well believe that the words of his hymn are those which flowed from his own heart as he contemplated the mighty and beneficent power of the Sun.

This heretical doctrine roused the hostility of the orthodox, who, triumphing over Akhenaten's reform, condemned his monuments to systematic destruction.]

BEAUTIFUL is thy resplendent appearing on the horizon of heaven,
O living Aten, thou who art the beginning of life.
When thou ascendest in the eastern horizon thou fillest every land with thy beauties;
Thou art fair and great, radiant, high above the earth;
Thy beams encompass the lands to the sum of all that thou hast created.
Thou art the Sun; thou catchest them according to their sum;
Thou subduest them with thy love.
Though thou art afar, thy beams are on the earth;
Thou art in the sky, and day followeth thy steps.
When thou settest on the western horizon of heaven,
The land is in darkness like unto death;
They sleep in their chambers;
Their heads are covered, their nostrils are closed, the eye seeth not his fellow;
All their goods are stolen from under their heads, and they know it not.
Every lion cometh forth out of its cave,
All creeping things bite.

[1] The Aten is the name of the visible Sun rather than of an abstract Sun-god. It is pictured as a radiant disk, the rays terminating in human hands, often resting beneficently on the figure of the worshiper, bestowing upon him symbols of life, or graciously accepting his offerings.

The earth is silent, and he that made them resteth on his horizon.
At dawn of day thou risest on the horizon and shinest as Aten by day.
Darkness flees, thou givest forth thy rays, the two lands are in festival day by day;
They wake and stand upon their feet, for thou hast raised them up;
Their limbs are purified, they clothe themselves with their garments;
Their hands are uplifted in adoration at thy rising.
The whole land goeth about its several labors.

Flocks rest in their pastures;
Trees and plants grow green;
Birds fly forth from their nests—
Their wings are adoring thy *Ka*.[2]
All flocks leap upon their feet;
All flying things and all hovering things, they live when thou risest upon them.

Ships pass down-stream, and pass up-stream likewise;
Every way is open at thy rising.
The fishes on the river leap up before thee;
Thy rays are within the great waters.

It is thou who causest women to be fruitful, men to beget.
Thou quickenest the child in its mother's womb;
Thou soothest it that it cry not;
Thou dost nurture it within its mother's womb,
Thou givest breath to give life to all its functions.
It cometh forth from the womb upon the day of its birth.
Thou openest its mouth, that it may speak;
Thou providest for its wants.
When there is a chick within an egg, cheeping as it were within a stone,
Thou givest it breath therein to cause thy handiwork to live;
It is full-formed when it breaketh through the shell.
It cometh out of the egg when it cheepeth and is full-formed;
It runneth on its feet when it cometh out thence.

How manifold are thy works,
. . . O one god who hast no fellow!
Thou createdst the earth according to thy will, when thou wast alone—
[Its] people, its herds, and all flocks;
All that is upon earth going upon feet,

[2] The word occurs in these translations often, but not with any very definite meaning.

All that is on high and flieth with wings,
The countries of Syria, of Ethiopia, of Egypt.
Thou settest each person in his place,
Thou providest for their wants,
Each one his circumstances and the duration of his life,
Tongues distinct in their speech,
Their kinds according to their complexions —
O distinguisher who distinguishest the races of mankind.

Thou makest the Nile in the deep,
Thou bringest it at thy pleasure,
That it may give life to men, even as thou hast made them for thyself —
O Lord of them all who art outwearied for them!

O Lord of earth who risest for them!
O Aten of day that awest all distant countries!
Thou makest their life;
Thou placest the Nile in heaven, that it may descend to them,
That it may rise in waves upon the rocks like the sea,
Watering their fields in their villages.
How excellent are thy ways, O Lord of Eternity!
A Nile in heaven poureth down for nations,
For all manner of animals that walk upon feet.
[But] the Nile cometh from the deep to the land of Egypt.
Thy rays nourish every field;
Thou risest and they live for thee.[3]

Thou makest the seasons to bring into existence all that thou hast made:
The winter season to refresh them, the heat [to warm them].
Thou madest the heaven afar off, that thou mightest rise therein,
That thou mightest see all thou didst make when thou wast alone,
When thou risest in thy form as the living Aten,
Splendid, radiant, afar, beauteous —
[Thou createdst all things by thyself]
Cities, villages, camps, by whatsoever river they be watered.
Every eye beholdeth thee before it;
Thou art the Aten of day above the earth.

. . . . . .

[3] The Nile here stands for the main sources of water: that in heaven giving rain on the mountains and fields, that in the "deep" or "underworld" giving rise to springs, wells, and rivers.

Thou art in my heart.
There is none other that knoweth thee but thy son, Fairest of the Forms of Ra, the Only One of Ra;[4]
Thou causest him to be exercised in thy methods and in thy might.
The whole earth is in thy hand even as thou hast made them;
At thy rising all live, at thy setting they die.

Translated by Francis Llewellyn Griffith

THE SONG OF THE HARPER

[Frequently in the tombs a scene is figured in which a harper plays before the deceased. His song is ever on the same theme: Enjoy life while it lasts, for all things pass away, and are succeeded by others which also perish in their turn. Such were the encouragements to conviviality which the Egyptians put into the mouths of their minstrels.

One of these songs was apparently engraved in front of the figure of a harper in the tomb or pyramid of King Antef (of the XIth or perhaps XIIIth Dynasty, not less than 2000 B.C.), and a copy of it has been handed down to us on a papyrus of the XVIIIth Dynasty: fragments are, moreover, preserved at Leyden on slabs from a tomb of the same period.

Part of another song of this type may be read on the walls of the fine tomb of Neferhetep at Thebes (XVIIIth Dynasty). This song was a long one, but though the latter part of it is now mutilated and hopelessly destroyed, enough of the sequel remains to show that it rose to a somewhat higher level of teaching than the first poem, and counseled men to feed the poor and to win a good name to leave behind them after death.

The songs seem to fall naturally into stanzas of ten lines each, though the inscriptions and papyri on which they are preserved to us are not punctuated to indicate these divisions. In the one here given the ten lines fall readily into pairs, thus producing five-line stanzas.]

Songs which are in the tomb of King Antef, justified, which are in front of the singer on the harp

HAPPY is this good lord! | A goodly fate is spoiled.
One body passeth | and others are set up since the time of the ancestors.

[4] "Fairest of the Forms of Ra, the Only One of Ra," is the title which Akhenaten took when first he ascended the throne, and which he continued to bear throughout his reign, notwithstanding his reform.

The gods [1] who were aforetime | rest in their sepulchers,
So also the nobles glorified | buried in their sepulchers.
Palaces are built and their places are not | behold what hath been done with them!

I have heard the words of Imhetep and Herdedef | who spake thus continually in their sayings:
"Behold their places, their walls are ruined | their places are not, as though they had not been.
None cometh thence to tell their lot | to tell their estate,
To strengthen our hearts | until ye approach the place to which they have gone."
Be thou of good cheer thereat | [as for me] my heart faileth me in singing thy dirge.
Follow thy heart so long as thou existest | put frankincense on thy head;
Be clothed in fine linen, be anointed with pure ben oil | things fit for a god.
Enjoy thyself beyond measure | let not thy heart faint.
Follow thy desire and thy happiness while thou art on earth | fret not thy heart till cometh to thee that day of lamentations.
The Still-of-Heart heareth not their lamentations | the heart of a man in the pit taketh no part in mourning.

With radiant face, make a good day [*i. e.*, "make holiday"],
And rest not on it.
Behold, it is not given to a man to carry his goods with him!
Behold, there is none who hath gone,
And cometh back hither again!

Translated by Francis Llewellyn Griffith

THE NEGATIVE CONFESSION

[One may suppose that the fundamental ideas of Egyptian morality would be most succinctly expressed in the so-called 'Negative Confession' contained in the 'Book of the Dead.' When the deceased appeared before Osiris he was supposed to recite this confession, in which he alleged his freedom from a long catalogue of sins: he repeated it in two forms. After the XVIIIth Dynasty, B.C. 1500, it was considered as perhaps the most essential of all the texts deposited in the tomb with the mummy for the guidance of the deceased person before his fate was finally settled. It is, therefore, to be found in thou-

[1] *I. e.*, the kings, who were always reckoned divine, and as ruling by divine right.

sands of copies, but unfortunately this much-worn text is as corrupt as most of the other sections of the 'Book of the Dead.' The hack scribes and calligraphists were content to copy without understanding it, often bungling or wresting the sense according to their very imperfect lights. It is seldom that different copies agree precisely in their readings: often the differences are very material and leave the true sense altogether uncertain. Again, even where the reading seems comparatively sure, the meaning remains obscure, owing to the occurrence of rare words or expressions. All the phrases begin with the negative "not."]

FIRST CONFESSION

I HAVE not done injury to men.
I have not oppressed those beneath me [or perhaps "my kindred"].
I have not acted perversely [prevaricated?], instead of straightforwardly.
I have not known vanity [or what is "unprofitable" or "treason"].
I have not been a doer of mischief.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

I have not done what the gods abominate.
I have not turned the servant against his master.
I have not caused hunger.
I have not caused weeping.
I have not murdered.
I have not commanded murder.
I have not caused suffering to men.
I have not cut short the rations of the temples.
I have not diminished the offerings of the gods.
I have not taken the provisions of the blessed dead.
I have not committed fornication nor impurity in what was sacred to the god of my city.
I have not added to nor diminished the measures of grain.
I have not diminished the palm measure.
I have not falsified the cubit of land.
I have not added to the weights of the balance.
I have not nullified the plummet of the scales.
I have not taken milk from the mouth of babes.
I have not driven cattle from their herbage.[1]

[1] This and the two following asseverations seem rather to read: "I have not caught animals by a bait of their herbage." "I have not trapped birds by a bait of 'gods' bones.'" "I have not caught fish by a bait of fishes' bodies."

I have not trapped birds, the bones of the gods.
I have not caught fish in their pools [?].
I have not stopped water in its season.
I have not dammed running water.
I have not quenched fire when burning [*lit.*, " in its moment "].
I have not disturbed the cycle of gods when at their choice meats.
I have not driven off the cattle of the sacred estate.
I have not stopped a god in his comings forth.

SECOND CONFESSION

I have not done injustice.
I have not robbed.
I have not coveted [?].
I have not stolen.
I have not slain men.
I have not diminished the corn measure.
I have not acted crookedly.
I have not stolen the property of the gods.
I have not spoken falsehood.
I have not taken food away.
I have not been lazy [?].
I have not trespassed.
I have not slain a sacred animal.
I have not been niggardly in grain.
I have not stolen. . . .
I have not been a pilferer.
My mouth hath not run on.
I have not been a talebearer in business not mine own.
I have not committed adultery with another man's wife.
I have not been impure.
I have not made disturbance.
I have not transgressed.
My mouth hath not been hot [*i. e.*, " I am not hot of speech "].
I have not been deaf to the words of truth.
I have not made confusion.
I have not caused weeping.
I am not given to unnatural lust.
I have not borne a grudge.
I have not quarreled.
I am not of aggressive hand.
I am not of inconstant mind.
I have not spoiled the color of him who washeth the god [??].

My voice has not been too voluble in my speech.
I have not deceived nor done ill.
I have not cursed the king.

. . . . . .

My voice is not loud.
I have not cursed God.
I have not made bubbles [?].
I have not made [unjust] preferences.
I have not acted the rich man except in my own things.
I have not offended the god of my city.

Translated by Francis Llewellyn Griffith

FROM THE 'MAXIMS OF ANY'

"KEEP thyself from the strange woman who is not known in her city. Look not upon her when she cometh, and know her not. She is like unto a whirlpool in deep water, the whirling vortex of which is not known. The woman whose husband is afar writeth unto thee daily. When none is there to see her, she standeth up and spreadeth her snare; sin unto death is it to hearken thereto." Hence he who is wise will renounce her company and take to himself a wife in his youth. A man's own house is "the best thing," and also "she will give unto thee a son who shall be as the image of thyself." . . .

[Thy debt to thy mother.]

Thou shalt never forget thy mother and what she hath done for thee, "that she bore thee, and nurtured thee in all ways." Wert thou to forget her then might she blame thee, "lifting up her arms unto God, and he would hearken unto her complaint. For she carried thee long beneath her heart as a heavy burden, and after thy months were accomplished she bore thee. Three long years she carried thee upon her shoulder and gave thee her breast to thy mouth." She nurtured thee, nor knew offense from thine uncleanness. "And when thou didst enter the school and wast instructed in the writings, daily she stood by the master with bread and beer from her house."

[Of inward piety.]

"Clamor is abhorrent to the sanctuary of God; let thy prayers for thyself come forth out of a loving heart, whose words remain secret, that he may grant thee thy needs, may hear thy prayer, and accept thine offering."

[Of diligence and discretion.]

Be diligent; "let thine eye be open that thou mayest not go forth as a beggar, for the man who is idle cometh not to honor." Be not officious and indiscreet, and "enter not [uninvited] into the house of another; if thou enter at his bidding thou art honored. Look not around thee, look not around thee in the house of another. What thine eye seeth, keep silence concerning it, and tell it not without to another, that it be not in thee a crime to be punished by death when it is heard." Speak not overmuch, "for men are deaf to him who maketh many words; but if thou art silent thou art pleasing, therefore speak not." Above all be cautious in speech, for "the ruin of a man is on his tongue. The body of a man is a storehouse, which is full of all manner of answers. Wherefore choose thou the good and speak good, while the evil remaineth shut up within thy body."

[Of manners.]

Behave with propriety at table and "be not greedy to fill thy body." And "eat not bread while another standeth by and thou placest not thy hand on the bread for him. The one is rich and the other is poor, and bread remaineth with him who is open-handed. He who was prosperous last year, even in this may be a vagrant [?]." Never forget to show respect, "and sit not down while another is standing who is older than thou, or who is higher than thou in his office."

Revised from the German of Adolf Erman

THE LITERATURE OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA

THE ancient civilization of the valley lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris produced a literature that has justly won a place in the history of human letters. Far back in hoary antiquity a most remarkable race, the Sumerians, descended into the Babylonian plain from their mountain homes in the east. They spoke an aboriginal Asiatic language, neither Semitic like that of the Hebrews nor Indo-European like that of the Indians, and brought with them a system of pictographic script. Thanks to the use of clay as writing material and the stylus as instrument, the pictographs were changed to signs composed of a number of wedge-shaped impressions and gradually departed widely from the archaic symbols. The rise of great and wealthy cities gave a strong impetus to the development of the commercial use of this "cuneiform" writing, as well as to its political use for legislative and administrative purposes, to its religious use for the preservation of sacred songs, myths, and legends, and to its scientific use for recording facts of history, of medicine, or of astronomy. This great Sumerian civilization, which grew up at such centers as Ur, Kish, Erech, Larsa, Isin, and Nippur, became, however, a prey for the Semites of the north, the victory being achieved by Sargon, the first great empire-builder of history, who ruled over the city of Akkad about 2900 B.C. With the rise of Babylon under the Hammurapi dynasty, about 2000 B.C., the Sumerians were absorbed entirely, and "Akkadian" became the language of all Babylonia, though the Semites accepted the script of their predecessors and copied their learning and religious lore, so that Sumerian remained a sort of sacred tongue, like Latin in the Roman Catholic Church, and was handed down in priestly circles almost to the time of Christ. Vocabularies and bilingual texts in which the Sumerian original is provided with an interlinear Akkadian translation have enabled us to know once more the tongue of that early race of men whose arrival on the shores of the Euphrates was of such vast significance for the history of the future.

In the Babylonian temples, quite naturally, all sorts of literary and non-literary texts were preserved; at Nippur, especially, thousands of tablets have been found in the temple area, so that one can justly speak of "temple libraries." At such religious centers those who aspired to priestly dignity were instructed in the art of cuneiform writing and the exercise tablets of some of these disciples of learning have come down to us. It was a fortunate accident of history that the Assyrian monarch Ashurbanipal took a great interest in

the literary treasures of Babylonia and had his scribes collect, copy, and catalogue a vast number of tablets from these ancient archives. The King's own words show us the value he placed on education: "The technique of the wise men. . . . I acquired, the entire art of tablet writing. I understand the portents of heaven and earth, am a searcher of the future in company with scholars, am familiar with the science of oracles, the gift of heaven, among the well-informed soothsayers. I can solve the most intricate divisions and multiplications, which can scarcely be worked out. I can read the most difficult tablets in obscure Sumerian or in Akkadian hard to master." Ashurbanipal's library, the remnants of which now repose in the British Museum, is still the greatest of all cuneiform collections, though excavations at Ashur, as well as in the cities of Lower Babylonia, have produced many new treasures, and in some instances have given us duplicates of texts only imperfectly preserved among the tablets from Nineveh. Important documents in the Akkadian language have also been found at the Elamite capital Susa, at Pharaoh Akhenaten's royal city of Amarna in Egypt, and among the archives of the Hatti (or Hittite) Kings at their capital on the Halys River in Asia Minor.

We may here disregard those classes of Assyro-Babylonian texts which cannot be considered "literature," such as legal and business documents, as well as tablets of scientific or magic character, etc. The historical inscriptions likewise stand apart from our present discussion, though they often contain attempts at lofty literary style, and occasionally include material of poetic character, such as the legend of Sargon or the account of the dream of Gudea, the priest-king of Lagash. The real literary productions of the Babylonians are those dominated by poetic imagination and written in actual poetic rhythm. Both Sumerian and Akkadian poetry employ the principle of parallelism, characteristic of Old Testament poetry as well. A verse usually consists of two lines, the second of which merely echoes the first in different words; and the meter is governed by the accentuation of words rather than of syllables, just as in Hebrew. These poetic texts are almost exclusively religious in nature for we must bear in mind that priests were the only men of letters.

Prayers and hymns for public or private worship appear among the earliest texts, and, quite naturally, every great temple had its own collection of them in honor of its chief god. The texts make frequent reference to these sanctuaries, such as Esagila, the great temple of Babylon, and Egishshirgal, the temple of Ur. Our selections contain a few of the best of these productions. Another class of poetry consists of the lamentations in which a group or an individual bewails some misfortune and invokes a deity's favor, those of a personal nature admitting of the term penitential psalms. The dirge, characterized by frequent cries of woe, was a product of the cults of the dying and rising god of vegetation, Tammuz-Adonis. In all these productions the human element is entirely lacking; they are liturgical forms created for the purpose of temple worship.

Occasionally, however, a Babylonian poet seems to have written down utterances of a personal nature, a unique text of this type being the so-called Babylonian, Job, *ludlul bel nimeki,* " I will praise the lord of wisdom," which, unfortunately, is not preserved complete. This is a psalm describing the sufferings and deliverance of a pious prince. A great misfortune befalls him, and god and goddess remain deaf to his pleas of help; he reflects on his own virtues in some detail, telling how he showed honor to the gods and to the king, and taught his subjects to keep the commandments of the deity, to reverence the name of the goddess, and to do homage to the king; and then bursts forth into a despairing cry:

Who can understand the will of the gods in heaven;
The decision of the god . . . who comprehends it?
Where have simple-minded men ever fathomed the way of the god?
He who lived yesterday is dead today,
Swiftly is he obscured, quickly is he crushed.
One moment he is singing and playing,
A step beyond he laments as a wailer.
Like day and night their mind changes;
When they are hungry they are like a corpse,
When sated they place themselves on a level with their god;
In good fortune they speak of ascending into heaven,
When sorrowful they speak of descending to the nether world.

The prince next describes his distress. He is already treated as though he were dead, but he knows that there will be an end to his afflictions. Finally three visions come to him; first, a divine youth, sent by a goddess, appears and drives away his worst sufferings; then another youth enters as an emissary of the ancient king Laluralima of Nippur, bearing the purifying tamarisk wood and the water of life to cleanse the sick man by his incantation; finally a divine maiden arrives and comforts him. These three visions augur the speedy coming of Urnintinugga, " the servant of the lady of the raising of the dead," a legendary incantation-priest, who is sent at dawn by Marduk, the god of Babylon. He dispels the illness of the prince who, fully healed, goes through the streets of Babylon to the temple of Esagila to utter his confession of sin and his prayer of thanksgiving: —

To do prostration and prayer I entered Esagila;
I, who had already descended into the grave,
returned whole to Babylon.

Passing through the twelve gates of the great temple, he receives the boon that each, by its name, is able to confer: —

In the "gate of fullness" fullness was given to me,
In the "gate of the patron divinity" the patron divinity drew near to me;
In the "gate of peace" I saw peace,
In the "gate of life" I approached life;
In the "gate of sunrise" I was counted among the living,
In the "gate of shining portents" my portents became bright;
In the "gate of loosing of sin" my sin was loosed,
In the "gate of praise" my mouth asked (praise);
In the "gate of redemption from trouble" I was redeemed from trouble.
In the "gate of pure waters" I was sprinkled with the water of purification;
In the "gate of salvation" I met Marduk,
In the "gate of rich adornment" I was laid before the feet of the goddess Sarpanit—

and the poem then ends with the praises of these two gods who can redeem from the grave and the whirlpool of death.

The religion practised at the Babylonian temples was cultic in type, in which the worship of a god requires a myth rehearsing the deeds or experiences of the deity which form the foundation of his cult. The greatest example of such a myth is the so-called "Creation Epic of Babylon" which was recited annually at the temple of Esagila on the occasion of the New Year's Festival, describing the basic acts of Marduk upon which the present order of the cosmos rests. Originally this epic seems to have glorified Enlil, the god of Nippur, but Marduk has usurped his rôle in the recension of Babylon, as it was formulated in the days of the Hammurapi dynasty. The Assyrian scribes who copied the text substituted the name of Ashur, the chief god of their state, in some passages, for quite naturally they regarded their own divinity as the creator of the world. To understand the poem we must bear in mind that primitive peoples are often wont to view the actual course of nature in a mythical light, so that, for instance, the change of seasons may be regarded as a great struggle in which the Sun-god is victorious over wintry chaos. The creation epic projects this view of present processes to the beginning of the world, telling how Marduk, the god of the vernal sun, the bringer of cosmic order, defeated the monster of primeval chaos and then created heaven and earth.

The epic begins with a theogony. The original divinities are Apsu, a personification of the fresh-water ocean, and Tiamat, his spouse, the salt-water ocean; and Apsu's vizier is Mummu. The gods descended from the original pair arouse Apsu's displeasure, and after taking counsel with Mummu, he decides to destroy them. Tiamat, informed of the project, angrily protests, but Mummu's advice is pleasing to Apsu. The gods, however, learn of the plan,

and Ea, the wisest of them, creates a magic spell which puts Apsu to sleep. Henceforth Apsu is "slain"; as the fresh-water ocean it becomes the home of Ea, who then begets the solar child Marduk, the real hero of the epic. Meanwhile Tiamat has been planning to revenge her husband Apsu. She gives birth to terrible monsters that are to battle with the gods, and takes Kingu as her husband, entrusting him with the command of her forces and fastening the tables of fate on his breast. Ea and the other deities are terrified and unable to withstand, so that Marduk, the young Sun-god, is their last hope. He consents to do battle with Tiamat, but demanding that a council of the divinities be held in which he is to be entrusted with right of determining the fates for a newly created world, he displays his creative power in this solemn assembly and is acclaimed king by the gods. Equipping himself with his terrible weapons, and with a fourfold wind and a sevenfold wind in his train, he mounts his chariot and sallies forth. His very appearance terrifies all the confederates of Tiamat, and the primeval mother assails him with bitter words, whereupon Marduk challenges her to come forth and fight. With his net he ensnares her and then, when she opens her mouth, he sends the cyclone into it so that she is paralyzed. With an arrow he pierces her heart and places his foot upon her corpse in triumph, her helpers also being captured with the net. The hero deprives Kingu of the Tables of Fate, putting them upon his own breast, and then splits the body of Tiamat, from one half of which he makes the heavens to keep back the waters that are above the firmament. In the likeness of Apsu, the dwelling of Ea, he creates Esharra, the heavenly earth, where the chief gods have their stations, regulates the place of certain constellations, fixes the calendar, and entrusts the moon with his particular office. The text, which is broken at this point, must have told also the creation of the sun and other planets, as well as of plants and animals.

Then Marduk plans another great creative act: the making of humanity. Ea advises him to slay the god who had fomented the revolt of Tiamat and to create man out of his blood. The other divinities agree, and so Kingu is slaughtered and man is fashioned, the particular purpose of his creation being the service of the gods. The deities then build a sanctuary for Marduk, Esagila the temple of Babylon with its great tower, and celebrate the first New Year's Festival there in a joyful gathering. The bow and the throne of Marduk are now fixed in the skies, and a hymn is sung in his honor, after which the divinities Anshar, Lahmu, and Lahamu bid their colleagues recite the fifty names of Marduk, his being done in a long prayer in which all these names are elucidated. Enlil, the former prince of the gods, gives Marduk his title "Lord of the lands," because he has created the earth, and Ea joyfully resigns his rule to his son.

Another important cultic myth dealt with Irra, the deity of pestilence, but, unfortunately, its story is not fully known. Anu creates seven evil demons who, as the servants of Irra, are to go at his side and be his fearful weapons when

he decides to annihilate man and beast. Irra is urged by the seven to bring terror to the world, for the evil deeds of men deserve punishment; and though the god Ishum tries to restrain him, Marduk encourages him to go forth and bring all low except Babylon, the righteous city. When Marduk descends to the nether world and leaves the conduct of affairs to Irra, however, the latter destroys not only Nippur and Uruk but even Babylon. Marduk utters a lamentation, but it is too late; and a great turmoil takes place in all the world in accordance with the wish of Irra, who even acts destructively in the sphere of nature by leveling the holy mountain of Hihi to the ground and cutting off its cypress trees. Finally, however, his wrath is abated, and at the request of Ishum Babylon is restored and receives world dominion. At the conclusion of the hymn Irra pronounces a blessing over the persons that hold it in honor, and the places where it is revered and kept: —

> May this hymn resound forever, and abide unto everlasting!
> May the lands altogether hear it and praise my valor!
> May men of all habitations see it and glorify my name!

In ancient religions the "hierogamy," or sacred marriage of two gods, was of particular interest; and that of Marduk and his spouse Sarpanit was annually celebrated in dramatic fashion in connection with the New Year's Festival of Babylon. The story of the marriage of Anu and Ishtar, as related in 'The Elevation of Ishtar,' must have had a place in the worship of the goddess of love and fertility at Erech; and in this particular instance an astronomical background is clearly discernible in the myth. Anu is the god of heaven, more particularly of the equatorial zone, the northern being the sphere of Enlil and the southern that of Ea, while the other deities are diverse celestial bodies, Ishtar being the planet Venus, the most brilliant of the stars. The elevation of Ishtar to the rank of Anu's spouse and Queen of heaven symbolizes the rise of Venus in the sky of Anu. More realistic and primitive is the myth of 'Nergal and Ereshkigal,' which relates how the celestial Sun-god, Nergal, became ruler of the nether world and spouse of the goddess Ereshkigal. Once, when the divinities were holding a banquet, they sent word to Ereshkigal that she should dispatch a messenger to get her portion, since she never appeared in person at the feasts in the upper world. One of the gods, Nergal, was disrespectful to Namtar, her messenger, by not rising when he entered, and the queen of the land of death, angry when this was reported to her, demanded the extradition of Nergal that she might slay him. Nergal descends to the nether world, is identified by Namtar, and admitted through the gates. He overcomes Namtar, however, and then, seizing Ereshkigal by the hair, he drags her down from her throne. She pleads for mercy, offering to be his wife and to give him the kingship of the nether world, and Nergal accepts, thus becoming the Babylonian Pluto.

'Ishtar's Descent to Hades' must have been recited in connection with the cult of the dying and rising god of vegetation, Tammuz-Adonis. The text vividly describes how Ishtar has to lay aside all her clothing at the passage through the seven gates of Hades, and how she finally appears utterly naked before Ereshkigal. They rush at each other in fury, but Ereshkigal is the more powerful here in her own domain and commands her servant Namtar to arrest Ishtar and to loose sixty diseases against her. Ishtar's disappearance from earth, however, brings about the cessation of the fertility of animals and men; and this causes such serious anxiety in heaven that Ea devises a plan whereby Ishtar is to become free again. Unfortunately the story is obscure at this point. The agent whom Ea sends is cursed by Ereshkigal; but finally the queen of the nether world, compelled to release Ishtar, commands Namtar to sprinkle water of life upon her and to set her free after receiving a ransom. Ishtar then passes through the seven gates once more and receives back her garments.

Mythical texts dealing with the fortunes of ancient heroes have also come down to us. Of particular interest is the Adapa myth, discovered in the sands of Egypt. An Egyptian scribe evidently sought to decipher it, for he tried to divide the groups of syllables into words by lines in red ink, though in this instance he did not display great Assyriological capacity. Adapa, an ancient sage and demigod, is said to have been endowed with all lofty qualities except eternal life, and is called "seed of mankind," a statement seemingly making him a sort of primal man. He provides for the sanctuary of his father Ea at Eridu, the famous old city on the shore of the Persian Gulf; but one day the south wind upsets his boat, and in his wrath he breaks the wind's wings. When Anu, the supreme god, is informed of this, he sends a messenger to summon Adapa to appear before him. Meanwhile Ea has advised his son to gain the friendly help of the gods Tammuz and Gishzida, the gatekeepers of heaven, by wearing a garment of mourning and expressing his regret to them at their departure from earth; but he warns him to accept no food or drink in heaven, for he will only be offered food or water of death. Owing to this unfortunate advice Adapa refuses the food and drink graciously offered him by Anu with the intention of conferring immortal life upon him; and when Anu learns the reason for this refusal, he bids his servants take Adapa back to earth. The conclusion of the story is still missing; but an additional fragment seems to show that Adapa then received world rule by way of compensation. He may, therefore, have been an early monarch of Eridu, where the kingship is said to have taken its beginning "when it came down from heaven."

The Etana myth is also concerned with an ancient hero who is aware of the impending birth of a child — apparently destined to receive the office of kingship which heretofore had not existed upon earth; but serious difficulties are impeding the bringing forth of the babe, and so Etana seeks the "plant of birth." The Sun-god to whom he turns for help refers him to the eagle, who, unfortunately, is confined in a pit to die of hunger and thirst be-

cause of the revenge of the serpent, whose offspring the bird had devoured. The Sun-god sends Etana over the mountains to the pit in which the eagle is languishing; and the latter, being rescued, promises to carry the hero to heaven, as soon as his strength is restored, to obtain the plant of birth from the mother-goddess, Ishtar. The myth vividly describes how Etana is borne skyward by the eagle. Gradually the earth and the sea become smaller and smaller: —

When he had borne him aloft two hours,
The eagle said to him, to Etana:
"See, my friend, how the land has become;
Look at the ocean at the side of the world-*mountain!*[1]
The land looks like a mountain,
The ocean has become the water *of a stream.*"
When he had borne him aloft a second two hours,
The eagle said to him, to Etana:
"See, my friend, how the land has become!
The land there looks like a *plantation of trees.*"
When he had borne him aloft a third two hours,
The eagle said to him, to Etana:
"See, my friend, how the land has become!
The land has become the ditch of a gardener."

They now reach the heaven of Anu, but since the plant of birth is not to be found there, they must ascend another six hours to the heaven of Ishtar.

When he had borne him aloft a third two hours, (the eagle said:)
"See, my friend, how the land has disappeared!"
I [*i. e.* Etana] saw how the land had disappeared,
And at the expanse of the ocean *my eyes* did not become sated.
"My friend, I do not want to soar up to heaven,
Stop, that I may *return to the earth.*"

Both Etana and the eagle then fall three miles through the air and perish. Unfortunately the rest of the story is lost, but we may surmise that it narrated the birth of the child and the origin of the kingship.

The greatest of all the literary productions of Babylonia is the epic of Gilgamesh, the great theme of which is the problem of immortality. Gilgamesh, an ancient king of Erech, is considered two-thirds divine and one-third human, but his humanity involves the curse of mortality. His energy is so tremendous, how-

[1] Italics indicate that a lacuna in the text has been filled by supplying the required words, or that the meaning of a word in the text is uncertain.

ever, that he undertakes great building operations and thus imposes hard labor upon his subjects. The latter call for relief upon the gods, who command the creation of a hero to be a fit companion for Gilgamesh and to distract his attention to adventures far afield. Aruru, the creator-goddess, fashions the wild man Enkidu, whose body is hairy and clothed with skins, whose head is unshorn, and who lives with the beasts of the field, protecting them against a hunter whose nets and snares he destroys. The hunter, however, brings a maiden from Erech to decoy Enkidu with her charms, thus estranging him from his animal friends; and the stratagem is successful. Enkidu, entranced by the maiden, remains with her six days and seven nights; but when he finally seeks to return to his animals, they flee from his presence. The maiden now urges him to give up his savage life and to come to Erech; and after teaching him the rudiments of civilized conduct, she conducts him thither. Gilgamesh, meanwhile, in two dreams which his divine mother, Ninsun, has interpreted for him, has been apprised of the coming of Enkidu, who arrives just as a festival is being celebrated and as Gilgamesh is about to enter the Anu-Ishtar temple with the procession. The man of the forest blocks the king's path, and a combat ensues in which Gilgamesh prevails, after much effort. Thereupon the two heroes become fast friends, though Enkidu grows melancholy in the life of the city and curses the maiden who brought him there. The Sun-god rebukes him, telling him that she has been kind to him and has given him food of the gods, royal wine, and comforts of life; but dreams foreshadowing early death soon make him restless again.

The second part of the epic deals with the adventurous journey of the two heroes, who travel to the cedar forest of the goddess Irnina, which is guarded by the grim watchman Humbaba. As they near their goal, Enkidu is seized with fear and would turn back; but finally they enter the wood and behold the tall, beautiful cedars with wonder. They ascend the mountain, encouraged on the way by three dreams that augur good luck, and succeed in slaying Humbaba. When Gilgamesh returns home, the goddess Ishtar is filled with love for him, only to find her advances spurned because of her notorious fickleness. In anger she creates a "bull of heaven" to attack Gilgamesh, and in the ensuing battle the two heroes succeed in overcoming the bull, Enkidu holding him by the tail while Gilgamesh slays him. Ishtar then descends to the wall of Erech and hurls a curse at Gilgamesh, but Enkidu throws a hindquarter of the bull at her and taunts her recklessly. The goddess assembles her maidens to lament for the bull, while Gilgamesh hangs up its horns, filled with oil of anointing, as a votive offering in the temple of the god Lugal-marad-da. The heroes wash their hands in the Euphrates and return to Erech, where a festival of rejoicing is celebrated; but Enkidu is again frightened by dreams of impending death, and shortly afterward is seized by a fatal malady. Gilgamesh mourns him six days and seven nights and then buries him, stirred at his comrade's fate with the thought of his own death, which he would fain escape.

The third part of the epic describes how Gilgamesh sought to obtain eternal life. He recalls the fact that his ancestor, Ut-napishtim,[2] the Babylonian Noah, had been translated, and determines to visit him to find out how he had escaped the fate of men. To reach Ut-napishtim he must go to the "mouth of the rivers," *i. e.,* the source of the Euphrates and Tigris, at the mountain of Mash, where is the gate, guarded by the scorpion-man and his wife, through which the sun daily passes in his westward journey. By the intercession of the woman Gilgamesh is received kindly by the scorpion-man and advised as to his further journey through Stygian darkness; and after twenty-four hours he reaches the garden of the gods, whose trees bear precious stones instead of fruit, beyond which he comes to the shore of the sea where the goddess Sabitu dwells. The latter would discourage him from crossing the waters of death, but finally refers him to Ur-shanabi, the ferryman, who, after much difficulty, brings him to Ut-napishtim. Gilgamesh receives little satisfaction from his great ancestor, who tells him that there is no possibility of obtaining immortality and then relates the story of the deluge and the circumstances of his own deliverance and translation. Ut-napishtim's wife, however, intercedes for Gilgamesh, and so the ancestor finally tells his descendant how he can become immortal by remaining awake for six days and seven nights. Gilgamesh falls asleep while attempting it; but a last possibility still remains: on the way home he can try to obtain the magic plant of eternal youth that grows on the bottom of the ocean. Gilgamesh then departs and in crossing the sea dives to the depths and obtains the plant. He journeys back toward Erech through all the region he had previously traversed; but while he is bathing at a pool a serpent comes, eats the plant of life, and is immediately rejuvenated. Sorrowfully Gilgamesh returns to his city, now forced to abandon all hope. He conjures the wraith of Enkidu from the land of shades and receives from him a description of life in the nether world. It is a cheerless story: he who has been slain in battle fares best, for he is waited on by his kinsmen; he who is properly interred has at least repose; but he whose body is not buried must rove about without rest and eat the refuse of the streets. The epic thus ends with a note of despair.

The Babylonians also possessed a wisdom literature, though only a few fragments have come down to us. A book of "proverbs" contained admonitions of a moral nature put into the mouth of the flood-hero Ut-napishtim, who counsels his children what to do and what to avoid; and there is, moreover, a sort of Babylonian Ecclesiastes, with a pessimistic view of life, its spokesman being a pious sufferer, Balta-atrua, who grows up an orphan. More than others he is concerned about the things of God, but instead of being rewarded he is deprived of everything. He comes to the conclusion that the gods are unjust, for although they created mankind, it was only for the selfish purpose of obtaining sacrifices and presents from them. Hence the rich are their

[2] The old Sumerian name of the flood-hero was Ziusutra (Xisouthros).

favorites; they prefer those who go about with a happy face; and because the poor are sorrowful, they are necessarily displeasing to the gods. On the other hand, even the rich man cannot depend upon the divine favor under all circumstances, for tragedy may befall him; and thus life is bearable only if one becomes indifferent to all injury. Of similar pessimistic content is a dialogue between a man and his servant, in which the former first expresses the desire to undertake this or that and is encouraged by the servant to do so, but then reversing his decision, is confirmed in that viewpoint also by the servant, the dialogue ending with the idea that all effort is useless because man must die in any event.

Fables also were in favor among the Babylonians, though only a few are preserved. In the Etana myth, already referred to, a fable of the eagle and the serpent is employed. The pair had sworn an oath of friendship before Shamash, the Sun-god, and both go up into the mountains, where they help each other in the chase. Finally the eagle devours the young of the serpent, and the latter appeals to Shamash, who bids him hide in the carcass of a wild ox, seize the eagle when he comes to feed on the body, and confine him in a pit where he shall die of hunger and thirst. The serpent fulfills its revenge according to instructions. The myth of the storm-bird Zu, who carried Enlil's tables of fate away to the distant mountains, also avails itself of a fable-motif, and formed the introduction of a poem glorifying the ancient deified hero Lugal-marad-da. The motif of a rivalry between animals or trees is especially frequent. Thus in the fable of the ox and the horse these animals, having become friends in the pasture, brag vociferously concerning their virtues; and in the fable of the palm and the tamarisk the two seriously argue as to which is the better. The fox likewise seems to have been a hero of fable in Babylonia; he is threatened by the lion for invading his forest, but extricates himself from this perilous situation by means of his tears.

Babylonia and Assyria were thus by no means without a literature. If all that Ashurbanipal had collected in his library at Koyunjik had escaped destruction when Nineveh fell in 612 B.C., we would be able to reap a still richer harvest; but we possess specimens enough to know what it was like and to measure its worth.

EMIL G. H. KRAELING

SELECTIONS FROM THE EPIC OF CREATION

I. THEOGONY

WHEN on high the heavens were not yet named,
And the earth beneath bore no name,
Apsu, the primeval, their begetter,
Mummu, and Tiamat, the mother of them all,
Mingled their waters together;
Bushes were not yet joined,
Marshes not to be seen;
When none of the gods existed,
And they were not yet named,
The fates not yet fixed for them —
At that time the gods were created in their midst,
Lahmu and Lahamu were brought into being,
Were called by name.
In the ages during which they became great and grew up,
Anshar and Kishar were created, greater than they.
The days lengthened and the years increased;
(Then) Anu, their son, became like his fathers.
Anshar made Anu, his firstborn, his equal,
And Anu begat Nudimmud [1] as his image.
Nudimmud — the ruler of his fathers he became.
Of vast knowledge, intelligent, and mighty in power,
Stronger by much than his father's begetter, Anshar,
He had no equal among his divine colleagues.

II. THE BIRTH OF MARDUK

After Ea had bound his enemies, had slain them,
Had established his victory over his adversaries,
He rested, soothed, in the midst of his chamber.
He named it "Apsu" [*i. e.*, the deep], appointed it for a habitation.
At the proper place he founded his secret chamber;
Ea (and) Lahamu, his bride, seated themselves in majesty.
In the shrine of the fates, the house of decrees,
The wisest of the wise, the intelligent one of the gods,
Marduk, was begotten;
In the midst of the apsu, Marduk was born,
In the midst of the sacred apsu, Marduk was born.

[1] A title of Ea.

Ea his father begat him,
'Twas Lahamu, his mother, that bore him.
He sucked at the breast of goddesses,
A nurse tended him and filled him with awfulness.
His form was powerful, the gaze of his eyes was brilliant.
Manly was his issuing forth, *condescending* since of old.
When Ea his father, the begetter, saw him,
He rejoiced and his heart shone, he became full of gladness.
He adorned him, added unto him double godhead [*i. e.*, a Janus-head].
"He is very exalted above them, more than *all of them.*
Incomprehensible, beautifully made are his measurements,
Passing understanding, and difficult to look at.
His eyes are four, his ears are four,
When his lips move fire blazes forth.
Four ears have grown (unto him),
And the same number of eyes see everything.
Exalted among the gods he is, his figure is surpassing;
His limbs are glorious, excelling in height.
What sort of a child? What sort of a child?
A solar child! The solar child of the gods!
He is clothed with the resplendence of ten gods, exceedingly mighty!"

III. THE ENTHRONIZATION OF MARDUK

They set up for him a princely throne;
Before his fathers he sat down as ruler.
"Thou art the most honored among the great gods!
Thy decision be unparalleled, thy commandment that of Anu!
O Marduk, thou art the most honored among the great gods!
Thy decree be unparalleled, thy commandment that of Anu!
From this day on may thy word be unchangeable,
To exalt and to humble shall be thy prerogative!
May thy order stand firm, thy command be without uncertainty;
May none of the gods trangress thy boundary!
To be provided for is the desire of the chambers of the gods.
The place of their shrines, may it be fixed at thy place!
Marduk, thou art our avenger;
We have given thee the kingship, the entirety!
Be seated, in the assembly may thy word be eminent!
Thy weapons shall not miss, but shall shatter thy foe.
Lord, the one that trusts in thee — spare his life!
But the god who has undertaken evil, pour out his life!"

They placed in their midst a garment;
To Marduk, their firstborn, they said:
"May thy decree be superior to that of the gods!
Command to destroy and to create; may it be fulfilled!
Open thou thy mouth, let the garment be destroyed;
Again command and let the garment be whole!"
He spoke with his mouth, the garment perished;
Again he commanded, the garment was recreated.
When the gods his fathers saw the issue of his mouth,
They rejoiced, did homage, "Marduk is king!"
They added unto him a scepter, throne, and royal robe,
Gave him the matchless weapon, that overwhelms the hateful.
"Go, cut off the life of Tiamat!
May the winds carry away her blood to a secret place!"

IV. MARDUK ISSUES FORTH TO CONQUER TIAMAT

When the gods, his fathers, had determined the fate of Bel [*i. e.*, Marduk],
They caused him to take the way of welfare and attainment as a path.
He created a bow and appointed it as his weapon;
An arrow he poised, fastened it to the sinew.
He lifted the *mace* and took it in his right hand,
The bow and quiver he hung at his side.
He set lightning upon his face,
With a burning flame he filled his body.
He made a net wherewith to enmesh Tiamat,
Caused the four winds to take hold that nothing of her might escape.
The south wind, the north wind, the east wind, the west wind
To his side he caused to come near, at the net, the gift of his father Anu.
He created an evil storm, a whirlwind, a tempest,
The fourfold wind, the sevenfold wind, the destructive wind, the ill wind;
He caused the winds he had created to come forth, seven in number;
To trouble the inward parts of Tiamat they came on behind him.
The lord lifted up the cyclone, his great weapon;
The chariot, the matchless storm, the terrible, he bestrode.
He harnessed to it four span and hitched them at its side,
"Destroyer," "Merciless," "Stormer," "Racer."
Sharp were their teeth, bearing poison;
They know how to destroy, are trained to overthrow,
Awful in battle, terrible in strife,
Left and right *they make way for themselves.*
For a covering he wore a fearful coat of mail,
His head was covered with a terrible sheen;

The lord went straight on and pursued his way;
Toward Tiamat, the enraged, he set his face.

V. THE CREATION OF THE COSMOS

After he had bound his adversaries or had killed them,
Had completely defeated the terrible foe,
And had established the victory of Anshar over the enemies altogether,
After Marduk the valiant had fulfilled the wish of Nudimmud,
He made strong his captivity upon the captive gods;
To Tiamat, whom he had bound, he returned.
The lord trod upon her side,
With his mace he split her skull;
He severed the arteries of her blood,
Let the north wind carry it away unto a secret place.
When his fathers saw, they rejoiced and were glad;
Presents of salutation they caused to be brought to him.
The lord rested, he viewed her corpse;
To divide the rump, create that which was artful,
He split her into two parts like a mussel-shell.
One half of her he set up, and covered the heavens.
He slid the bolt, stationed the watchmen,
Directed them not to let her waters come forth.
He traversed the heavens, inspected the places,
Set a counterpart opposite the apsu, the dwelling of Nudimmud.
The lord measured the form of the apsu,
A palace like it he established — even Esharra.
The palace of Esharra, which he had built as heaven,
He caused Anu, Enlil, and Ea to inhabit as their city.
He constructed a station for the great gods.
Constellations, their likeness, he fixed — the Lumashi.[2]
He ordained the year, divided the divisions;
For the twelve months he set up three stars for each.
After he had defined the days of the year,
He established the place of the Nibiru[3] to designate a cord for them.
In order that none might sin or go astray
He established the station of Enlil and Ea alongside it.
He opened gates on both sides,
He made strong bolts left and right.
In her [*i. e.*, Tiamat's] midst he placed the zenith,
Caused Nannar[4] to shine forth, entrusted the night to him —

[2] The Lumashi-stars are Perseus, Cygnus, Orion, Sirius, Centaurus, Aquila, Sagittarius.
[3] Probably Canopus. [4] The Moon-god, also called Sin.

He appointed him as ornament of the night, to determine the days;
Monthly, without ceasing, with the crown he magnified him.

VI. THE CREATION OF MAN

When Marduk heard the words of the gods,
He desired to create that which was artful.
Opening his mouth, he speaks to Ea;
That which he has conceived in his heart gives his decision:
"Blood I will join, will cause bone to come into existence,
Will set up man,[5] "Man" shall be his name.
I will create man!
The cult services of the gods shall be imposed upon him,
They shall be pacified.
Furthermore I will skilfully devise the ways of the gods:
Together they shall be revered, but into two groups they shall be divided!"
Ea replied to him, speaking to him as follows;
For the pacification of the gods he imparted to him a plan:
"Let one of them, their brother, be given up.
He shall perish, human beings shall be fashioned.
Let the great gods assemble!
That one shall be given up, but they shall remain!"
Marduk assembled the great gods;
In kind manner he commanded, gave instruction,
Opening his mouth, he commanded the gods;
To the Anunnaki[6] the king spoke the word:
"Who was it that started the fight,
That caused Tiamat to revolt and began the battle?
Let him that started the fight be given up;
I will cause him to bear his sin, sit ye down in peace!"
The Igigi,[7] the great gods, replied
Unto the king of the gods of heaven and earth, the counselor of the gods, their lord:
"'Twas Kingu that started the fight,
That caused Tiamat to revolt and began the battle."
When they had bound him, they brought him before Ea,
Punishment they imposed upon him, they severed his blood-vessels;
Out of his blood he made man,
Imposed upon him the service of the gods, released the gods.

[5] Sumerian: luillia.
[6] The gods of the lower world.
[7] The gods of the upper world.

FROM THE ISHTAR MYTH

THE ELEVATION OF ISHTAR

BEFORE Anu, the holy and great whose word is infinite,
The great gods in assent and prayer stand bent like a scimitar.
"When thou speakest, thou art just, exalted lord; when thou speakest, thou art merciful!
O Anu, thy exalted command precedes (everything); who could say 'nay'?
O father of the gods, thy word is the foundation of heaven and earth. What god is disobedient?
Thou, lord, art the counselor who counsels himself. What is our counsel?
To the maid Ishtar, whom thou hast loved, pray give thy hand;
Thy firm consent, that is weighty as the heavens, make known in our assembly.
To the goddess Innin,[8] whom thou hast loved, give the conduct of thy decisions;
May she be Antu, thy coequal spouse, may she rise to thy name!
Yea more, may her hand obtain the decisions of Enlil and Ea;
May she alone hold the reins of heaven and earth, be mightiest among us!"

With Anu, when he answered, a favorable disposition became joyously manifest;
To the holy Ishtar he showed grace in the joy of his heart:
"The decree of my divinity is (like) the beautiful heaven, incomparable;
My fixed boundary it is, whose line inspires terror, the approach of which is forbidden.
I, Anu, am the lord who conducts them; do thou receive their leadership!
The limits of their sphere take into thy hand, rule alone!
Up to my royal chamber ascend and be enthroned on high!
Corresponding to my name, 'Exalted one,' 'Antu' shall be thy name!
My faithful messenger, whose lips are so excellent, who knows my decisions,
Ilabrat, my excellent messenger, be thy agent as well.
May he cause gods and goddesses to be constantly friendly to thee
On the eternal foundations of heaven and earth, beside the immutable images of the gods!
Anu, Enlil, and Ea, at the beginning, distributed the portions.
For the two gods, the guardians of heaven and earth, who open the gate of Anu,
For Sin and Shamash,[9] there were two portions, day and night.
From the bottom to the zenith of heaven they have been made to know their measures of time;

[8] *I. e.*, Ishtar.

[9] Sin is the Moon-god and Shamash the Sun-god.

Like ears (of grain) the stars of heaven in their entirety are crowded together;
Like oxen the gods who lead have learned to know the boundary.
There, O Ishtar,[10] be exalted as queen over them all!
Innin, be thou brightest among them; 'Ishtar of stars' they shall call thee;
Alongside of them may thy place be triumphantly changed!
When Sin and Shamash stand guard may thy sheen be resplendent;
May the brilliance of thy shining torch gleam in the midst of heaven!
As one who among the gods has none that comes nigh unto her may men regard thee!"
After the lord had given to the daughter of Sin her exalted fate,
Had not closed against her Eann,[11] his holy chamber —
After Anu, the king, had exalted the fate of Innin,
Given her the temple of Eanna, his holy chamber, as a present,
He covered her form with the divine robe, the rays of the bright moon.
Glorious ornaments, divine adornment, he let shine upon her as the day;
The royal scepter, the mighty, merciless weapon, he gave into her hand;
The beautiful crown, like that on the head of the moon, he placed on her head.
"Divine one, my exalted decisions, the impossible decrees — all that is mine I give to thee;
May Enlil, the lord of lands, treat thee graciously like me!"

ISHTAR'S DESCENT TO THE UNDERWORLD

To Kurnugea,[12] the region of Ereshkigal,
Ishtar, the daughter of Sin, directed her thought;
The daughter of Sin directed her thought
To the house of darkness, the dwelling of Irkalla,[13]
To the house from which none who entered ever issues forth,
To the road whose path does not turn back,
To the house where he who enters is without light,
Where dust is their nourishment, clay their food;
Where they see no light, in darkness dwell,
Where they are clothed, like birds, with a garment of feathers;
Where dust is strewn over door and bolt.

When Ishtar arrived at the gate of Kurnugea,
She spoke to the keeper of the gate the words:

[10] Venus, the evening star.
[11] The Temple of Anu at Erech.
[12] "Land of No Return."
[13] Nergal, king of the nether world.

" Keeper of the gate, open thy gate;
Open thy gate that I may enter!
If thou dost not open the gate, that I may enter,
I will shatter the door and break the bolt,
Will shatter the threshold and remove the doors.

I will raise up the dead that they may devour the living,
That the dead may be more numerous than the living! "
The keeper opened his mouth to speak;
He said to the great Ishtar:
" Stay, my lady, do not cast them down;
I will go to announce thy name to the queen Ereshkigal."
The keeper of the gate entered in to speak with *Ereshkigal:*
" Behold, thy sister Ishtar stands at the gate,
She who celebrates the great festivals of joy, who stirs up the ocean before Ea,[14] *the lord!* "

When Ereshkigal heard this,
Her face became yellow like a tamarisk that is cut down;
Her lips became black, like the lips of the kuninu-reed.
" What has moved her heart to come to me?
What has made her mind joyous toward me (for harm)?
Behold, I drink water with the Anunnaki;
Instead of bread I eat clay, for drink I drink muddy water.
Let me weep for the men who had to leave their wives,
Let me weep for the women who were torn away from their husband's bosoms,
Let me weep for the weak child that was taken away before its time!
Go, keeper of the gate, open the gate;
Do to her according to the ancient laws! "

The keeper of the gate went and opened for her the gate.
" Enter my lady, may the nether world acclaim thee;
May the palace of Kurnugea rejoice over thee! "
Into the first gate he led her, he opened it wide,
And took away the great crown from her head.
" Why, keeper of the gate, didst thou take away the great crown of my head? "
" Enter, my lady, so are the laws of the mistress of the nether world."
Into a second gate he led her, opened it wide, and took away the pendants from her ears.

[14] Ea is lord of the deep.

"Why, keeper of the gate, didst thou take away the pendants from my ears?"
"Enter, my lady, so are the laws of the mistress of the nether world."
Into a third gate he led her, he opened it wide, and took away the chains of her neck.
"Why, keeper of the gate, didst thou take away the chains of my neck?"
"Enter, my lady, so are the laws of the mistress of the nether world."

Into a fourth gate he led her, he opened it wide, and took away the ornaments of her bosom.
"Why, keeper of the gate, didst thou take away the ornaments of my bosom?"
"Enter, my lady, so are the laws of the mistress of the nether world."
Into a fifth gate he led her, he opened it wide, and took away the girdle with the birthstones from her hips.
"Why, keeper of the gate, didst thou take away the girdle with the birthstones from my hips?"
"Enter, my lady, so are the laws of the mistress of the nether world."
Into a sixth gate he led her, he opened it wide, and took away her bracelets and anklets.
"Why, keeper of the gate, didst thou take away my bracelets and anklets?"
"Enter, my lady, so are the laws of the mistress of the nether world."
Into a seventh gate he led her, he opened it wide, he took away the loin cloth of her body.
"Why, keeper of the gate, didst thou take away the loin cloth of my body?"
"Enter, my lady, so are the laws of the mistress of the nether world."

When Ishtar had descended to Kurnugea,
Ereshkigal saw her and was angry before her.
Ishtar did not think long, but rushed at her;
Ereshkigal opened her mouth to speak,
To her vizier Namtar she spoke the words:
"Go, Namtar, lock her up in my *palace;*
Let loose against her the sixty diseases —
Disease of the eyes against her eyes,
Disease of the arms against her arms,
Disease of the feet against her feet,
Disease of the heart against her heart,
Disease of the head against her head,
Against her altogether, against her whole body."

Ever since the lady Ishtar descended to Kurnugea,
The bull does not spring upon the cow, the ass does not bow over the she-ass,

The man no longer bows over the woman in the street;
The man sleeps in his place, the woman sleeps alone, by herself.
The face of Papsukkal, the vizier of the great gods, was crestfallen, his visage sad;
With a garment of mourning he was clad, wore soiled clothes.
Then Papsukkal came before Sin, his father, weeping;
Before Ea, the king, his tears flowed.
"Ishtar has descended to the nether world, but has not come up again;
Since Ishtar has descended to Kurnugea,
The bull does not spring upon the cow, the ass does not bow over the she-ass,
The man no longer bows over the woman in the street;
The man sleeps in his place, the woman sleeps alone, by herself."

Then Ea in his wise heart created an image,
Created Asushu-namir, the love-boy.
"Go, Asushu-namir, to the gates of Kurnugea set thy face,
The seven doors of Kurnugea shall open before thee!
Ereshkigal shall behold thee and rejoice over thee.
After her heart has been calmed, her soul enlivened,
Adjure her by the great gods!
Lift thy head, turn thy attention to the water-skins.[15]

[The scribe has omitted the lines telling of Asushu-namir's arrival in Hades.]

"O lady, the waterskins, let them be given to me that I may drink water from them."
When Ereshkigal heard this,
She beat upon her bosom, and bit her finger.
"Thou hast expressed a wish that must not be entertained.
Go Asushu-namir, I will curse thee with a great curse!
The food of the gutters of the city shall be thy food,
The sewers of the city shall be thy place of drink,
The shadows of the wall shall be thy dwelling,
The threshold shall be thy habitation,
The drunken and the thirsty shall smite thy cheek!"

[The scribe has again omitted part of the story. Perhaps Tammuz was then sent with his flute to plead for Ishtar.]

Ereshkigal opened her mouth to speak;
To Namtar, her vizier, she spoke the words:
"Go, Namtar, knock at Ekalgina,[16]

[15] These evidently contain the water of life necessary for the resuscitation of Ishtar.
[16] The palace of justice and dwelling of the Anunnaki, the gods of the lower world.

Knock at the sills of gleaming stones;
Lead forth the Anunnaki that they may take a seat upon the golden chairs;
Sprinkle Ishtar with water of life and take her away from me! "
Then Namtar went, knocked at Ekalgina,
Knocked at the sills of gleaming stones;
Caused the Anunnaki to go forth, caused them to be seated on golden chairs;
Sprinkled Ishtar with water of life and took her away.
From the first door he led her forth and gave back to her the loin cloth of her body;
From the second door he led her forth and gave back to her her bracelets and anklets.
From the third door he led her forth and gave back to her the girdle of birth-stones of her hips;
From the fourth door he led her forth and gave back to her the ornaments of her bosom,
From the fifth door he led her forth and gave back to her the chains of her neck;
From the sixth door he led her forth and gave back to her the pendants of her ears.
From the seventh door he led her forth and gave back to her the great crown of her head.

THE ADAPA MYTH

A

INTELLIGENCE he (Adapa) possessed, *wisdom he had,*
His command was like the command of Anu;
Wisdom he (Ea) had given him, to reveal the fates of the land,
Insight he had given him, but everlasting life he had not given him.
At that time, in those years of the wise man of Eridu,
Whom Ea himself created as a *ruler* among men,
The commands of the wise man no one transgressed.
He is the most intelligent, the wisest among the Anunnaki;
Pure, with holy hand, a priest who observes the divine commandments.
With the bakers he bakes bread,
With the bakers of Eridu he bakes bread,
Daily he prepares food and drink for Eridu;
With his holy hands he prepares the sacrificial table,
And without him the table is not cleared off;
He steers the boat, fishing and hunting he does for Eridu.
At that time Adapa of Eridu was wont,
While Ea, the prince, lay down on his couch,

Daily to take care of the bolt of the door of Eridu.
At the holy quay, the quay of the new-moon, he entered his vessel;
The wind blew, and his ship sailed on its course.
With the oar he steered his vessel,
On the wide sea, *fishing*.

B

The south wind arose and upset his boat,
To the home of the fishes he sank.
" O south wind, ill hast thou used me, thy wings I will break! "
As thus with his mouth he spoke, the wings of the south wind were broken;
For seven days the south wind blew no more on earth.
To his vizier Ilabrat Anu then spoke as follows:
" Why for seven days
Has the south wind not blown on the earth? "
His vizier Ilabrat answered and said: " My Lord,
Adapa, Ea's son, has broken the wings of the south wind."
When Anu heard these words,
" Alas! " he cried, he rose up from his throne;
" May they bring him hither! "

[Ea, the god of the deep, clothes his son with a garment of mourning and tells him what to do.]

" Adapa, before Anu, the King, thou wilt have to go.
My advice *do not disregard,* bear my word in mind!
When thou ascendest to (heaven), *approachest the gate of Anu,*
The gods Tammuz and Gishzida will stand at the gate of Anu;
They will see thee and ask:
' Why lookest thou thus, Adapa?
For whom wearest thou garments of mourning? '

[Answer:]

' From the earth two gods have vanished, therefore do I thus.'
' Who are these two gods who from the earth have vanished? '
' Tammuz and Gishzida.'
Tammuz and Gishzida will look at each other and lament;
A good word they will put in for thee with Anu;
Anu's sacred face they will cause thee to see.
When thou standest before Anu,
Food of death will be offered to thee, eat not thereof;
Water of death will be offered to thee, drink not thereof;
A garment will be offered thee, put it on;
Oil will be offered thee, anoint thyself therewith.
What I tell thee neglect not, keep my word in mind."

Then Anu's messenger arrived (and said):
"The wings of the south wind Adapa has broken,
Deliver him up to me."
The road to heaven he caused him to take, to heaven he ascended.
When he came to heaven, approached the gate of Anu,
Tammuz and Gishzida stood at the gate of Anu.
When they saw Adapa, they cried:
"Alas! man, wherefore lookest thou thus?
Adapa, for whom wearest thou apparel of mourning?"
"From the earth two gods have vanished,
Therefore I wear apparel of mourning."
"Who are these two gods who from the earth have vanished?"
"Tammuz and Gishzida."
Tammuz and Gishzida look at each other and lament.
When Adapa approached Anu, the King,
And Anu saw him, he cried:
"Come hither, Adapa! Why hast thou broken the south wind's wings?"
Adapa answered Anu: "My lord,
For my lord's house I was fishing
In the midst of the sea. The sea was like a *mirror.*
Then the south wind began to blow,
Under it forced me; to the home of the fishes I sank.
In the wrath of my heart I cursed its *activity.*"
Standing alongside of him, Tammuz and Gishzida spoke,
To Anu they spoke *good words.*
He became pacified, his heart was *won over.*
"Why has Ea shown *unclean* mankind
The inner parts of heaven and earth?
He has created him strong, made a name for him.
What shall we do for him? Food of life
Bring for him that he may eat!"
Food of life they brought for him, but he ate not;
Water of life they brought for him, but he drank not;
A garment they brought for him, he put it on;
Oil they brought for him, he anointed himself therewith.
When Anu beheld it, he marveled concerning him.
"Now, Adapa, wherefore didst thou not eat or drink?
Art thou not well?" . . .
"Ea my lord commanded me,
'Thou shalt not eat nor drink.'"
"Take him, bring him back to his earth."

SELECTIONS FROM THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH

I. ISHTAR'S LOVE FOR GILGAMESH

HE washed off his grime, purified his weapons,
Let the hair of his head fall down his back,
Laid aside his soiled clothes, put on his clean ones,
Arrayed himself in fine raiment, fastened the garment.
Gilgamesh put on his crown.
To the beauty of Gilgamesh the exalted Ishtar lifted up her eyes.
" Come, Gilgamesh, be my mate!
Thy fruit grant, yea grant unto me!
Be thou my husband, let me be thy wife!
I will cause thee to harness a chariot of lapis lazuli and gold,
The wheels of which are of gold and its horns of diamonds.
Thou shalt yoke up to it spirits of light (as) mighty mules!
Enter into our house amid the fragrance of cedars!
When thou dost enter our house,
Those *seated upon thrones* shall kiss thy feet.
Before thee kings, lords, and grandees shall bow down;
The *increase* of mountain and land they shall bring to thee as tribute.
Thy goats shall bear triplets, thy sheep twins;
Thy donkey shall come with the burden of a mule;
Thy horses at the chariot shall storm along with might;
Thy mule in the yoke shall have no equal."

Gilgamesh opened his mouth and spoke,
He said to the exalted Ishtar: . . .
" Which one of *thy* mates *didst thou love* forever?
Which one of thy shepherds pleased *thee long?*
Let me *count up* thy paramours; . . .
For Tammuz, the beloved of thy youth,
Thou didst appoint the wailing year after year.
With the many-colored shepherd (-bird) thou didst fall in love;
Thou didst strike him and break his wings;
Now he stands in the forest and calls " kappi " [*i. e.*, " my wing! "].
Thou didst love the lion, mighty in strength;
Seven and again seven pitfalls thou didst dig for him.
Thou didst love the horse, joyous in battle;
Whip, spur, and scourge thou didst appoint for him;
For his mother Silili thou didst appoint wailing.

Thou didst love the shepherd, the watchman,
  Who daily poured out ashes for thee,
Daily slaughtered a kid for thee;
  Thou didst strike him and change him into a wolf.
His own shepherd-lads now chase him away,
  His own dogs bite his hindquarters. . . .
And now thou dost love me and wilt treat me just like them! "

When Ishtar heard this,
  She was filled with anger and ascended to heaven.

[Ishtar appears before her father Anu and asks him to create a bull of heaven to ravage the earth. Anu complies, and a period of woe ensues until Gilgamesh and Enkidu finally slay the monster.]

Then Ishtar went up on the bastion of the walled city of Erech,
  Ascended a tower and hurled a curse:
" Woe upon Gilgamesh who insulted me,
  The bull of heaven he has slain! "
When Enkidu heard these words of Ishtar,
  He tore out a hindquarter of the bull,
Threw it at her face:
  " Could I also get thee,
  Like unto him I would do unto thee!
His entrails I would tie on thy arm! "
Then Ishtar assembled the hierodules,
  The love-maidens and harlots;
  For the hindquarter of the bull they held a lamentation.
Gilgamesh summoned the artisans, the craftsmen all,
  The massiveness of his horns the artisans admired —
Thirty minas of lapis lazuli was their weight,
  Two fingers thick was their *shell.*
Six gur of oil, the contents of both,
  He presented to his god Lugalmarada as ointment;
He brought them in and hung them up at the couch of his *sovereignty.*
In the Euphrates they washed their hands,
  Took hold (of each other) and went,
  Riding along the highway of Erech.
The man of Erech assembled and gazed at them.
  Gilgamesh to the maids of his palace spoke the words:
" Who is fair among men?
  Who is glorious among men? "

" Gilgamesh is fair among men!
  Gilgamesh is glorious among men! "

II. THE DELUGE STORY OF TABLET XI

Gilgamesh said to Ut-napishtim, the remote:
"I look at thee, Ut-napishtim;
Thy measurements are no different, like me thou art,
And thou art not otherwise, like me thou art!
My heart is (equipped) to do battle in contrast to thee,
Whereas thou art lying upon thy back.
Tell me, how didst thou enter into the assembly of the gods and find life?"

Ut-napishtim spoke unto him, to Gilgamesh:
"I will reveal to thee, O Gilgamesh, the secret story,
And the decision of the gods I will relate to thee.
Shurippak, a city that thou knowest,
Situated on the banks of the Euphrates,
That city was old, and gods were nigh unto it.
To bring about a flood their heart impelled the great gods.
They drew near to their father Anu,
Their counselor, the warrior Enlil,
Their court-official, Ninurta,
Their prince, Ennugi.
The lord of wisdom, Ea, had taken counsel with them;
He repeated their words to a reed-house:
'Reed-house, reed-house, wall, wall!
Reed-house, hear! Wall, give attention!
Man of Shurippak, son of Ubaratutu,
Tear down the house, build a ship!
Abandon possessions, take thought of (thy) life!
Despise property, save (thy) life!
Bring into the ship seed of life of everything.
The ship that thou shalt build,
Let its measurements be (properly) laid out;
Let its width and length correspond to each other;
Let it lie at the fresh-water ocean!'

I understood, and said to Ea, my lord:
'Behold, my lord, what thou hast thus commanded
I will honor it and will carry it out.
But what shall I answer the city, the people, and the elders?'
Ea opened his mouth and spoke,
He said to me, his servant:
'(Verily) thus shalt thou say to them:
"Forsooth, Enlil hates me,

I will not dwell in your city,
  On the soil of Enlil I will not set my face;
  I will go down to the fresh-water ocean,[1] with Ea my lord I will dwell.
Upon you he will let abundance rain.'" . . .

On the fifth day I designed its shape.
According to the design its sides were one hundred and twenty cubits high,
  Correspondingly the edge of its roof was one hundred and twenty cubits.
I designed its forecastle and drew up the plan —
  I gave it six decks;
I divided it outside seven times;
  I divided its interior nine times.
I hammered water-plugs into its midst,
  Selected an oar, and put in what was necessary.
Six sars of bitumen I poured into the furnace,
  Three sars of bitumen I poured inside.
Three sars of oil the basket-carriers (of the ship) brought in —
  Besides one sar of oil which *the sacrifices* consumed,
  Two sars of oil which the shipman stowed away.
For the *people* I slaughtered oxen,
  Killed sheep daily;
Must, sesame-wine, oil, and wine
  I gave the people to drink, as though it were water from the river.
A feast *I made* as on New Year's day,
  I opened a box of ointment and handed it out.
Before sundown the great ship was completed.
Everything I owned I stowed into it,
  All that I had of silver I stowed into it,
All that I had of gold I stowed into it,
  All the seed of life that there was I loaded into it.
I caused to go up into the ship my whole family and clan,
  The cattle of the field, animals of the field, all the craftsmen I brought up.
Shamash had fixed a time for me:
  'The sender of *darkness* will send a heavy rain at eventide;
  Then go into the ship and close thy door.'
That time arrived.
  The sender of *darkness* sent a heavy rain at eventide;
I studied the appearance of the weather,
  To look at the weather I was afraid.
I entered the ship and closed the door;
  To the pilot of the ship, to Puzur-Amurru, the sailor,
  I entrusted the great house along with its possessions.

[1] The Persian Gulf, where lay Eridu, the city of Ea.

As soon as a gleam of the dawn shone forth,
A black cloud rose up from the foundations of heaven.
Adad thundered in the midst of it,
Shullat and Hanish [2] lead the van,
Travel as messengers over mountain and land.
Iragal [3] tears out the *masts;*
Ninurta proceeds, breaks down the dams.
The Anunnaki raised their torches,
With their brightness they illumine the land.
Adad's wrath reaches the heavens,
Turning to darkness everything that was bright;
The *breadth* of the land he shattered like a pot.
One day the southerly storm *roared unceasingly,*
Quickly it blew and made the waters *reach* the mountains.
Like a battle *the floods* came upon men,
No one could see his fellow;
From the heavens men could not be seen at all.
The gods feared the deluge,
They withdrew and ascended to the heaven of Anu;
The gods cowered like a dog, they lay down at the outer walls.
Ishtar cried out, like a woman in travail;
The lady of the gods, of beautiful voice, screams:
'The former day is verily turned to clay
Because I commanded evil in the assembly of the gods.
How could I command evil in the assembly of the gods,
Command battle for the destruction of my people?
I give birth to my people,
And like the brood of fishes they (now) fill the sea.'
The Anunnaki gods weep with her,
The gods sit weeping at (their) place;
Their lips are silent, *they huddle together.*
Six days and six nights
The wind blew, the deluge, the southerly storm overwhelmed the land.
When the seventh day arrived,
The southerly storm, the deluge, was defeated in the battle
Which it had fought like an army.
The sea became quiet and calm, the hurricane, the deluge ceased,
And all mankind was turned to clay;
Level as a roof the field had become.
I opened the hatch, and light fell upon my countenance.
I knelt down, sat down, wept;
Over my countenance ran my tears.

[2] Satellites of Adad, the Storm-god.

[3] Nergal, the god of Hades.

I looked forth to the regions at the boundary of the sea;
  Toward 'the twelve'[4] an island arose.
Upon Mount Nisir[5] the ship landed,
  Mount Nisir held the ship so that it did not move.
One day, a second day, Mount Nisir held the ship so that it did not move;
  A third day, a fourth day, Mount Nisir held the ship so that it did not move;
  A fifth day, a sixth day, Mount Nisir held the ship so that it did not move.
When the seventh day came,
I caused a dove to go forth, released it.
  The dove went forth, it returned;
  Since there was no resting place, it turned back.
I caused a swallow to go forth, released it.
  The swallow went forth and returned;
  Since there was no resting place, it turned back.
I caused a raven to go forth, released it.
  The raven went forth, saw the subsiding of the water;
  It eats, wades, *croaks*, and does not return.
Thereupon I caused (everything) to go forth to the four winds and brought a sacrifice;
  I made an incense offering on the top of the mountain.
Seven and seven *votive* pots I set out,
  Poured into their bottom reeds, cedar wood, and myrtle.
The gods smelled the savor,
  The gods smelled the sweet savor;
  The gods gathered like flies above the sacrificer.
As soon as the lady of the gods arrived,
  She raised the great jewels which Anu had made for her according to his love.
'Ye gods here, as truly as I do not forget the lapis lazuli stone of my neck
  Will I remember these days, will not forget them forever.
May the gods come to the incense offering;
  But Enlil shall not come to the offering
Because he did not use consideration and caused the deluge,
  And numbered my people for destruction.'
As soon as Enlil came,
  He saw the ship; then Enlil was enraged,
  Was filled with anger against the Igigi-gods.[6]
'Some one has escaped alive,
  No man was to remain alive in the destruction!'

[4] The Zodiac.
[5] A mountain of Armenia, a land known as Urartu (Ararat).
[6] The gods of the upper world.

Ninurta (then) opened his mouth and spoke,
Said to the warrior Enlil:
'Who except Ea creates things?
Only Ea understands everything!'
Ea opened his mouth and spoke,
Said to the warrior Enlil:
'Thou wise one among the gods, warrior!
Why, why didst thou, without considering, cause a flood?
Let the sinner bear his sin,
Let the evil-doer bear his crimes;
Give in, that he may not be cut off, be patient that he may not *perish!*
Instead of thy causing a deluge,
A lion should have come and diminished the people.
Instead of thy causing a deluge,
A wolf should have come and diminished the people.
Instead of thy causing a deluge,
A famine should have come and destroyed the land.
Instead of thy causing a deluge,
Irra should have come and destroyed the land.
I myself did not give away the decision of the great gods.
I caused the arch-wise one [7] to see dreams, and (thus) he heard the decision of the gods.'

Now Enlil's senses came back to him,
Enlil entered the ship.
He took my hand and brought me up,
Brought up my wife and caused her to kneel beside me,
Touched our foreheads, and standing between us, he blessed us.
'Formerly Ut-napishtim was a human being,
Now Ut-napishtim and his wife shall be like us gods.
Ut-napishtim, verily, shall dwell afar at the source of the rivers.'
They took me, and in the distance at the source of the rivers they caused me to dwell."

HYMNS TO SHAMASH

I

LORD who illumines the darkness, opens the sad countenance,
Merciful god, who raises up the one that is bowed down, protects the weak,
For thy light the great gods wait;
The Anunnaki altogether see thy face.

[7] *I. e.*, Ut-napishtim.

The tongues of all the world thou dost lead in the same way,
Their heads are raised up, beholding the light of the sun;
As soon as thou dost appear, they are jubilant and rejoice.
Thou art the light of the ends of the distant heavens;
Thou art the aim of the eyes of the wide earth;
When they see thee, numerous mankind rejoice.

II

O Shamash, at the horizon of heaven thou hast flashed forth;
The gate of the shining heaven thou hast opened,
The doors of heaven thou hast opened.
O Shamash, unto the land thou hast lifted up thy head;
O Shamash, with the luster of heaven thou hast covered the lands,
For the sight of the land thou preparest the light.
The walk of the land thou dost guide,
The animals, the living things, thou dost create,
O Shamash, solicitous as a father and mother.

PRAYER TO MARDUK

STRONG one, glorious one, hero of Eridu,
Prince, exalted one, first-born of Nudimmud,
Marduk, terrible one, who makes Egurra [1] rejoice,
Lord of Esagila, Babylon's trust, lover of Exida,
The one who preserves life, prince of Emahtila, renewer of life,
Protector of the land who cares for numerous mankind,
Ruler of all the shrines —
Thy name is full of blessing everywhere in the mouths of men!
Marduk, great lord, at thy exalted command
May I become whole and well that I may praise thy divinity!
As I wish it, so may I receive it!
Place truth in my mouth;
Let good thoughts be in my heart!
May the divine attendants proclaim to me that which is good!
May my god stand at my right hand,
May my goddess stand at my left hand,
May a protecting divinity ever stand at my side!
Grant unto me invocation, hearing, and fulfilling,
The word that I speak, as I speak it, let it be acceptable!

[1] Egurra, the temple of Ea (*alias* Nudimmud).

Marduk, great lord, grant me life!
Command life to my soul!
To walk joyously before thee — therewith may I be sated!
May Bel [2] rejoice over thee, Ea exult over thee!
May the gods of the universe bless thee!
May the great gods gladden thy heart!

PRAYER TO ISHTAR

IT is good to pray to thee, for thy hearing is nigh;
Thy glance is hearing, thy command is light.
Have mercy upon me Ishtar, proclaim my welfare;
Look graciously upon me and accept my petition!
If I follow thy feet, may my walk become firm;
If I seize thy cords, may I gain a glad heart;
If I bear thy yoke, grant me relief;
If I wait upon thy head, let favor come about;
If I observe thy splendor, may hearing and granting come to pass;
If I behold thy fullness of light, may my features shine;
If I seek thy majesty, may it be life and welfare!
May I receive the good protecting spirit that stands before thee,
The patron divinity that walks behind thee may I obtain!
May I seize the prosperity that is at thy right,
May I get the good thing that is at thy left!
Command that my speech be heard,
The word that I speak, as I speak it, may it be acceptable!
In health and joy lead me daily,
Make long my days, grant life!
May I be healthy and whole, and so revere thy divinity;
As I wish it, so may I obtain it!
May the heavens rejoice over thee, the deep exult over thee;
May the gods of the world bless thee;
May the great gods cause thy heart to rejoice!

HYMN TO NANNAR

LORD, ruler of the gods, who alone is exalted in heaven and on earth,
Father Nannar, lord, Anshar, ruler of the gods,
Father Nannar, lord, Anu, great ruler of the gods,
Father Nannar, lord, Sin, ruler of the gods,

[2] Here an epithet of Enlil.

Father Nannar, lord of Ur, ruler of the gods,
Father Nannar, lord of Egishshirgal,[1] ruler of the gods,
Father Nannar, lord of the diadem, shining one, ruler of the gods,
Father Nannar who is perfect in regal dignity, ruler of the gods,
Father Nannar who strides on in princely raiment, ruler of the gods,
Powerful young bull with thick horns, perfect of limbs, with beard of lapis lazuli color, full of strength and exuberance,
Fruit self-begotten, tall of form, glorious to behold, at whose fullness one is not sated,
Womb that gives birth to everything, who among living creatures has established a holy dwelling,
Merciful, gracious father, who holds the life of the whole land in his hand,
Lord, thy divinity is like the far heavens, a wide ocean, full of fearfulness!
He who creates the land, establishes the sanctuaries, and gives them their names,
Father, begetter of gods and men, who founds dwellings, ordains sacrifices,
Who calls to the kingship, confers the scepter, fixes the fate of distant times,
Mighty prince, whose wide heart no god can see through,
Onrushing steed whose knees do not grow weary, who opens the way for his divine brethren,
Who from the horizon of heaven to the zenith of heaven journeys in brilliancy,
Who opens the gate of heaven, giving light to all men,
Father, begetter of all, who looks upon the living creatures and *observes them,*
Lord, who renders the decisions of heaven and earth, whose decree no one changes,
Who holds fire and water, who guides the living creatures — what god attains thy fullness?
Who is exalted in heaven? Thou alone art exalted!
Who is exalted on earth? Thou alone art exalted!
When thy word is spoken in heaven, the Igigi prostrate themselves;
When thy word is spoken on earth, the Anunnaki kiss the ground.
When thy word above travels on like the wind, it makes plentiful both pasturage and water-supply;
When thy word is placed on the earth, vegetation is brought forth.
Thy word makes stable and sheepfold fat, spreads abroad the living creatures;
Thy word produces truth and righteousness so that men speak the truth;
Thy word is the far heaven, the covered earth that none can see through;
Thy word — who understands it, who equals it?

[1] Temple of the Moon-god Nannar-Sin at Ur.

Lord, in heaven thou hast rulership, on earth thou hast no equal in majesty among thy divine brethren!
Exalted king of kings, whose command no one duplicates, whose divine dignity no god attains,
Look upon thy house, regard thy city!
Look upon Ur, regard Egishshirgal! . . .

BABYLONIAN WISDOM

I. COUNSEL FROM THE MOUTH OF UT-NAPISHTIM

As a wise and modest man — thou shalt make small thy understanding;
Let thy mouth be reticent, — thy speech be guarded!
(Like) the wealth of man — may thy lips [*i. e.*, words] be scarce! . . .

To thy adversary — do no evil;
Him who did evil unto thee — requite with good;
Show justice — unto thy enemy. . . .

Give food to eat — and liquor to drink;
Seek the truth, — provide for and honor (father and mother)!

Over such a one — his god rejoices;
It is pleasing to Shamash; — he will requite him with good!

Do not slander, — speak that which is pleasant;
Utter not evil, — speak that which is good!
Of him who slanders, — who speaks evil
Shamash, in recompense therefor — will seek his head.

Daily worship — thy god
With sacrifice, prayer, — and appropriate incense.
Unto thy god — may thy heart be inclined;
That is — what is due unto the god!

Prayer, petition, — and prostration
To him thou shalt — daily render;
Then shall thy power — be strong;
Abundantly shalt thou — be led aright with the god.

At thy instruction — look upon the tablet;
The fear of the god — begets welfare,
Sacrifice prolongs — life,
And prayer — brings forgiveness of sins.

II. FROM A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS SERVANT

Master. Servant, obey me!

Servant. Ay, my lord, ay!

Master. I will love a woman!

Servant. Love, my lord, love. A man who loves a woman forgets pain and sorrow.

Master. Nay, servant, I will rather not love a woman.

Servant. Love not, my lord, love not! Woman is a pit, a hole, a ditch. Woman is a sharp iron dagger that pierces a man's neck.

Master. Servant, obey me!

Servant. Ay, my lord, ay!

Master. Quickly get and give me water for my hands; I will bring a sacrifice to my god.

Servant. Bring it, my lord, bring it.

Master. Nay, servant, I will not bring a sacrifice to my god.

Servant. Bring it not, my lord, bring it not! Thou wilt only teach the god to run after thee like a dog and beg for cult, or *service,* or something else.

Translations by Emil G. H. Kraeling

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE JEWISH APOCRYPHA

INTEREST in the Old Testament has, naturally, centered about its religious content to a degree that has sometimes obscured its importance as the record of the national literature of the Hebrew people, though in this regard it can challenge comparison with the great literatures of the world. Its prose portion consists of History (in which, for our purposes we may include Legislation) and Prophecy. The former is simple prose, the latter rhythmical and balanced. We may first consider the narrative or historical portion.

The Old Testament histories consist almost entirely of annals and anecdotes — extracts from yearly records of events, or biographical material made up largely of specific incidents. The style is remarkable for its simplicity. The Semitic lanuages (to which Hebrew belongs) have no involved syntactic constructions. Their sentences consist almost entirely of clauses connected by the simple conjunction "and." This peculiarity gives picturesqueness and a certain monumental character to the narratives; each clause stands out by itself, presenting a single picture. There is no attempt (as in Greek) to represent elaborate and fine logical connections of thought. And, further, this formal isolation is not confined to the structure of the sentence and the paragraph, but also controls the composition of the historical books. The incidents are set down as independent occurrences without attempt to trace a logical connection between them.

This characteristic is abundantly illustrated in the books of Judges, Samuel, and Kings. In the first of these we have a series of similar yet unconnected incidents: the land of Israel is conquered or held in subjection by some neighboring people; a hero arises and throws off the yoke; there is a period of quiet, followed by a new epoch of subjection which calls forth another hero; and so on. In like manner, the lives of Saul, David, and Samuel are simple biographies, in which the incidents are for the most part detached; and the same remark holds for the history of the reigns of the kings who succeeded David. In the Pentateuch the lives of the Patriarchs and of Moses, and the record of the march of the people from Egypt to Canaan, are also composed of isolated paragraphs.

Yet, on the other hand, these books exhibit a marked unity of plan. The Hexateuch (the Pentateuch and Joshua) beginning with the creation of the world, and coming down to the Flood, which separates human history into two great parts, passes to the ancestor Abraham, follows his descendants to Egypt,

describes their advance to the promised land, and finally the conquest and division of the territory. The aim of the work is to describe the settlement of Israel in Canaan, and all the preceding narrative is made to bear on that event. The Book of Judges, taking up the tale at the moment when the people enter Canaan, depicts the pre-regal period as a unit; Samuel describes the establishment of the monarchy and the reigns of the first two kings; Kings gives the fortunes of the people down to the suppression of the national political life; and Chronicles, it may be added, with a still more noticeable unity, confines itself to the history of Judah. Finally, in the short books of Ezra and Nehemiah, we have the account of the introduction of the Law, and the establishment of what may be called the Jewish Church-Nation.

We have thus, in the historical books of the Old Testament, a noteworthy unity of plan, combined with the isolation of independent parts. It is further to be noted that the object of each of these narratives is to express an idea. The Hexateuch is the prose epic of the choice of Israel by Jehovah. The earlier historical books — Judges, Samuel, and Kings — are really sermons, illustrating the text that national prosperity is dependent on obedience to the God of Israel; in Chronicles the text is slightly varied — here it is adherence to the Law of Moses which is the condition of national peace.

Examples of the finest qualities of narrative prose style are found throughout the historical books. Abraham's plea for Sodom (Gen. xviii) combines naïveté, dignity, and moral earnestness. Jehovah, having had reports of the corruption of Sodom, comes down, accompanied by two angels, to inquire into the case, and first pays a visit to Abraham. After a repast the two angels are sent to Sodom, with instructions to destroy it; Jehovah remains with Abraham, whose heart is sore at the thought of the destruction of the city where dwelt his kinsman Lot. The narrative proceeds:

"And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou consume the righteous with the wicked? Perhaps there are fifty righteous men within the city: wilt thou consume and not spare the place for the fifty righteous who are therein? That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked, that so the righteous should be as the wicked: that be far from thee; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And Jehovah said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous, then I will spare all the place for their sake. And Abraham answered and said, My lord, I who am dust and ashes have taken upon me to speak to thee: there may perhaps lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, I will not destroy it if I find there forty and five. And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Perhaps there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for the forty's sake. And he said, Oh let not my lord be angry, and I will speak; perhaps there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it if I find thirty there. And he said, Behold now, my lord, I have taken upon me to speak to thee: perhaps there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will

not destroy it for the twenty's sake. And he said, Oh let not my lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: perhaps ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for the ten's sake. And Jehovah went his way when he had finished speaking with Abraham, and Abraham returned to his place."

For brilliant dramatic effect there is scarcely anything in literature finer than the description of Elijah's challenge to the priests of Baal (1 Kings xviii). The conditions are chosen with singular felicity. The Sidonian Baal, the god of the Queen of Israel, is represented by four hundred and fifty prophets, backed by all the power of the royal court; for Jehovah, God of Israel, stands one proscribed fugitive, a rude Bedawi from the east of the Jordan. The scene is the sacred mountain Carmel, from whose slopes are visible the Great Sea, the rich plains of the coast, and the rugged central plateau of Israel. Elijah proposes to test the two deities, and take the more powerful; the people, trembling and expectant, agree. The narrative goes on:

"And Elijah said to the prophets of Baal, Choose one bullock for yourselves, and prepare it first, for ye are many; and call on the name of your god, but put no fire under. And they took the bullock and prepared it, and called on the name of Baal from morning till noon, saying, O Baal, answer us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they danced about the altar which they had made. And at noon Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is meditating, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or perhaps he is asleep, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lances, till the blood gushed out upon them. And when midday was past they prophesied until the time of the evening cereal offering; but there was neither voice, nor any answer, nor any that regarded. And Elijah said to all the people, Come near to me; and all the people came near to him. And he repaired the altar of Jehovah which was broken down, and made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed, put the wood in order, cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood. And he said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the offering, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time; and they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time; and they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water. And at the time of the evening cereal offering Elijah came near and said, Jehovah, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Answer me, O Jehovah, answer me, that this people may know that thou, Jehovah, art God, and turn thou their heart back again. Then fire from heaven fell and consumed the offering and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, Jehovah, he is God; Jehovah, he is God."

After this we find Elijah (1 Kings xix), fleeing for his life at a threat made by the Queen. The story of his flight contains a majestic theophany:

"And he went into a cave and passed the night there. And behold, Jehovah passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks; but Jehovah was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but Jehovah was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but Jehovah was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. When Elijah heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle and went out and stood at the entrance of the cave. And there came to him a voice: What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for Jehovah, the God of hosts; because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away."

A peculiar interest attaches to the three short books Ruth, Jonah, and Esther, which differ from the works already named in that they describe single events, each being a unity with definitely marked characters and incidents, leading to a culmination. In a word, so far as literary form is concerned, they are short stories. Their predecessors in Hebrew literature are the incidents described in the lives of the Patriarchs, Judges, Kings, and Prophets in the Pentateuch and the historical books, as, for example, the story of Jephthah, the campaign of Gideon, the rebellion of Absalom, and the challenge of Elijah to the priests of Baal. These also are succinct and vivid narratives of particular incidents, but the three books here referred to have the quality of finish and plot — elaborate arrangement of incident leading up to a dénouement — in still higher degree. The Moabitess Ruth, left a widow, departs with her mother-in-law to a strange land, where, by her charm, she conquers a place, and becomes the honored head of a great household. Jonah, anxious to avoid a disagreeable mission, is nevertheless forced to go to Nineveh, and there becomes the occasion of the announcement of a religious truth of primary significance — that God cares no less for Nineveh than for Jerusalem. The skill with which the narrative in Esther is constructed has always excited admiration. The splendid royal banquet — the refusal of Queen Vashti to make herself a spectacle to the drunken guests — her deposition by the offended despot, and his determination to choose another queen — the appearance of the Jewess Esther, whose nationality has been carefully concealed by her guardian Mordecai — the successive tests of the inmates of the harem, and the selection of Esther to be Queen — all this is an astounding whirligig of fortune. Yet it is only preparatory to the main event. The sturdy Mordecai refuses to do reverence to the King's haughty favorite Haman, who, exasperated by his persistent contempt, resolves to extirpate the Jewish population of Persia, and procures a royal decree to that effect. The Jews are in despair. Mordecai sends word to Esther that she must go to the King (which to do unbidden is a crime) and intercede, adding that otherwise she herself will not escape the general fate.

She finally plucks courage from despair, goes, is graciously received, and invites the King and Haman to a banquet that day. At this feast she invites them to another next day, when she will make her request. Haman, elated, listens to the advice of his wife and his friends, and prepares a lofty post on which Mordecai is to be impaled. That night the King, unable to sleep, listens to an account, in the court record, of a good deed of Mordecai, hitherto unrewarded. Who is without? he asks. The answer is: Haman, who had come to arrange the impalement of his enemy. He is summoned, enters, is asked what should be done to the man whom the King delights to honor. Thinking it could be only himself, he suggests that the man, clothed in royal apparel, ride through the streets on the King's own horse. So be it: Haman is ordered to conduct Mordecai. It is a terrible blow, and is taken by his wife and his friends as an omen of disaster. Next day, however, he comes to the Queen's banquet, and here the King asks her to state her request — he will grant it if it cost half his kingdom. The narrative continues:

"Queen Esther answered: If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be granted me at my petition, and my people at my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, to perish. If we had been sold as slaves, I had held my peace. . . . And King Ahasuerus said to Queen Esther: Who is he and where is he who dares so to do? Esther answered: The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman. Haman was afraid before the king and the queen. The king rose up in wrath from the banquet of wine, and went into the palace garden, and Haman remained standing to plead for his life with Queen Esther; for he saw that there was evil determined against him by the king. Then the king returned from the garden to the banqueting-hall, and Haman had sunk down on the couch on which Esther was. And the king said: Will he do violence to the queen here in my presence? As the words went out of the king's mouth, they covered Haman's face."

The clear portraiture of persons, the succession of interesting situations, the rapidity and inevitableness of the movement, the splendid reversal of fortunes, combine to make the book a work of art of a high order.

The most distinctly characteristic part of Old Testament literature, however, is prophetic. The position of the Israelitish prophet is unique. No other people has produced a line of moral and religious patriots who followed the fortunes of the nation from generation to generation, and amid all changes of political situation remained true to their cardinal principle — that no conditions of power and wealth would avail a nation which did not pay strict obedience to the moral law and place its reliance in God. The prophetic writing belongs, in general, to the class of oratory, and the prophets are political-religious watchmen who appear at every crisis to announce the will of God. They denounce current sins, religious and moral. They plead, exhort, threaten, lament. They differ from other orators in that their audience is not a court of

law, nor an assembly of the people, but the whole nation; and the question which they discuss is not the interpretation of a statute, or a particular point of political policy, but the universal principle of obedience to God.

The language of the prophets is for the most part rhythmical and measured, and the discourses themselves naturally fall into strophes and paragraphs. There is no meter, no fixed succession or number of syllables in a line, and no regular strophic arrangement; — on the contrary, the greatest freedom prevails in respect to length of clauses and of strophes. The elaborate structure of the odes of the Greek drama does not exist in the prophetic discourses; and as divisions into verses and strophes were not given in the original Hebrew text, we are left to determine the arrangement in every case from the contents. The writings of the prophets vary greatly in style and in charm and power; but they are almost without exception vigorous and striking. Whether they denounce social evils, or inveigh against idolatry — whether they proclaim the wrath of God, or His mercy — whether they threaten or implore — they are almost always strong and picturesque.

The paragraphs, the logical divisions of simple prose discourse, are generally marked in the English Revised Version. Strophic divisions, marked by headings or refrains in rhythmical elevated prose, are sometimes but not always indicated. Examples of strophes are Amos i, ii; Isa. v, 8–24 (woes); ix, 8–x, 4 (refrain), to which should be attached v, 25; Ezek. xviii, xx, xxxii, 19–32 (not indicated in the Revised Version).

Among the prophets none is more eloquent than Amos in the denunciation of social evils as is shown, for example, by the following passage (v, 11–12, 21–24):

Forasmuch as ye trample on the poor,
And take from him exactions of wheat,
Though ye have built houses of hewn stone
Ye shall not dwell in them,
Though ye have planted pleasant vineyards
Ye shall not drink the wine thereof.
For I know how manifold are your transgressions
And how mighty are your sins,
Ye who afflict the just, who take bribes,
Who deprive the poor of their rights in courts of justice.

. . . . . .

I hate, I despise your feasts,
I take no delight in your solemn assemblies.
Though you offer me your burnt-offerings and cereal offerings,
I will not accept them;
The peace-offerings of your fat beasts I will not regard.

Take away from me the noise of thy songs;
The clang of thy viols I will not hear.
But let equity roll down as waters,
And justice as a perennial stream.

Amos, Isaiah, and Ezekiel display no tenderness toward their people; Hosea is an intensely loving nature; Jeremiah's prevailing attitude is one of sorrow, as in these extracts from chapters viii and ix of his book:

"Oh for comfort in my sorrow! My heart is sick! Hark! the cry of the Daughter of my People from a far-off land: Is not Jehovah in Zion? is not her King in her? — [Jehovah speaks:] Why have they provoked me to anger with their graven images and with foreign gods? — [The people:] The harvest is past, the autumn ingathering is ended, and we are not saved. — [The prophet:] By the ruin of the Daughter of my People my spirit is crushed; I mourn; dismay seizes me. Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is the wound of the Daughter of my People not healed? — Oh that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the Daughter of my People! Oh that I could find in the wilderness a lodging-place for travelers, that I might leave my people, and from them go far away! . . . For the mountains will I break forth into weeping and wailing, and for the pastures of the wilderness utter a lament, because they are burned, so that none passes through; voices of cattle are not heard; birds of the heaven and beasts of the field are all fled and gone. . . . Call for the mourning women, that they may come; send for women skilled in lament, that they may come and utter wailing for us, that tears may stream from our eyes and water from our eyelids."

Ezekiel's tremendous power of denunciation and of description appears throughout his book; see for example Chapters vi, xi, xvi, xx, xxiii, xxvi–xxviii, xxix–xxxii, xxxviii, xxxix. He thus addresses the land of Israel (vi):

I will bring the sword on you, and destroy your high places;
Your altars shall be desolate, your sun-images shall be broken,
I will cast down your slain before your idols,
And scatter your bones about your altars.

. . . . . .

And the remnant that escape the sword, scattered through the lands,
Shall remember me among the nations whither they are carried captive.
I will crush their faithless hearts and their apostate eyes,
And they shall loathe themselves for their abominable deeds.

. . . . . .

Smite with the hand, stamp with the foot!
Say, alas! because of the sins of the House of Israel,

For they shall fall by sword, famine, and plague.
He who is far off shall die of the plague,
He who is near shall fall by the sword,
He who is besieged shall perish by famine:
Thus will I accomplish my fury on them.
And they shall know that I am Jehovah
When their slain lie by their idols about their altars,
On every high hill, on the mountain-tops,
Under every green tree and leafy terebinth,
Where they offered sweet savor to all their idols.

The powerful effect which Ezekiel produces by cumulation and iteration may be seen in his review (Chapter xx) of the history of Israel, which is noteworthy also for treating the national career as one long catalogue of acts of disobedience and apostasy.

Among the Prophetic works the Book of Isaiah presents the greatest variety in literary form. The pictures of the physical and moral ruin of Judah (i, iii, v) and of Israel (xxviii), the descriptions of the haughty bearing and the overthrow of the King of Assyria (x, xxxvii), the lament over Moab (xv, xvi), the siege of Jerusalem (xxix), the prediction of the return of the exiles (xxxv) — these and other pieces are classic. As an example of its descriptive power we may take the picture of Jehovah's coming vengeance on Edom (xxxiv):

Approach, O nations, and hear,
And hearken, O ye peoples.
Let the earth hear, and all that it contains,
The world, and all that it produces.
Jehovah is wrathful against all the nations,
Furious against the whole host of them,
He has laid them under a ban,
Given them over to slaughter.
Their slain shall be cast forth,
The stench of their corpses shall ascend,
The mountains shall melt with their blood;
All the host of heaven shall decay,
The heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll,
All their host shall wither,
As withers foliage from vine, leaf from fig-tree.

My sword has drunk its fill in heaven,
Now it descends for vengeance on Edom, the banned people.

Jehovah has a sword, reeking with blood, anointed with fat,
Blood of lambs and goats, fat of kidneys of rams,
For Jehovah holds a sacrifice in Bozrah,
A mighty slaughter in the land of Edom:
With these beasts wild oxen shall fall,
And bullocks along with bulls.
Jehovah's day of vengeance comes,
The year of requital in Zion's quarrel.
Edom's stream shall turn to pitch,
And its soil to brimstone —
Burning pitch its land shall become.
It shall not be quenched night nor day,
Its smoke shall ascend for ever,
From generation to generation it shall lie waste,
None shall pass through it for ever and ever.

Pelican and bittern shall possess it,
Owl and raven shall dwell therein,
Jehovah shall stretch over it the measuring-line of desolation,
And the plummet of emptiness.
Its nobles shall vanish,
All its princes shall perish,
Thorns shall spring up in its palaces,
Nettles and thistles in its fortresses.
It shall be the habitation of jackals,
The dwelling-place of ostriches.
There beasts of the desert shall meet,
The wilderness-demon shall cry to its fellow,
The demoness of night there shall repose,
And find in it her lair;
The arrow-snake shall make its nest,
In its shadow lay and hatch and brood,
And hawks shall be gathered together.

The most splendid of Prophetic rhapsodies are found in Isaiah, xl–lxvi. We may cite from these, as an example of vivid imagination and gorgeous coloring, the famous description of Israel's coming glory, in Chapter lx:

Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
And the glory of Jehovah shines upon thee.
Darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the peoples,
But Jehovah shall shine upon thee,

And his glory shall appear upon thee.
Nations shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy radiance.
Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:
They gather themselves together, they come to thee;
Thy sons shall come from far,
And thy daughters shall be carried in the arms.
Then shalt thou clearly see,
Thy heart shall expand with joy.
For the abundance of the sea shall be given thee,
The wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.
A multitude of camels shall cover thee,
The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;
Men shall come from Sheba, bringing gold and frankincense;
They shall proclaim the praises of Jehovah.
All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered to thee,
The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:
They shall be offered as acceptable sacrifices on mine altar,
And I will glorify the house of my glory.
Who are these that fly as a cloud,
As the doves to their windows?
Surely the isles shall wait for me,
And the ships of Tarshish first,
To bring thy sons from far,
Their silver and their gold with them,
For the name of Jehovah thy God,
For the Holy One of Israel,
Because he hath glorified thee.
Strangers shall build thy walls,
Their kings shall minister unto thee,
For in my wrath I smote thee,
But in my love I have mercy on thee.
Thy gates shall be open continually,
Shall not be shut by day or night;
That men may bring thee the wealth of the nations,
And their kings be led with them.
Nation and kingdom shall perish that serves thee not:
Yea, blasted shall those nations be.
The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,
The cypress, the elm, and the cedar.
I will beautify the place of my sanctuary,
And make the place of my feet glorious.
The sons of thine oppressors shall bend before thee;

They that despised thee shall bow down at thy feet;
Thou shalt be called the City of Jehovah,
Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

. . . . . .

For bronze I will bring gold, and for iron silver,
For wood bronze, and for stones iron.
I will make thine officers peace,
And thy taskmasters justice.
Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,
Desolation nor destruction within thy borders,
But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,
And thy gates Praise.
The sun shall no more be thy light by day,
Nor the brightness of the moon give thee light by night,
But Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light,
And thy God thy glory.
Thy sun shall no more go down,
Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:
For Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light,
And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.
Thy people shall be all righteous,
They shall possess the land forever.
The little one shall become a thousand,
And the small one a strong nation.

Hebrew poetry, it is generally admitted, is characterized as to its form by rhythm and parallelism. Rhythm is the melodious flow of syllables. Parallelism — a form characteristic of, and almost peculiar to, old Semitic poetry — is the balancing of phrases, the second line in a couplet being a variation of the first, or presenting some sort of expansion of or contrast to it. These two general classes of parallelism may be called the identical and the antithetical. An example of the first sort is:

Rebuke me not in thy wrath,
Chasten me not in thine anger (Ps. xxxviii, 1);

or, with one slight change:

The heavens declare the glory of God,
The firmament showeth his handiwork (Ps. xix, 1).

Similarly:

Jehovah reigns — let the nations tremble;
He is enthroned on the cherubs — let the earth be moved (Ps. xcix, 1).

Examples of the second are:

> The arms of the wicked shall be broken,
> But Jehovah upholds the righteous (Ps. xxxvii, 17).
> The plans of the mind belong to man,
> The answer of the tongue is from Jehovah (Prov. xvi, 1).

Question and answer:

> I lift up mine eyes to the mountains!
> Whence comes my help?
> My help comes from Jehovah
> Who made heaven and earth (Ps. cxxi, 1, 2);

or, with fuller expansion:

> Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
> Whither shall I flee from thy presence?
> If I ascend to Heaven, thou art there;
> If I couch me in Sheol, lo, thou art there;
> If I take the wings of the Dawn,
> If I dwell in the remotest West,
> There shall thy hand lead me,
> And thy right hand shall hold me (Ps. cxxxix, 7–10).

Between the extremes of complete identity and complete antithesis are many sub-varieties, the combinations and interchanges of which, in the hands of a gifted poet, give exquisite delicacy and charm to the form of the verse.

Various efforts have been made, though without success, to discover in Hebrew poetry a regular metric succession of feet after the manner of the Greek. There might be more to say in favor of a system of ictus or beats of the voice, and it is true that all poetry is marked by a certain succession of rhythmic beats. While such a system is found in Hebrew, it does not follow any fixed rule, but appears to be determined by the feeling of the poet, its appreciation being safely left to the reader. This much seems safe to say, that, in a series of couplets, the same number of accented syllables may be employed in each couplet, and we may thus have a guide in fixing the lengths of the stanzas; but even these limits we must leave to the free choice of the poet, without attempting to impose our rules on him. To such norms, characterized by the number of beats, we may give the names binary (when the line has two beats), ternary (of three beats), quaternary, and so on. In the Book of Proverbs many of the lines or verses are ternary; elsewhere we find other forms. These can rarely be reproduced exactly in English.

Naturally, also, these groups of couplets arrange themselves in strophes or stanzas; but here, again, no fixed rule prevails. A stanza may consist of two, three, four, or more couplets; and adjoining stanzas may differ in their number of them. As the original text does not indicate any such division, we are left to the rhythm of the couplets and to the connection of the sense to determine the order of the strophes. An example of a symmetrical division in the stanzas is found in the second Psalm, which consists of four stanzas of three couplets each. In the first, the hostile nations are introduced as speaking; in the second the speaker is Jehovah; in the third the speaker is the royal Son, whose coronation has just been announced; and in the fourth, the poet exhorts the nation to obedience.

Hebrew poetry is either emotional or gnomic, enouncing rules of life, in the form of apophthegms or proverbs, or describing the poet's own feeling in the presence of any phenomenon of joy or suffering. It thus belongs, in general, to the class which we call lyric, but does not present any example of what we term epic and dramatic. There has been a natural desire to discover, in the Old Testament poetry, examples of the poetic forms familiar to us in Greek literature; and so it has been said that the Book of Job is a drama or an epic, and that the Song of Songs is a lyric drama. Yet a little reflection suffices to show that the Book of Job lacks the essential element of epic and drama; that is to say, action. It is, in fact, nothing but an argument consisting of elaborate speeches, with a conclusion attached. There is no catastrophe toward which all the acts of the personages tend. The interest lies in the discussion of a religious theme; Jehovah permits the debate to go on to a certain point, and then intervenes, the human actors having nothing to do with bringing about the result. The Song of Songs is a series of love poems, so delicately conceived, so undefined in shape, so lacking in indications of place and time, that no two critics have as yet agreed in their conclusions as to who are the actors in the supposed drama, or where the action takes place, or what is its culmination. It is obviously necessary to take it, not as a drama, but as a group of songs. And, in general, we only harm the old Hebrew literature in trying to force it into the forms of an alien tradition. Justice will be done to the Old Testament on its literary side only when we take it for what it is, and try to apprehend its form and enjoy its beauties according to its own rules.

As for the higher characteristics of poetry, these are the same in the Old Testament as elsewhere. There is eloquence, pathos, charm, sublimity — qualities which are confined to no one race or people. That the poetry is subjective — that it contains only the expression of the poet's feeling or reflection — will be evident from a brief review of the books themselves.

Let us begin with the Book of Psalms, the longest and most varied of the poetic books of the Old Testament. It contains simple lucid bits of description, agonizing cries to God for help, exultation for victory, rejoicing in time of peace, expression of consciousness of sin, and odes of praise to the God of

Israel. As an example of a gentle, calm confidence and joy we may take the twenty-third Psalm:

The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want; —
He makes me recline in green pastures,
He leads me to still waters.
He restores my soul,
He guides me in safe paths for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of gloom,
I fear no evil,
For thou art with me,
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest me a table in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runs over.
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Here the imagery, derived from the shepherd's life, is of the most restful sort; and the whole picture is one of perfect repose under the protection of God. In contrast with this, the twenty-fourth Psalm is an exulting ode of praise; and the first part, verses 1–6, which states the moral qualities demanded of those who are to serve Jehovah in his temple, begins with a declaration of the Divine might:

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,
The world, and they that dwell therein;
For he has founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

The second part is the hymn of a solemn procession, in which Jehovah is spoken of as entering the temple, and it is conceived in the finest vein of stirring song:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Be ye lift up, ye ancient doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in!

Here a member of the choir sings:

Who is the King of Glory?

And the answer comes from the whole choir:

The Lord strong and mighty!
The Lord mighty in battle!

The chorus is then repeated:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Yea, lift them up, ye ancient doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in!

Again the question and answer:

Who is this King of Glory?
The Lord of Hosts,
He is the King of Glory!

Among the most beautiful of the odes of the Psalter are the so-called Pilgrim Songs (Pss. cxx–cxxxiv); each bears the title "Song of Ascents," the meaning of which is doubtful; they differ greatly from one another in sentiment and length. One of them, Ps. cxxvii, is a song of the household, speaking of house and children. Another, Ps. cxxxii, describes the choosing of the site of the temple. We shall not find a more beautiful expression of trust in God than that which is given by the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm:

I lift up mine eyes to the mountains!
Whence comes my help?
My help comes from the Lord,
Who made Heaven and Earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He who keeps thee does not slumber.
Behold, he who keeps Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps.
The Lord is thy keeper,
The Lord is a shade on thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord will keep thee from all evil,
He will preserve thy life.
The Lord will keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for evermore.

The longer psalms are either odes written on the occasion of some national festivity, or narrations of national history, or, in a few cases, the expression of national experiences. Of these perhaps the most striking are the eighteenth and the sixty-eighth. The former is a description of struggle and victory, and contains one of the most magnificent of poetical passages:

In my distress I called upon the Lord,
I cried unto my God.

He heard my voice from his palace,
And my cry came to his ears.
Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of the mountains were shaken.
Smoke ascended in his nostrils,
Fire out of his mouth devoured,
Coals were kindled by it!
He bowed the heavens and descended;
Thick darkness was under his feet.
He rode upon a cherub and did fly;
He flew on the wings of the wind!
He made darkness his habitation,
And darkest clouds his pavilion.
In brightness passed his thick clouds,
With hail and coals of fire.
The Lord thundered in heaven,
The Most High uttered his voice.
He sent out his arrows and scattered them,
Shot forth his lightnings and appalled them.
Then the bed of the Deep appeared;
The foundations of the world were laid bare,
At thy rebuke, O Lord,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils!

The sixty-eighth Psalm is a processional consisting of a series of stanzas of singular majesty and force. Psalms lxxvii and lxxxix, cv, and cvi are historical reviews. Psalms ciii and civ are odes in celebration of the glorious and beneficent deeds of Jehovah.

A peculiarity of the Psalter is the presence of alphabetical psalms in which each verse or stanza begins with a letter of the alphabet in order. There are a number of these, though the alphabetical arrangement is not always perfect, and is, of course, not recognizable in the English translation. The most noteworthy example is the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, a collection of couplets in praise of the Law, divided into twenty-two stanzas (according to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet) of eight couplets each.

The Psalter is divided in the Hebrew Bible, and in the English Revised Version, into five books in imitation of the division of the Pentateuch, and these are supposed to indicate collections which were made at different times, the whole having been finally combined into our present Book of Psalms. The Psalter grew with the temple services, and many of its hymns were intended for recitation in the sacred place.

A peculiar and very effective form of Hebrew poetry is the elegy, char-

acterized by a short clause, followed by a still shorter clause, which gives a peculiar restrained movement to the phrase. The most noted example of this poetic form is found in the Book of Lamentations — a collection of threnodies over the sorrows of Israel. Thus, in the beginning of the second chapter:

The Lord in his anger has smitten
    The daughter of Zion,
And cast down from heaven to earth
    The beauty of Israel;
He has not remembered his footstool
    In the day of his wrath!

The Lord has destroyed without mercy
    The dwellings of Jacob;
Has thrown down in anger the stronghold
    Of the daughter of Judah;
Has cast to the ground, desecrated,
    The realm and its princes.

One feels here how the emotion of the poet drives him into this sad brief appendage at the end of each line. Elegies are not confined to the Book of Lamentations, but are found elsewhere in the Old Testament, as in the magnificent ode, written in elegiac form, in Isaiah xiv, in which the fall of the King of Babylon is celebrated:

How is the tyrant quelled, | quelled his havoc!
The Lord has broken the staff of the wicked, | the ruler's scepter!
Who, in his wrath, smote the nations | with blows unceasing!
At rest is the world, and at peace — | breaks forth into song!
Over thee exult the spruce-trees, | the cedars of Lebanon: —
" Since thou art laid low there comes no longer | the woodman against us."
The realm of Shades beneath is stirred | to meet thine arrival.
It rouses the Shades for thee — | the heroes of earth,
Rouses from their thrones | the kings of the nations.
To thee they all speak, and say: —
" Thou too art become weak as we, | art become like us;
Thy pomp is brought down to the Shades, | the clang of thy harps;
Mold is the bed beneath thee | and worms thy covering.
How art thou fallen from heaven, | bright star of dawn!
How art thou hurled to the ground, | thou conqueror of nations!
Thou hadst thought in thy heart, | ' To heaven I'll mount,
High above the stars of God | exalt my throne;
I will sit on the mount of God | in farthest north;

To the heights of the clouds I'll ascend — | be like the Most High!'
And now thou art hurled to the realm of death,
To the deepest abyss."

A still better conception of the power of the elegiac verse is given by the fine alphabetic ode in triplets contained in Lamentations i:

How sitteth the city solitary, | once full of people.
She who was great among the nations | is become as a widow.
The princess among the provinces | is become tributary.

She weepeth sore in the night, | her cheeks are wet with tears;
She hath none to comfort her | among all her lovers;
All her friends are traitors, | are become her enemies.

Exiled is Judah in grievous affliction, | in bitter servitude;
She dwelleth among the nations, | findeth no rest;
All her persecutors overtook her | in the midst of her straits.

The ways to Zion do mourn, | none come to her feasts;
All her gates are desolate, | her priests do sigh;
Her virgins are deeply afflicted, | and she is in bitterness.

Her adversaries are become supreme, | her enemies prosper;
For Jehovah hath sorely afflicted her | for her many sins;
Her children are gone into captivity | before the adversary.

Gone from the Daughter of Zion | is all her splendor.
Her princes are become like harts | that find no pasture:
Powerless they have fled | before the pursuer.

Jerusalem remembereth her days | of affliction and misery,
When her people succumbed to the foe, | and none did help her;
On her her enemies gazed, | mocked at her bereavement.

Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, | foul is she become;
All that honored her despise her | because they have seen her disgrace.
Yea, she herself sigheth | and turneth away.

Her filthiness is in her skirts, | she remembered not her end;
Wonderful is her downfall, | she hath no comforter.
Behold, O Jehovah, my affliction, | for the foe doth triumph.

The adversary hath laid his hand | on all her treasures;
She hath beheld the nations enter | her sanctuary,
Who, thou commandedst, should not come into | thy congregation.

All her people sigh, | seeking bread.
Their treasures they have given for food | their life to sustain.
See, O Jehovah, and behold | how I am despised.

Ho, all ye that pass by, | behold and see
If there be sorrow like to the sorrow | which is come upon me,
Wherewith Jehovah hath afflicted me | in the day of his anger.

Fire from on high he hath sent, | into my bones hath driven it,
Hath spread a net for my feet | turned me back;
Desolate he hath made me, | faint all the day.

Bound is the yoke of my trespasses | by his hand;
Knit together they lie on my neck, | my strength doth fail.
The Lord hath given me up to them | whom I cannot withstand.

My heroes the Lord hath cast down | in the midst of me,
Hath summoned a solemn assembly | to crush my warriors;
In a wine-press he hath trodden | the virgin daughter of Judah.

For these things weep mine eyes, | my tears run down;
Far away from me is the comforter | who should revive my soul;
Desolate are my children | because the foe hath prevailed.

Zion spreadeth forth her hands, | there is none to comfort her;
This hath Jehovah ordained for Jacob — | that his neighbors should be his foes;
Among them is Jerusalem become | a thing of loathing.

Jehovah, he is just — I have rebelled against him.
Hear, all ye peoples, | behold my sorrow:
My virgins and my young men | are gone into captivity.

On my friends I called, | they deceived me.
My priests and my elders | perished in the city,
Seeking food for themselves | to sustain their lives.

Behold, O Jehovah, my deep distress: | my soul is troubled;
My heart is o'erwhelmed within me, | rebellious was I.
Abroad the sword bereaveth, | at home is death.

They have heard that I sigh, | there is none to comfort me.
My foes have heard of my trouble, | they are glad thou didst it.
Bring in the day thou hast announced, | let them be like me.

Regard thou all their wickedness; | do to them
As thou hast done to me | for all my sins!
For many are my sighs, | my heart is faint.

Other examples of the elegy are found in Amos v, 1; Ezek. xxvii, 32–36, and xxxii, 19–32.

The Book of Job must be reckoned among the great poems of the world. The prose introduction — the story of the crushing of Job's worldly hopes — is itself full of power. The poem is unique in form. It is a series of monologues, all united by the author's intention to develop a certain idea in connection with the question, "Why do the righteous suffer?" The Three Friends affirm that the righteous do *not* suffer — that is, that no man suffers except for wrongdoing. Job combats this view to the uttermost, holding that he is righteous and that he suffers. Elihu further insists that suffering is designed to destroy the pride of men who are otherwise good. Finally, Jehovah intervenes, and proclaims the wonderfulness of his government of the world, and Job is reduced to silence. The freshness and variety of thought — the picture of a terrible struggle in Job's soul — the majestic descriptions of Divine power — all these together give a peculiar impressiveness to the book. At the outset, Job gives us a glimpse into his own soul:

Perish the day wherein I was born,
And the night which said, Behold, a man!
Let that day be darkness;
May God ask not of it;
May no light shine on it;
May darkness and gloom claim it,
Clouds dwell on it, and eclipses terrify it!

Job longs for death, that he may go to that sad underworld, and dwell

With kings and councilors of the earth,
Who built tombs for themselves,

where —

The wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

To this outburst, the eldest of the three friends, Eliphaz, replies by insisting on the general rule that men receive in this world what they deserve; and he expresses his conclusion in the form of a vision:

Stealthily came to me a word,
And a whisper to my ear;
In thoughts, from visions of the night,
When deep sleep falls on men.
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake;
And a breath passed over my face,
The hair of my head stood up.
There It stood! — Its semblance I could not see! —
A form was before my eyes!
I heard a voice which whispered,
" Shall man be more just than God —
A creature purer than the Creator? —
He puts no trust in his servants,
His angels he charges with folly:
How much more them who dwell in houses of clay,
Whose foundation is in the dust? "

Job replies to this, and is answered by the second friend; replies to him; is followed by the third friend; and so for several rounds of argument — the only effect of which, on Job, is to draw him to deeper hopelessness. He exclaims (xiv, 7):

A tree cut down may sprout again,
Its tender branch will not cease.
Though its root wax old in the earth,
And its stock die in the ground,
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dies and wastes away,
Breathes out his life, and where is he?
The waters pour out of the sea,
The river dries up and fails;
So man lies down and rises not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,
Nor be raised out of their sleep!

Then there comes to him a vague wish that God would think of him in the underworld after death, and he exclaims:

Oh that thou wouldst hide me in the underworld,
Keep me secret till thy wrath be past,
Appoint me a set time, and remember me!

The finest outbursts of poetry are to be found in the speeches of Job himself, yet others also contain many striking pieces. See, for example, the speech of Zophar, chapter xx; that of Eliphaz, chapter xxii; and that of Bildad, chapter xxv. Elihu's description of the chastening power of suffering in xxxiii, 19–28 is also full of vigor:

He is chastened with pain on his bed,
In his bones is continual torment;
He abhors all nourishing bread,
Cares not for dainty food;
His flesh wastes away to nothing,
His bones, hid no longer, stick out,
And he draws near unto the pit —
His life approaches the dead!

If there be an interpreter with him
Who will shew him what is right,
Will be gracious to him, and say,
"Loose him! I have ransomed his life,"
Then his flesh becomes fresher than a child's,
He returns to the days of his youth,
He prays to God, who accepts him,
Shews him his face in joy,
Restores to him his righteousness.
He sings before him, and says: —
"I had sinned, and done what was wrong,
But it was not requited to me;
He has redeemed me from the pit!
My life shall behold the light!"

The speeches of Jehovah make a magnificent poem in themselves; chapters xxxviii and xxxix, are worthy to stand alongside the first chapter of Genesis for sublimity of statement, and have in addition the freshness and color of a fine imagination.

The Canticles, or Song of Songs, may be compared, for poetic grace, with the finest idylls of Theocritus. It breathes the air of the fields and mountains; and in this respect is unique among the Old Testament books. For neither among the Greeks nor among the Hebrews do we find the phenomena of nature introduced into poetry for their own sake: they are used purely as illustrations. So, in the Psalter, clouds and mountains, stream and sunshine, appear as exhibiting the power and wisdom or the wrath or the love of God; but not even in Psalms like xviii and xix does the poet dwell on them for them-

selves. In this book we apparently have an exception to this rule, as in the beautiful spring song in Chapter ii:

The voice of my Beloved! Lo, he comes,
Leaping over the mountains,
Skipping over the hills!
My Beloved is like a roe, a young hart.
Now he stands behind our wall,
Looks through the window,
Peeps through the lattice.
My beloved spake, and said to me: —
Arise, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!
For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
The voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land,
The fig-tree ripens her figs,
The vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!

Here the pictures introduced are all of the country, and all charming, and the poet seems to dwell on them for their own sake. But, after all, he does not really do so. It is the lover who describes the beautiful face of nature, in order to tempt his beloved to come forth and roam with him over the fields and hills. Nevertheless, the pictures of natural scenery which he gives are very striking, and might easily prepare the way for that deeper contemplation of nature which is found in the modern poets.

It is the occurrence of responsive songs in the book that has suggested the opinion that it is a drama, but the vagueness of the speeches and the supposed dialogue is revealed by the following examples. The occasion of the first address to the women of Jerusalem (i, 5, 6) is not obvious:

I am dark but comely,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar,
As the curtains of Solomon.
Scorn me not because I am dark,
Because the sun has shone on me.
For my brothers were wroth with me,
And made me keeper of the vineyards.

On this follows the first dialogue:

The Beloved speaks (i, 7):

Tell me, thou whom I love,
Where thou feedest thy flock at noon;
For I would not seem to be a loiterer
Beside thy comrades' flocks.

The Lover replies (i, 8):

If thou know not, O fairest of women,
Go, follow the tracks of the flock,
And feed thy kids by the shepherds' tents.

After a brief descriptive strophe, the second dialogue proceeds (i, 15–ii, 6):

Thou art fair, my Love, thou art fair,
Thou hast the eyes of a dove.

Thou art fair, my Love, and lovely.
Our couch is the greensward,
The beams of our house are the cedars,
The walls of our rooms are the cypresses.

I am a rose of Sharon,
A lily of the valleys.

As a lily among thorns,
So is my Love among the maidens.

As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my Love among the youths.
Under his shadow I sat with delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting-house,
And his banner over me was love.

Stay me with raisins, strengthen me with apples,
For I am sick with love.
Be his left hand under my head!
Let his right hand embrace me!

Refrain (ii, 7, iii, 5):

I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the gazelles and the hinds of the field,
Rouse not nor awaken love
Until it please!

The search by night for the Beloved (iii, 1–4):

At night on my bed I sought my Beloved,
Sought him, and found him not.
(I said) I will arise and go through the city;
In the streets and the squares
I will seek my Beloved.
I sought him and found him not.
The watchmen, patrolling the city, found me.
"Saw ye my beloved?"
Scarce had I passed from them,
When I found him whom I love,
I held him, would not let him go.

The vagueness of this narration is equaled by that of its companion song, the less fortunate search for the Lover, of which we cannot say whether it is a dream or a reality (v, 2–7):

I sleep, but my heart is awake.
Hark! my Beloved knocks, and cries:
Open to me, my sister, my friend,
My dove, my perfect one!
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night.

She:

I have put off my dress —
Must I put it on again?
I have washed my feet —
Must I defile them?
My Beloved put his hand through the window,
My soul yearned for him.
I rose to open to my Beloved,
And my hand dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with liquid myrrh,
On the handles of the bolt.
I opened to my Beloved,
But he had withdrawn and was gone —
My heart had failed me when he spake.

I sought him, but found him not,
I called, he answered not.
The watchmen, patrolling the city, found me,
They smote me, they wounded me,
The keepers of the walls took from me my veil.

This exquisite piece is the expression of the longing of love; it does not belong to a drama.

We add two beautiful expressions of love, the first, of joy in the possession of the beloved (iv, 16; v, 1):

Awake, O north wind; come, O south!
Breathe on my garden that its balsam may flow!

Let my Beloved come into his garden,
And enjoy its precious fruits!

I am come into my garden, my sister-bride,
I have gathered my myrrh with my balsam,
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey,
I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Then, love on its spontaneous, enduring, and controlling side (viii, 6, 7):

Set me as a seal-ring on thy heart,
As a seal-ring on thine arm.
For love is strong as death,
Passion is firm as the Underworld,
Its flames are flames of fire,
Many waters cannot quench it,
Rivers cannot drown it.
If a man would give all his possessions for it,
He would be utterly despised.

The book is a group of rhapsodies in praise of pure and faithful love. It has no movement, no dénouement, no plot, nothing but the isolated passionate utterances of a pair of lovers; and its sole unity is that of idea, not of action.

The gnomic literature of the Hebrews, contained mainly in the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes (but also in certain Psalms, as the twenty-seventh and the forty-ninth), has, by its nature, little of the poetic, except the outward form; but its balanced phrases present excellent examples of Semitic parallelism. In some cases a longer description gathers force by the accumulation of details, as in the well-known picture of the good housewife (Prov. xxxi, 10–31), which is in the nature of an ode to her, as Ps. cxix is to the Law.

Ecclesiastes, written for the most part in prose, has passages of great eloquence and beauty, as in the description of old age and its slowly lessening powers (xii, 1–7), which belongs to the best production of Hebrew literature:

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the sad days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in them'; before the sun, the light, the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain; when the house-guards tremble, the stronge men bow, when the maidens grinding corn cease because they are few, and those who look out of the windows are darkened, and the street-doors are shut; when the sound of the grinding is low; when one starts up from sleep at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music are brought low, and one is afraid of what is high, and terrors are in the way; when the almond-tree blossoms, the grasshopper is a burden, and all stimulants fail; because man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: before the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it."

The failure of light and the recurrence of rain (verses 1, 2) indicate the growing gloom of old age. The decay of natural powers is represented (verses 3, 4) by the cessation of activity in a great house falling into ruin: arms (guards) and legs (strong men) lose their strength, the teeth (maidens grinding) are few, the eyes grow dim (windows); in a word, the avenues of the senses are closed (the doors are shut). Then comes (verses 4, 5) a more literal description of bodily weakness: the old man cannot sleep, music gives him no pleasure, he walks about in fear and trembling, his hair turns white (almond-tree), the smallest weight is burdensome, the appetite does not respond to stimulants. Finally comes the end — from the fountain of life no water can be drawn. The object of the preacher is to lead men to use aright the vigorous season of youth.

There remains to be mentioned the apocalypse, in which, before the eye of a seer, the history of generations or centuries is unrolled in a series of visions whose culmination is the triumph of the people of Israel. It is the visional expression of that unification of history which is given in simple narrative form in the Hexateuch and suggested in the Prophets. Kingdoms rise and fall, and all things move toward the divinely appointed goal — the establishment of Israel in peace and prosperity. In the Book of Daniel (the only elaborated apocalypse in the Old Testament) the kingdoms set forth are the Babylonian, the Median, the Persian, and the Greek; and the visions all end with the downfall of Antiochus Epiphanes (d. 164 B.C.; see particularly Chapter xi). A majestic picture is presented in the description of the judgment of the enemies of Israel, the "one like a man" being explained in the context as Faithful Israel (vii, 9–14):

"I beheld till thrones were placed, and one that was full of years did sit: his raiment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was fiery flames and its wheels burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; a thousand thousands ministered unto him and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; the judgment was set and the books were opened. I beheld at that time till, because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake, the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and he was given to be burned with fire. And as for the rest of the beasts, their dominion was taken away, yet their lives were prolonged for a season and a time. I saw in the night visions, and behold there came with the clouds of heaven one like a man, and he came to the Ancient of Days, and was brought into his presence. And to him was given dominion and glory and a kingdom that all peoples, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom one that shall not be destroyed."

The books which constitute the Old Testament were slowly gathered by the Jews into a sacred canon which continued to be discussed until the Synod of Jamnia, held probably about 95 A.D. Meanwhile other works had been produced which, though often excellent in tone, were for various reasons not thought worthy by the Palestinian rabbis to be accepted as sacred scripture. The Alexandrian Jews, however, appear to have held a different opinion regarding some of these books, so that they included them in the Septuagint along with the canonical writings. It is to these additional works that the name Apocrypha strictly belongs; and in addition to the works constituting the Apocrypha proper there are several others, of no less importance and equally deserving of mention, as, for example, the Books of Enoch and the Sibyllines. We need make no distinction between the various classes, but may take them all together.

The first book of this sort in order of time is the work commonly called Ecclesiasticus, or the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach, better called the Proverbs of Ben-Sira, or simply Ben-Sira. It was composed about 190 B.C. in Hebrew, by Jesus (Joshua) ben-Sira; translated into Greek by his grandson in Alexandria in 132 B.C.; and afterwards rendered into Latin, Syriac, and Arabic. The book consists for the most part of apophthegms which resemble those in the canonical Book of Proverbs, and also contains several extended poems of no little beauty, among which may be cited those in chapters i and xxiv, and the roll of the great men of Israel, chapters xliv–l. Its sayings, which are marked by great worldly wisdom, bear the impress of a man who lived in a large city; and in common with the other Wisdom books, it shows the marks of Greek influence in its conception of wisdom and of morality. A Hebrew version of some ten chapters (xxxix, 15–xlix, 11), purporting to be Ben-Sira's own text, was discovered in 1896. It differs considerably from the Greek recension in the Septuagint, but its exact status is still matter of debate, some

scholars holding that it is the veritable Hebrew original, and others that it is a late and artificial composition based ultimately on a lost version in Aramaic.

Soon after Ben-Sira came the apocalyptic Book of Enoch, which now exists mainly in an Ethiopic translation. The apocalypse had developed into a favorite form of literature among the Jews, and continued to be popular for two hundred and fifty years. Amid depressing circumstances, it was pleasant to put into the mouth of some ancient seer a prediction of future success and glory for the nation. In this case it is the early patriarch Enoch who receives the revelation. The book is composite, having been added to from time to time. The first section, chapters i–xxxvi (perhaps the oldest part), describes the fate of evil angels, and the abodes of good and bad men after death. Next should come the section chapters lxxxiii–xc, in which we have the judgment of the world, ending with the victorious career of Judas Maccabæus (d. 160 B.C.). In addition, the section chapters xxxvii–lxxi (partly a distinct work) describes further the Messianic judgment of the world. Chapters lxxii–lxxxii contain a description of Enoch's journey through the heavens — a picture of the celestial physics of the time. And, finally, in the last section, chapters xci–civ, the problem of the fate of the righteous and the wicked is discussed in a new form. The book as it stands at present has little literary interest, but is valuable as giving a glimpse of the religious notions of the time, and a similar work, entitled 'The Secrets of Enoch,' though preserved only in a version in Old Church Slavic, may have been composed originally about the beginning of our era.

Nearly contemporary with Enoch is the earliest part of the Sibylline Oracles, a work written in Greek hexameters. The Jews, not to be behind other nations of the time, desired to have their own Sibyl, who should tell their national fortunes and make manifest their national greatness. The work, as we now have it, is a congeries of diverse productions, the composition of which (partly by Jews, partly by Christians) extends from the Maccabean period to the end of the first Christian century. Though it has no literary value, it formerly enjoyed extraordinary popularity, as the "teste David cum Sibylla" of the 'Dies Iræ' indicates. Its predictions traverse the periods from the creation of the world down to the times of the various authors.

Other apocalypses may be briefly mentioned. The Assumption (or Ascension) of Moses, written in the first quarter of the first century of our era, puts into the mouth of Moses a prediction of Jewish history which comes on down, through the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, to Herod the Great, and possibly even to a later date. The period after the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans was prolific in this species of writing. The Apocalypse of Baruch (the scribe of Jeremiah) sketches the course of events until the destruction of the Second Temple, and the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs (predictions uttered by the twelve sons of Jacob) come down to about the same time. To the end of the first century also belongs the Fourth Book of Esdras, remarkable for

its elaborate visions. Many of these works are based on Jewish originals, with Christian additions.

Jewish skill in story-telling is illustrated in the books of Tobit and Judith. The former of these is a charming sketch of family life in the second century B.C. The well-ordered households of Tobit and Raguel, the ingenuous youth and maiden, Tobias and Sara, the affable angel Rafael, his disingenuousness and his business capacity, are drawn to the life. The demon Asmodeus, and the exorcism by the heart and liver of the fish, show how far the Jews then practised magic arts; and the golden rule in its negative form (iv, 15) indicates the advance of their ethical ideas. The Book of Judith, though somewhat inflated in style, is dramatically powerful, and its dénouement has a heroic coloring. Both books furnished subjects to the older painters and sculptors, and are entitled to our gratitude for having given us Donatello's Judith and Botticelli's Tobias.

The historical literature is meager, and the only work here which can properly be termed "history" is the First Book of Maccabees, which, written probably in the earlier part of the first century B.C., narrates the story of the Maccabean uprising to the death of Simon, the successor of Judas, 175–135 B.C. The style is simple and effective, and the work is valuable as an authority for the times. Second Maccabees is largely a collection of legendary matter relating to the period 175–160 B.C. It contains (chapters vi and vii) two famous descriptions of the constancy of Jewish martyrs.

The Third and Fourth Books of Maccabees, which are not contained in the Greek Apocrypha, belong in the category of romance rather than of history. The Third Book deals with a great deliverance of the Jews from the purposed revenge of Ptolemy IV. The Fourth Book is a philosophical treatise on the supremacy of reason, the discourse being based on the story of Eleazar and the Seven Brothers, in Second Maccabees, referred to above, and is of interest as giving an example of Jewish attemps to deal with Jewish beliefs in the spirit of Stoicism.

The Wisdom of Solomon appears to have been composed in the first century B.C., and to have been written in Greek. For elevation of thought and beauty of style it deserves the first place among the Apocryphal books, and high rank in the literature of the world. It is the first Jewish work in which the belief in ethical immortality appears; and this belief is for the author a complete solution of the problem (hitherto unsolved) of the earthly sufferings of the righteous. A student of Greek philosophy, his conception of wisdom and of the Cosmos differs from earlier Jewish ideas in its distinctly Stoic form, and his Wisdom approaches nearly the Logos of Philo.

CRAWFORD H. TOY

JOSEPHUS

JOSEPHUS, the Jewish historian, born at Jerusalem in 37 A.D., belonged to a distinguished priestly family, and from an early age was himself trained for the priesthood. When he was only fourteen, his knowledge of the law was so minute and profound as to attract the attention of the high priests and chief rabbis of the city; but two years later, dissatisfied with such attainments, he began a pilgrimage to the various schools of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. Failing to quench his thirst for knowledge, he withdrew into the wilderness and sought the guidance of the hermit Banus, with whom he lived for three years, after which he returned to Jerusalem, openly espoused the cause of the Pharisees, and rose rapidly in their favor. In 63 A.D., being then twenty-six years of age, he went to Rome to secure the release of certain priests, who were near relatives of his and who had been imprisoned upon some trifling charges. The Jewish actor Alityrus introduced him to the Empress Poppæa, who obtained the release of the prisoners and loaded Josephus with rich presents for the journey home.

Soon after his return, in 66 A.D., the Jewish revolt against Roman rule began; and after the first decisive battle, Josephus joined the revolutionary party and became one of its leaders. He was intrusted with the chief command in Galilee, where the conflict had originated, and commenced at once to fortify certain towns and to organize and discipline his army. He has left us in his 'Wars of the Jews' a minute account of his leadership down to the time of his capture, a year later, upon the fall of the fortress of Jotapata. When carried before Vespasian, he prophesied, two years in advance of the event, that general's elevation to the throne. Vespasian now kept him near at hand; and when the Palestinian legions fulfilled Josephus' prophecy, the new Emperor granted his distinguished prisoner freedom. According to custom, Josephus now assumed the name Flavius, and proved his gratitude by remaining with the Roman army when Titus was intrusted with the command in Palestine. During the siege of Jerusalem, Josephus often endangered his life, at the command of Titus, in trying to persuade the Jews to surrender the city. When the end came, he was permitted to take whatever he wanted, and by his intercession many prisoners who were his personal friends obtained their freedom. He then went with Titus to Rome, where Vespasian assigned him a palatial residence, bestowing upon him the rights of Roman citizenship and granting him a yearly stipend. He was also presented with a large estate in Judæa; but he preferred to reside at Rome, pursuing his studies and prosecuting his literary work amid the unbroken favor of the successive Emperors. He died in 100 A.D., in the early days of Trajan's reign.

The literary labors of Josephus, which covered more than a quarter of a century, resulted in the production of the following works:

The 'Wars of the Jews.' This consists of seven books, composed originally in Aramaic, though soon rewritten in Greek, which obtained the hearty indorsement of both Vespasian and Titus. The first two books sketch quite fully the history of the Jews from the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, 175–164 B.C., to the first year of the war, 66 A.D.; and the remainder of the work is devoted to a detailed account of the war until the destruction of Jerusalem and the complete demolition of the Jewish State in 70 A.D. The later books are the account of an eye-witness and a participant in the events narrated, and are by far the best record we have of those eventful years.

The 'Antiquities of the Jews.' Upon the completion of the 'Wars,' near the close of Vespasian's reign, Josephus seems to have given himself to the task of narrating the history of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the outbreak of the war with the Romans. This occupied him for some twenty years, and resulted in the composition of the 'Antiquities of the Jews,' in twenty books. The first ten books extend to the Babylonian captivity, and the narrative runs parallel with the Biblical account; the eleventh book carries the history to Alexander the Great, who died in 323 B.C.; the twelfth to the death of Judas Maccabæus, in 161 B.C.; the thirteenth to the death of Alexandra, in 69 B.C.; the fourteenth to the enthronement of Herod the Great, in 37 B.C.; the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth are devoted to the reign of Herod, 37–4 B.C.; the remaining three books bring us to the outbreak of the Jewish war in 66 A.D. The chief aim of the author is so to present the history of the much despised Jewish people as to win for them the respect of the cultured Greeks and Romans of his own day. To this end he does not hesitate to modify or omit such portions of the Old Testament narrative as they might deem offensive; and he uses his extra-Biblical sources still more freely: quoting, epitomizing, elaborating, and often controverting their statements. For the period from 440 to 175 B.C. he is almost wholly dependent upon the Alexander legends and the pseudo-Aristeas; for 175 to 135 B.C. the First Book of Maccabees is the principal source, supplemented by Polybius and others; for 135 to 37 B.C. the chief authorities are Strabo and Nicolas of Damascus, with additions from oral tradition. For the history of Herod, 37–4 B.C., Nicolas of Damascus is the principal authority, with a possible use of the Commentaries of King Herod. This last period is described with great fullness and particularity; but the narrative thereafter is scanty till we reach the reign of Agrippa I, which is elaborated with oral traditions. For the remainder of the 'Antiquities' Josephus relied upon his personal recollections and living witnesses.

'Autobiography.' Instead of being a "life," this brief work is really a defense of the author's conduct of the Galilean campaign in 66–67 A.D. There are short biographical notices, which form an introduction and a conclusion

to the personal *apologia*. Justus of Tiberias had written an account of the Jewish war which represented Josephus as the author of the revolt in Galilee, and thus compromised his standing with the Romans. The so-called 'Autobiography' is a vituperative attack upon Justus and a very weak reply to his charges.

The 'Treatise against Apion' is the last of the extant works of Josephus, and it followed closely upon the publication of the preceding. The title as given is defective, and is certainly not the original one. The grammarian Apion is not the chief object of attack, but rather the violent and often absurd prejudices against the Jewish people and their religion. The historian makes an able and skilful defense, in which he seeks to prove the great antiquity of the Jews and their superiority over other nations, especially the Egyptians and Greeks. He maintains that the latter derived their best laws and highest wisdom from Moses and other inspired writers; and he then charges the Greeks with all manner of injustice, immorality, stupidity, and sacrilege. The Jewish religion is ably defended and expounded, and the personal beliefs of Josephus can be fairly well determined.

Josephus was a man of strong individuality, learned and gifted with keen observation; but he was vain, opinionated, self-seeking, and disingenuous. It is unfair to charge him with the betrayal of his nation, for he only prudently submitted to the inevitable; but it cannot be denied that he accomplished the transfer of his personal allegiance to the Romans with unbecoming equanimity, and with an eye single to his own immediate safety and future prospects. The 'Antiquities' were written to glorify the history and character of the Jewish people; the 'Wars' and 'Autobiography' to glorify and shield their author; and the 'Treatise against Apion' to glorify and defend the Jewish religion. For the period intervening between the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and for a knowledge of the New Testament times, the works of Josephus are indispensable.

EDWIN KNOX MITCHELL

ALEXANDER'S CONQUEST OF PALESTINE

From the 'Antiquities'

ABOUT this time (333 B.C.) it was that Darius heard how Alexander had passed over the Hellespont, and had beaten his lieutenants in the battle of Granicum, and was proceeding farther; whereupon he gathered together an army of horse and foot, and determined that he would meet the Macedonians before they should assault and conquer all Asia. So he passed over the river Euphrates, and came over Taurus, the Cilician moun-

tain; and at Isis of Cilicia he waited for the enemy, as ready there to give him battle. Upon which Sanballat was glad that Darius was come down; and told Manasseh that he would suddenly perform his promises to him, and this as soon as ever Darius should come back, after he had beaten his enemies; for not he only, but all those that were in Asia also, were persuaded that the Macedonians would not so much as come to a battle with the Persians, on account of their multitude. But the event proved otherwise than they expected, for the King joined battle with the Macedonians, and was beaten, and lost a great part of his army. His mother also, and his wife and children, were taken captives, and he fled into Persia. So Alexander came into Syria, and took Damascus; and when he had obtained Sidon, he besieged Tyre, when he sent an epistle to the Jewish high priest, "To send him some auxiliaries, and to supply his army with provisions; and that what presents he formerly sent to Darius he would now send to him, and choose the friendship of the Macedonians, and that he should never repent of so doing." But the high priest answered the messengers, that "he had given his oath to Darius not to bear arms against him"; and he said that "he would not transgress them while Darius was in the land of the living." Upon hearing this answer, Alexander was very angry; and though he determined not to leave Tyre, which was just ready to be taken, yet as soon as he had taken it he threatened that he would make an expedition against the Jewish high priest, and through him teach all men to whom they must keep their oaths. So when he had, with a great deal of pains during the siege, taken Tyre, and had settled his affairs, he came to the city of Gaza, and besieged both the city and him that was governor of the garrison, whose name was Babemeses. . . . Now Alexander, when he had taken Gaza, made haste to go up to Jerusalem; and Jaddaa the high priest, when he heard that, was in an agony and under terror, as not knowing how he should meet the Macedonians, since the King was displeased at his foregoing disobedience. He therefore ordained that the people should make supplications, and should join with him in offering sacrifices to God, whom he besought to protect that nation, and to deliver them from the perils that were coming upon them: whereupon God warned him in a dream, which came upon him after he had offered sacrifice, that "he should take courage, and adorn the city, and open the gates; that the rest should appear in white garments, but that he and the priests should meet the King in the habits proper to their order, without the dread of any ill consequences, which the providence of God would prevent." Upon which, when he rose from his sleep, he greatly rejoiced, and declared to all the warning he had received from God. According to which dream he acted entirely, and so waited for the coming of the King. . . . For Alexander, when he saw the multitude at a distance, in white garments, while the priests stood clothed with fine linen, and the high priest in purple and scarlet clothing, with his miter on his head, having the golden plate whereon the name of God was engraved, he approached by himself, and

adored that name, and first saluted the high priest. The Jews also did altogether, with one voice, salute Alexander and encompass him about; whereupon the kings of Syria and the rest were surprised at what Alexander had done, and supposed him disordered in his mind. However, Parmenio alone went up to him, and asked him "How it came to pass that when all others adored him, he should adore the high priest of the Jews!" To whom he replied: — "I do not adore him, but that God who hath honored him with his high-priesthood: for I saw this very person in a dream, in this very habit, when I was at Dios in Macedonia, who, when I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly to pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army, and would give me the dominion over the Persians; whence it is, that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, and remembering that vision, and the exhortation which I had in my dream, I believe that I bring this army under the Divine conduct, and shall therewith conquer Darius and destroy the power of the Persians, and that all things will succeed according to what is in my own mind." And when he said this to Parmenio, and had given the high priest his right hand, the priests ran along by him, and he came into the city: and when he went up into the temple he offered sacrifice to God, according to the high priest's directions; and magnificently treated both the high priest and the priests. And when the book of Daniel was showed him, wherein Daniel declared that one of the Greeks should destroy the empire of the Persians, he supposed that himself was the person intended; and as he was then glad, he dismissed the multitude for the present, but the next day called them to him, and bade them ask what favors they pleased of him; whereupon the high priest desired that they might enjoy the laws of their forefathers, and might pay no tribute on the seventh year. He granted all they desired. And when they entreated him that he would permit the Jews in Babylon and Media to enjoy their own laws also, he willingly promised to do hereafter what they desired.

THE GREEK VERSION OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES

From the 'Antiquities'

WHEN Alexander had reigned twelve years, and after him Ptolemy Soter forty years, Philadelphus then took the kingdom of Egypt, and held it forty years within one. He procured the law to be interpreted; and set free those that were come from Jerusalem into Egypt and were in slavery there, who were a hundred and twenty thousand. The occasion was this: Demetrius Phalereus, who was library keeper to the King, was now

endeavoring if it were possible to gather together all the books that were in the habitable earth, and buying whatsoever was anywhere valuable or agreeable to the King's inclination — who was very earnestly set upon collecting of books, to which inclination of his Demetrius was zealously subservient. And when once Ptolemy asked him how many thousand of books he had collected, he replied that he had already about twenty times ten thousand, but that in a little time he should have fifty times ten thousand. But he said he had been informed that there were many books of law among the Jews worthy of inquiring after, and worthy of the King's library, but which, being written in characters and in a dialect of their own, will cause no small pains in getting them translated into the Greek tongue; that the character in which they are written seems to be like to that which is the proper character of the Syrians, and that its sound, when pronounced, is like theirs also: and that this sound appears to be peculiar to themselves. Wherefore he said that nothing hindered why they might not get those books to be translated also; for while nothing is wanting that is necessary for that purpose, we may have their books also in this library. So the King thought that Demetrius was very zealous to procure him abundance of books, and that he suggested what was exceeding proper for him to do; and therefore he wrote to the Jewish high priest that he should act accordingly. "... As I am desirous to do what will be grateful to these, and to all the other Jews in the habitable earth, I have determined to procure an interpretation of your law, and to have it translated out of the Hebrew into Greek, and to be deposited in my library. Thou wilt therefore do well to choose out and send to me men of good character, who are now elders in age, and six in number out of every tribe; these, by their age, must be skilful in the laws, and of abilities to make an accurate interpretation of them. And when this shall be finished, I shall think that I have done a work glorious to myself."

When this epistle of the King's was brought to Eleazar, he wrote an answer to it with all the respect possible:

"Eleazar the high priest to King Ptolemy, sendeth greeting: If thou and thy queen Arsinoe, and thy children, be well, we are entirely satisfied. When we received thy epistle, we greatly rejoiced at thy intentions; and when the multitude were gathered together, we read it to them, and thereby made them sensible of the piety thou hast towards God. . . . We have also chosen six elders out of every tribe, whom we have sent, and the law with them. It will be thy part, out of thy piety and justice, to send back the law when it hath been translated, and to return those to us that bring it in safety. Farewell." . . .

Accordingly, when three days were over, Demetrius took them, and went over the causeway seven furlongs long; it was a bank in the sea to an island. And when they had gone over the bridge, he proceeded to the northern parts, and showed them where they should meet, which was in a house that was built near the shore, and was a quiet place, and fit for their discoursing together

about their work. When he had brought them thither, he entreated them (now they had all things about them which they wanted for the interpretation of their law) that they would suffer nothing to interrupt them in their work. . . . Now when the law was transcribed, and the labor of interpretation was over, which came to its conclusion in seventy-two days, Demetrius gathered all the Jews together to the place where the laws were translated, and where the interpreters were, and read them over. The multitude did also approve of those elders that were the interpreters of the law. They withal commended Demetrius for his proposal, as the inventor of what was greatly for their happiness; and they desired that he would give leave to their rulers also to read the law. Moreover, they all, both the priest, and the most revered of the elders, and the principal men of their commonwealth, made it their request that since the interpretation was happily finished, it might continue in the state it now was, and might not be altered. And when they all commended that determination of theirs, they enjoined that if any one observed either anything superfluous or anything omitted, that he would take a view of it again, and have it laid before them, and corrected; which was a wise action of theirs, that when the thing was judged to have been well done, it might continue forever.

Translations by William Whiston

AGRIPPA'S APPEAL TO THE JEWS

From the 'Jewish Wars'

THE populace, addressing the King and the chief priests, requested that ambassadors might be sent to Nero with an accusation against Florus; lest, on an occasion of so much bloodshed, they should leave themselves under suspicion of insurrection by their silence. . . . Agrippa, though he deemed it invidious to send up an accusation against Florus, yet thought it not his interest to overlook the strong bias for war manifested by the Jews. He accordingly convened the people in the Xystus; and having placed his sister Berenice in a conspicuous situation on the house of the Asamonæan family — which was above the Xystus, on the opposite side of the upper town, where a bridge connected the Temple with the Xystus — he spoke as follows:

"Had I seen that you all were bent on war with the Romans, and not that the more upright and unprejudiced portion of the community were desirous of preserving peace, I would neither have appeared before you, nor ventured to advise. For superfluous is every address bearing on measures proper to be pursued, when all who hear it are by common consent resolved on the less prudential course. But since youth, inexperienced in the evils of war, stimulates

some; some an inconsiderate hope of freedom; others avarice; and in the general confusion, a desire of private aggrandizement at the expense of the weak — I have thought it my duty to call you together, and lay before you what I conceive will most conduce to your welfare: that these several classes, being better instructed, may alter their views, and that the virtuous may sustain no damage from the pernicious counsels of a few. . . .

"Consider separately each of these [complaints], and how slight are the grounds for war! And first, as to the charges against your procurators. Duty enjoins us to conciliate, not to irritate, the authorities. But when of little offenses you make great complaints, you exasperate, to your own prejudice, the individuals thus defamed. . . . But as nothing so much averts correction as patient submission, so the quiet demeanor of the wronged serves as a restraint on their oppressors. But granting that the Roman officers are beyond endurance severe, still, all the Romans do not wrong you, nor does Cæsar; and yet it is against these you levy war. It is not by command that any one comes among you, from them, to be wicked; neither do they see from west to east; nor is it easy to obtain in that quarter early intelligence from hence.

"But it is absurd to wage war with many on account of one, and for trivial reasons, with so great a people; and that too when they know not what we complain of. And yet the evils with which we charge them may be speedily corrected, for the same procurator will not remain forever; and his successors, it is probable, will come in a spirit of greater moderation. War, however, once moved, it is neither easy to lay aside without calamity, nor yet to bear the burthen of it. But your present desire of freedom is unseasonable, seeing you should have struggled earlier not to lose it. For the experience of servitude is bitter, and the exertion to avert its first approaches is just; but he who, once subdued, afterwards revolts, is a refractory slave, not a lover of liberty. For then was the time for doing your utmost to prevent the Romans from gaining a footing, when Pompey made his first inroad upon your country. . . .

"You alone disdain servitude to those to whom the universe has submitted. On what troops, on what weapons, do you rely? Where is your fleet to occupy the Roman seas? where the treasures sufficing for the enterprise? Do you suppose that it is with the Egyptians and Arabians that war is to be waged? Will you not reflect on the empire of the Romans? Will you not measure your own weakness? Have not your forces been frequently defeated by nations on your borders? and yet, through the world their strength has stood unconquered; nay rather, they have stretched their views farther even than this. For the entire Euphrates has not sufficed them on the east; nor the Danube on the north; nor on the south Libya, penetrated even to uninhabited climes; nor Gadeira on the west. But beyond the ocean they have sought another world, and have carried their arms far as the Britons, unknown before to history. . . .

"Reflect, likewise, that even were you contending with no formidable foe, the uncompromising character of your worship would create a difficulty, since those very laws by which you mainly hope to secure the Divine assistance will, if you are compelled to transgress them, render God your enemy; since, should you observe the usages of the Sabbath, and put your hand to no work, you will fall an easy prey, as did your forefathers to Pompey, who pressed his operations with the greatest vigor on those days upon which the besieged rested. . . .

"Unless indeed it be supposed that you will wage war by compact; and that the Romans, when triumphant, will act toward you with moderation, and not, as an example to other nations, burn the Holy City to the ground, and root you out as a people from the earth. For those of you who may survive will not find a spot to flee to, since all have acknowledged the supremacy of the Romans, or fear that they soon must do so. The danger, however, threatens not us alone, but those also who reside in the other cities. For there is not a nation in the world where some of you are not to be found; all of whom, should you go to war, will be sacrificed in retaliation by your adversaries. . . .

"Look with pity, then, if not on your children and wives, yet on this your metropolis, and the sacred boundaries. Spare the Temple, and preserve for yourselves this sanctuary with its holy things." . . .

Having spoken thus, he wept, as did his sister; and their emotion restrained in a great degree the violence of the people, who cried out that they had not taken up arms against the Romans, but to avenge their sufferings on Florus.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

From the 'Jewish Wars'

WHILE the sanctuary [in Jerusalem] was in flames, everything that fell in their way became a prey to rapine, and prodigious was the slaughter of those found there. To no age was pity shown, to no rank respect; but children and old men, secular persons and priests, were overwhelmed in one common ruin. All ranks were inclosed in the embrace of war, and hunted down; as well those who sued for mercy, as those who made defense. . . .

Their destruction was caused by a false prophet, who had on that day proclaimed to those remaining in the city, that "God commanded them to go up to the Temple, there to receive the signs of their deliverance." . . . Thus it was that the impostors and pretended messengers of heaven at that time beguiled the wretched people, while the manifest portents that foreshadowed the approaching desolation they neither heeded nor credited; but as if confounded and bereft alike of eyes and mind, they disregarded the immediate

warnings of God. Thus it was when a star resembling a sword stood over the city, and a comet which continued for a year. Thus also it was when, prior to the revolt and the first movements of the war, at the time when the people were assembling for the feast of unleavened bread, on the eighth of the month Xanthicus, at the ninth hour of the night, so vivid a light shone round the altar and the sanctuary that it seemed to be bright day; and this lasted half an hour. By the inexperienced this was deemed favorable; but by the sacred scribes it was at once pronounced a prelude of that which afterwards happened. At the same festival also, a cow having been led by some one to the sacrifice, brought forth a lamb in the midst of the court of the Temple.

Moreover, the eastern gate of the inner court — which was of brass and extremely massive, and when closed towards evening could scarcely be moved by twenty men, and which was fastened with bars shod with iron, and secured by bolts sunk to a great depth in a threshold which consisted of one stone throughout — was observed, about the sixth hour of the night, to have opened of its own accord. The guards of the Temple ran and informed the captain, who having repaired to the spot could scarcely succeed in shutting it. This again to the unlearned seemed a most auspicious omen; for God, they thought, had unfolded to them the gate of blessings: but the learned considered that the security of the Temple was dissolving of its own accord, and the gate opened for the advantage of the enemy; and explained it among themselves as a sign of impending desolation.

Not many days after the festival, on the twenty-first of the month Artemisius, there appeared a phenomenon so marvelous as to exceed credibility. What I am about to relate would, I conceive, be deemed a mere fable, had it not been related by eye-witnesses, and attended by calamities commensurate with such portents. Before sunset, were seen around the whole country chariots poised in the air, and armed battalions speeding through the clouds and investing the cities. And at the feast which is called Pentecost, the priests having entered the inner court of the Temple by night, as was their custom, for discharge of their ministrations, their attention was drawn at first, they said, by a movement and a clanging noise, and after this by a voice as of a multitude, "We are departing hence."

But a story more fearful still remains. Four years prior to the war, while the city was enjoying the utmost peace and prosperity, there came to the feast in which it is the custom for all to erect tabernacles to God, one Jesus, son of Ananus, a rustic of humble parentage, who, standing in the temple, suddenly began to call aloud, "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds; a voice against Jerusalem and the sanctuary, a voice against bridegrooms and brides, a voice against all the people!" Day and night he traversed all the streets with this cry. Some citizens, incensed at so ominous a voice, apprehended the man, and severely scourged him. But without uttering a word in his own behalf, nor anything privately to those who beat him, he

continued his cry as before. At length the rulers — supposing, and justly so, that the man was under some supernatural impulse — conducted him to the presence of the Roman procurator, where, though lacerated with scourges to the very bone, he neither sued for mercy nor shed a tear; but modulating his voice to a tone the most mournful that was possible, repeated at every stroke, "Woe! woe! unto Jerusalem." Albinus the procurator, demanding who he was, and whence, and why he uttered these words, he made no manner of reply; desisting not from his lamentation over the city, until Albinus, concluding that he was a maniac, set him at liberty. Up to the breaking out of the war, he neither associated with any of the citizens, nor was he seen to speak to any one; but as if it were a prayer that he had been meditating upon, daily uttered his lament, "Woe! woe! unto Jerusalem." He neither cursed those that beat him from day to day, nor gave his blessing to such as supplied him with food: to all, the melancholy presage was his one reply. His voice was loudest at the festivals; and though for seven years and five months he continued his wail, neither did his voice become feeble nor did he grow weary, until during the siege, after beholding his presages verified, he ceased. For as he was going his round on the wall, crying with a piercing voice, "Woe! woe! once more, to the city, to the people, and to the Temple," when at the last he had added, "Woe! woe! to myself also," he was struck by a stone shot from the ballista and killed upon the spot, still uttering with his dying lips the same portentous words.

If we reflect on these events, we shall find that God exercises care over men, in every way foreshowing to their race the means of safety; but that they perish through their own folly and self-incurred evils. Thus the Jews, after the demolition of the Antonia, reduced their Temple to a square, though they had it recorded in their oracles that "the city and the sanctuary would be taken when the Temple should become square." But what chiefly incited them to the war was an ambiguous prophecy, likewise found in their sacred writings, that "about this period some one from their country should obtain the empire of the world." This they received as applying to themselves, and many eminent for wisdom were deceived in the interpretation of it. The oracle, however, in reality indicated the elevation of Vespasian — he having been proclaimed emperor in Judæa. But it is not possible for men to avoid their fate, even though they foresee it. Some of these portents they interpreted according to their pleasure, others they treated with contempt, until their folly was exposed by the conquest of their country and their own destruction.

Translations by Robert Traill

THE TALMUD

WHAT is the Talmud?

Let us enter a Jewish school of Babylonia some time after the year 325 A.D. We may betake ourselves to Pumbaditha, whose academy, now almost a century old, is presided over by Abaye; or to the young school at Mahoza, where we shall meet its founder, Raba. A third and still older seat of learning, the Academy of Sura, we shall find deserted; after half a century it will resume its former place as Pumbaditha's rival. The attendance at the schools is largest in March and August, the months preceding Passover and Tabernacles. The scholars follow their occupations as husbandmen and tradesmen during the rest of the year; they are not all young men — some leave their families behind them — but they all study for the sake of study, which is a duty incumbent upon every Israelite, and at Pumbaditha poor scholars are supported from a public fund, to which the communities throughout the land contribute. The chief subject in all these academies is the interpretation of the Mishna, the mass of laws and precepts deduced by the rabbis from the Pentateuch.

What, then, is this Mishna which we have so briefly defined? Some scholars claim that it was not committed to writing, at least in the form in which we now have it, until about two centuries after the time at which we have set out to study the Talmudic schools. Yet there is good ground for the traditional opinion that the codification of the Mishna was coincident with its redaction, probably at the end of the second century. For our present purposes we may, on the strength of this assumption, expect to find, on the master's desk at least — manuscripts are expensive — a voluminous book of the size of an ordinary pulpit Bible. As we turn its leaves, we learn that it is divided into six parts or orders: Seeds (law pertaining to agriculture: *e. g.*, the regulation which prescribes that the corner of the field must not be reaped but left to the poor; the prohibition against sowing mixed seeds; the rules concerning tithes and sacerdotal revenues, the seventh year, etc.); Holy Seasons (Sabbaths and festivals: the kinds of labor which must be abstained from on these days are minutely specified; the sacrificial and ritual ceremonies peculiar to each holiday); Women (laws pertaining to betrothal, marriage, and divorce; the Levirate, or marriage of the deceased brother's wife; prohibited marriages; the woman suspected of adultery; vows in general and the Nazirate in particular); Damages (civil and criminal laws; courts and proceedings of jurisdiction; in the treatise called "Fathers," the ethical sayings of the doctors of the Mishna are recorded); Sacred Things (laws on things sacred; *i. e.*, dedicated to the

temple: the slaughtering of animals for ordinary purposes; what is fit to be eaten — kasher — and what is not — terepha); and Matters of Purity (euphemistically for Levitical impurity, resulting, *e. g.*, from contact with a dead body, unclean animals, etc.). Each subject is considered, as a rule, in a special treatise: thus we have the treatises Sabbath, New Year, The Day (*i. e.*, the Day of Atonement), Marriage Contracts, Bills of Divorce, etc. Each treatise is divided into chapters, and each chapter into paragraphs. The statements of law or practice are usually unaccompanied by argumentation; neither is the source indicated. Divergent opinions are quite frequently recorded, and in such cases the scholars are mentioned by name.

The Mishna, then, is a code of laws embracing the civic and religious life of the Jew. From our survey of the subjects treated in it, we gather that, in the main, it is meant to reproduce in an expanded form the laws and provisions contained in the Law — *i. e.*, the Pentateuch. Mishna, indeed, means "Repetition"; it is an expansion of the original law whence it derives its authority. The prohibition against work on the Sabbath day is Biblical: the Pentateuch records (Numbers xv, 32–36) that a man was stoned to death in the wilderness for gathering wood on the day of rest, and the Mishna devotes over twenty chapters to a minute specification of what is prohibited labor and what is not. One chapter enumerates all articles of apparel which a woman may wear on the Sabbath. It is not sufficient to lay down the general rule that the prohibition against carrying burdens on the Sabbath does not apply to apparel or to jewelry for ornament; but a catalogue of articles of woman's toilet is given, showing that the rabbis had an eye for the trinkets of their wives and daughters. Costly jewelry must not be worn on the Sabbath: the women are in the habit of taking their expensive ornaments off to show them to their friends; while it is permitted to wear ornaments, they must not be handled. The Pentateuch commands (Deuteronomy xxii, 1–3) that the lost property of a neighbor, if found, be restored to him, or be kept until he claims it. According to the rabbis, however, certain things may be retained by the finder without making an effort to ascertain their owner: *e. g.*, when a thing has no mark or distinguishing feature by which it may be identified, it is assumed that the owner has no thought of regaining it, and willingly renounces his ownership; the article becomes public property, to be the possession of the first person that finds it. A list of articles is given which come under the category of unrecognizable things, but the principle itself is scarcely enunciated. Very often a case is gone through in all possible and impossible ramifications, and the love of detail, of definiteness, strongly manifests itself everywhere; but the cases are in most instances the invention of the schools, only a few coming from real life.

The Mishna contains much matter that to us seems tedious, yet it is not without its interesting parts, which deservedly claim the attention of even a modern reader. Occasionally, amidst the formalism, lies hidden a pithy remark betraying the spiritual and moral insight of the schoolmen. The treatise

"Fathers" — the object of which is to record in chronological order the doctors of the Mishna — is in its entirety an ethical composition, since to every name is incidentally attached an ethical maxim reported as coming from that scholar. These occasional glimpses of other than purely formalistic interests, these sayings on the most important spiritual concerns of man, on God and duty, may fitly find a place in the world's literature.

Take, for instance, the treatise Benedictions, with which the code commences. While we again notice the attention given to the minutiæ of etiquette and the ceremonial side of prayer — at what time and up to what time certain prayers may be recited, what should be the posture of the body, which benediction must precede another, and what is to be done when an error is made in the recital — we find there the warning: "He who maketh his prayer a matter of duty to be performed at set times, his prayer is not pure devotion." "One must bless God for the evil as well as for the good." Elsewhere we are told that he who serves God out of fear is inferior to him who is pious out of love. "Be not as slaves who minister to their master with a view to recompense; but be as slaves who serve their master without the expectation of reward." "Better is an hour of repentance and good works in this world than all the life of the world to come." On the other hand: "Better is one hour of spiritual bliss in the world to come than all the life of this world." "This world is like a vestibule before the world which is to come: prepare thyself at the vestibule, that thou mayest be admitted into the hall." "Be bold as a leopard, and swift as an eagle, and fleet as a hart, and strong as a lion to do the will of thy Father which is in heaven." "Consider three things and thou wilt not fall into the hands of transgression: know what is above thee — a seeing eye, and a hearing ear, and all thy deeds written in a book." The rabbis exhort to love work. "Idleness leads to insanity." Study is an obligation for everybody. It is a matter of private effort; it is not an heirloom which may be bequeathed by father to son. "Say not, When I have leisure I will study: perchance thou mayest not have leisure." "He who learns as a lad is like to ink written on fresh paper; and he who learns when old is like to ink written on used paper." "He who learns from the young is like one that eats unripe grapes, and drinks wine fresh from the vat; but he who learns from the old is like one who eats ripened grapes, and drinks old wine." "Excellent is study together with worldly business, for the practice of them both puts away sinful thoughts; all study without work must fail at length and lead to sin." "This is the path of study: A morsel with salt shalt thou eat, thou shalt drink water by measure, and thou shalt sleep upon the ground, and live a life of painfulness, and in the Law shalt thou labor." "Seek not greatness for thyself, and desire not honor. Practise more than thou learnest: not learning but doing is the groundwork. Yearn not for the table of kings; for thy table is greater than their table, and thy crown greater than their crown, and faithful is thy taskmaster who will pay thee the wage of thy work." So is the young scholar addressed. "Thy own

deeds shall bring thee nigh or put thee afar." "In the place where there are no men, endeavor to be a man." "Yet lean not to thine own understanding." "He is mighty who subdues his passion." "There are three crowns — the crown of scholarship, and the crown of priesthood, and the crown of royalty; but the crown of a good name surpasses them all." "He is rich who is contented with his lot." "Judge not thy friend until thou comest into his place." "Let the honor of thy fellow-man be as dear to thee as thine own." "Despise no man, and carp at no thing; for thou wilt find that there is not a man that hath not his hour, and not a thing that hath not its place." "Do not conciliate thy friend in the hour of his passion, nor console him in the hour when his dead is laid out before him; and strive not to see him in the hour of his disgrace." "Let thy house be opened wide, and let the needy by thy household." "Receive every man with a cheerful countenance." "Pray for the welfare of the State, since but for fear thereof we had swallowed each his neighbor alive." There is something to be learned from this law-book after all!

Talmud, or the exposition and interpretation of the Mishna, constitutes the main activity of the Jewish schools of Babylonia, whether at Sura or Pumbaditha, whether at Mahoza or Nehardea. Talmud is a term that signified first a method, before it became the name of a book. The Mishna, as we have seen, contains little discussion or argumentation: it is, in the majority of cases, content to state a point of law in the form of a simple declaration, without in the least indicating the process by which the law was evolved. The Talmudic method is principally concerned with retracing the law, as stated in the Mishna, to its source, which, it is assumed, sometimes wrongly, must be found in Scripture. There is not a sentence in the Mishna which escapes the notice of the expounder: the reason of every remark must be established. "Wherefrom? whence all this?" is a constant query. If the origin is found to lie in Scripture, the exegesis of the Bible word is quite often forced and unnatural, for the rabbis always are so glad to find problems that frequently complications are artificially created where there are none in reality. When a law is deduced from a principle stated in the Mishna, that principle is elaborated with exactness and finesse. Again, laws of various kinds and on different subjects are subsumed under new aspects, new principles, and the work of abstract systematization begins: another opportunity for mental labor. The Talmudic scholar never confines himself to the law under consideration, but compares it with others, and finds similarities and dissimilarities, repetitions and contradictions, although a clever scholar will discover some discriminating point by which the seeming repetition will be removed. The text of the Mishna often presents difficulties, for not only is the language concise, at times enigmatic, but the Mishna itself is the work of many hands; and though, generally speaking, its parts are welded very adroitly, they are occasionally blended in a manner which creates incongruities or ambiguities which Talmudic method must remove. On the other hand, the Mishna must be adapted to new conditions and situations, so that new

laws are formulated which, as a rule, are deduced from a principle discovered behind the concrete decisions recorded in the text. As the work of the Talmudic schools goes on, it becomes more complicated. The discussions of one generation are handed down to the next, and become the basis of all subsequent operations; conflicting opinions become more frequent; one scholar is found to be at variance with another; sometimes it is discovered that contradictory opinions are ascribed to one and the same scholar; and, as far as possible, the rabbis try to reconcile all discrepancies. These are in outline the characteristics of scholastic activity as it clustered around the Mishna.

There are two Talmuds, the Palestinian and the Babylonian, the former being the earlier in date, while the latter, which completely supplanted its older rival, was not finally edited in its present form until, probably, the fifth century of our era. Even though the Palestinian Talmud, long forgotten, was subsequently recovered from oblivion, it had no direct influence on Jewish life in the Middle Ages, and accordingly, when we speak of the Talmud, we usually mean the Talmud of Babylonia, the Talmud *par excellence*. Thus the influence of Babylonia was felt long after it had become extinct in the land of its origin. The work of the schools continued with the written Babylonian Talmud for their foundation, as is the case today in eastern Europe; its words were final in all matters of law, and are still authoritative for orthodox Jews. Even for the unorthodox, and without regard to practical application, the dialectic exercise and mental training which the Talmud gives in quick questioning and rapid answering are full of fascination; and in modern times it has been increasingly studied by Christian scholars, who have gained from it a deeper knowledge of all aspects of the life and thought of Judaism after the days when the Bible was written.

The reason for the existence of two Talmuds, and for the supersession of the Palestinian by the Babylonian, lies in the events of history. The Jewish community of Babylonia, in the southern part of Mesopotamia, had its origin in the Babylonian Exile (586 B.C.). In 537 and 458 only the small number who really loved the ancient soil returned to Palestine. We hear nothing further of Babylonian Jewry until some time before the destruction of the Second Temple (70 A.D.), though the famous scholar Hillel, who flourished in the last decades of the first century B.C., was a Babylonian by birth. When the Temple was destroyed, the center of Jewish life still remained in Palestine. The descendants of Hillel became the religious heads of the Jews throughout the Roman Empire; schools were established in various Palestinian towns; there was little formality about the organization of a school; pupils flocked to this or that famous sage, and the location depended solely on where the teacher lived. Most of the Jewish settlements were in Galilee, the home of the schools that produced the Mishna and that elaborated the Talmud of Palestine. There taught Jehuda the Holy, whose activity in the last quarter of the second century of our era gathered students about him from near and far, and whose

Babylonian disciple, Abba, carried his master's methods back to his native country, thus becoming the chief founder of Jewish learning in Babylonia. The schools of Palestine still continued to exist, and the scholars of both countries were in constant communication with one another; but Babylonia soon became much more important, and when the centers of learning in the mother land abruptly closed with the advance of the Christian Church during the fourth century, the academies of Babylonia and their heads came to be regarded as the representatives of Jewish wisdom, wielding great influence until they in turn succumbed to the progress of Islam, which, again, was the agency which transplanted Jewish science into Spain and the other countries of Europe.

The literature that developed around the Talmud may fairly be termed a library in itself, and upon it are based the codes of Maimonides (twelfth century) and of Karo (sixteenth century). It was excerpted and commented upon, the best of its many commentaries being written by a French Jew, Solomon ben Isaac of Troyes (commonly called Rashi), who died in 1105. His disciples, who were at the same time members of his family, continued his work in the form of Tosafoth ("Supplements"); and the usual editions of the Talmud have the text in the center of the page, with Rashi's commentary on the inner side and the Tosafoth on the outer. There is enough in the Talmud to justify its claim to the attention of the student of general literature. It is by no means a mere literary curiosity to be picked up at some antiquary's, marveled at, and then laid down and consigned to the dust of oblivion, for the students of the Babylonian schools often give expression to weighty maxims bearing witness to deep spiritual insight. The casuistry engages all their attention, but it is not the whole of their mental store that is exhibited in their dry discussions. They delve deeply into the mysteries of the Law, yet the rich treasures of spiritual life are equally known to them. They discourse on competent judges and witnesses, on what may be eaten and what may not, on what is permitted on certain occasions and what is not; but they are equally experts on the inward concerns of man, and speak wise words on lofty subjects. Listen to some of their *obiter dicta:* — "Be in attendance upon the wise; for even the ordinary conversation of a scholar is well worth study." "He who supports himself by his own labor is greater than he who fears heaven; for by thine own name they will call thee, and in thine own place they will seat thee, and give thee of what is thine own: but he who looks forward to the table of his fellow — the world, as it were, lies dark before him, and his life is no life." "He who forces opportunity, opportunity forces him back; but it comes to him who is patient." "Greatness escapes him who runs after it, but seeks him who shuns it." "It is not the position that honors the man: the man honors the position." "Better is one feeling of contrition than many stripes." "A man's prayer is not accepted unless he have made his heart as soft as flesh; for it is written: 'And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to an-

other, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all *flesh* come to worship before me' (Isaiah lxvi, 23)." "He is rich who has a wife of beautiful conduct." "He who loves his wife as himself, and honors her more than himself, of him Scripture says: 'And thou wilt know that thy tent will be in peace' (Job v, 24)." "He whose first wife dies — the temple, as it were, was destroyed in his days; the world is darkened to him. Everything may be replaced save the wife of one's youth. The husband dies to none except his wife, and the wife to none except her husband." "The teacher's work is the work of the Lord: 'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully' (Jeremiah xlviii, 10)." "By a single right judgment the judge becomes a participator in God's creation; as, on the other hand, all punishments inflicted upon the world come because of the unscrupulousness of judges." "Justice must make straight her path, even though mountains be in the way." "'Ye shall not make with me gods of silver and gods of gold' (Exodus xx, 23). But gods of wood? Hence the passage is interpreted as referring to a judge who has secured his office through the use of silver and gold." "You may violate one Sabbath to preserve the life of a child one day old: violate one Sabbath so that he may observe many Sabbaths." "The highwayman simply restores stolen property, but the thief is punished with a fine; because the former slights both man and God, while the latter fears the eye of man, but is unconcerned about the eye of God." "He who robs his neighbor of the smallest amount takes, as it were, his life." "He who sets his eye upon that which is not his is denied what he seeks and is deprived of what he possesses." "He who slanders his neighbor denies the existence of God; for it is written (Psalms xii, 4): 'Who have said, with our tongue will we prevail; our lips are with us, who is lord over us?' Of him the Holy One, blessed be He, says, We cannot exist together in the world." "They say of the man of the tongue that he speaks here and kills in Rome, speaks in Rome and kills in Syria." "The liar is not believed even when he tells the truth." "Falsehood is popular, truth unpopular; falsehood is frequent, truth scarce: but truth prevails, while falsehood does not." "Ten hard things have been created in the world: the rocks of mountains are broken by iron; iron is melted by fire; fire is extinguished by water; waters are borne by clouds; clouds are scattered by the wind; a fierce wind is resisted by the body; a strong body is broken by fear; fear is dispelled by wine; wine yields to sleep: but the hardest of all is death; and alms-giving delivereth from death." "Who is under the obligation of alms-giving? Even he who himself receives charity." "Charity is the salt of wealth." "If you are not able to give yourself, encourage others." "You are not obliged to make a poor man rich; but you must supply all his wants." "Charity for the sake of pride is a sin." "The giver should not know to whom he giveth; and the receiver should not know from whom he has received." "He who finds anything blameworthy in his fellow-man must reprove him; on the other hand, he who unjustly suspects his neighbor must ask his pardon. One in whose power it is to reprimand the

members of his household, but fails to do so, is held responsible for them; the greater a man's influence, the greater his responsibility. He who leads his fellow-man to goodness is, as it were, his creator." "Respect the customs of the place whither thou comest; for Moses ascended to heaven and ate no bread, while the angels descended to earth and partook of food." "If a man give to his fellow all the gifts of the world grudgingly, it is accounted to him as if he had given nothing; but he who receiveth his neighbor with a cheerful disposition, even though he give nothing, it is accounted to him as if he had given him all the gifts of the world." "What is hatred of mankind? A man ought not to say, I will love the master but hate the student, or love the student but hate the common man; but a man ought to say, I will love them all."

Interesting are the ethical testaments, or counsels given by a dying teacher to his pupil: — "Do not enter your house suddenly, much less the house of your neighbor. Take heed thereunto that you honor your mother. More than a stranger can harm you, you can harm yourself. Bargain not for goods when you have no means to buy." And to the daughters: "Be modest in the presence of your husbands. When a person knocks at the door, do not ask, Who (masculine) is there? but, Who (feminine) is there?" Of the same nature are the ethical prayers: — "May my lot be among those who dwell in the house of study, and not among those who support it; among those who collect charity, and not among those who distribute it; among those who are unjustly suspected of wrong-doing." Sometimes the scholars give a review of their moral character, often when asked by their disciples to state the cause of their long life: — "I have never acted against the will of my colleagues." "I have never said anything which I afterwards retracted." "I have never spoken profane speech." "I never rejoiced in the misfortune of my fellow-man." "I never accepted a gift, nor insisted on my rights."

Here are some of their thoughts on theological matters. "He who is instructed in the Law, but lacks fear of Heaven, is to be likened to him who has the key to the inner door, but not that of the outer; how can he enter?" "To love God is to act so that the name of God is loved through us." "If one chooses to sin, no obstruction is put in his path." "The evil thought is at first like a thread of spider-web, but finally it becomes like a cart-rope." "The evil thought settles at first in our heart like a traveler that came from afar, but then it becomes a permanent lodger. It overwhelms its host every moment and seeks to kill him. It seduces man in this world and testifies against him in the world to come." "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it, etc. (Ecclesiastes ix, 14–15). 'A little city,' that is the body; 'and there came a great king against it,' that is the evil thought; 'and built great bulwarks against it,' *i. e.*, the sins: 'now there was found in it a poor wise man,' that is the good thought: 'and he by his wisdom delivered the city,' *i. e.*, by repentance and good works; 'yet no man remembered that same poor man,' for when

the evil thought obtains the upper hand, the counsels of conscience are forgotten." "The evil thought is the strange god in the heart of man." "In the future world God will slaughter the evil thought in the presence of the righteous and the wicked; to the righteous it will appear like a high mountain, while to the wicked it will seem a tiny hair. Both will weep. The righteous will say, How could we pass this great mountain? The wicked will say, How is it that we were not able to surmount this tiny hair?" "In the world to come there will be neither eating nor drinking, nor wooing, no business, envy, hatred, or quarrel; but the righteous, with crowns on their heads, will enjoy the splendor of the Godhead."

While the Talmud is devoted, in the main, to deduction and discussion of the legal Halakha ["Traditional Law"], it also contains many Haggadoth ["Tales"], or legends and anecdotes to illustrate and to emphasize the teaching of the law. These are of many types, and are of much interest from many points of view.

There are, indeed, two sides to the Talmud: one rigidly formalistic, legalistic, intellectual; the other ethical, spiritual, emotional. Considered from the intellectual aspect, Talmudic thought is mature, analytic, critical, and penetrating, capable of coping with the most abstruse and complicated problems of the human mind. Talmudic scholasticism was an excellent preparation for the philosophical and scientific erudition for which the Jews of the Middle Ages were famous; and to this very day future mathematicians, philologists, historians, critics, and statesmen are trained in the Talmud schools.

If, on the other hand, the spiritual test is applied to the Talmud, the result is equally satisfactory. It has, furthermore, been the creator of institutions among the Jews. The elementary schoolhouse and the higher academy; the various organizations for mutual help, common study, or spiritual encouragement; the societies for dispensing charity, clothing the naked, befriending the homeless, visiting the sick, burying the dead, and many other purposes, are all due to the influence of the Talmud. Of its invisible effect upon the individual Jew and on his dealings with his fellow-men, his home life, etc., we possess unmistakable evidence in the great teachers trained in Talmudic lore, who all their days obeyed the Talmud in letter and in spirit, whether in matters of ritual or in their moral and religious life, and who were noted for their sincere piety and saintliness. We have, moreover, an equal evidence in the Jew of today, the Talmud Jew, who always possesses a certain degree of refinement and spiritual wealth, whatever his shortcomings and however lowly his lot; while in visible and tangible institutions even the outsider may recognize the points of contact between Talmudic doctrine and practical reality. Such is the place which the Talmud still largely occupies in Jewish life.

MAX MARGOLIS

FROM THE MISHNA

RITUALISTIC POURING OUT OF WATER AT THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

THE pouring out of the water took place thus. With water from the pool of Shiloah they filled a golden bottle containing three logs [about a quart]. When they reached the water-gate, they sounded a plain note, a tremolo, and a plain note. The bearer of the bottle ascended the inclined plane leading to the altar, and turned to the left, where were two silver basins. Rabbi Jehudah [about 135–220 A.D.] says they were of stucco, but their appearance was dark because of the wine. They were perforated like two slender snouts; one tube was somewhat wider, and the other narrower, in order that both might be emptied simultaneously. The basin on the west was used for the water, that on the east for the wine; but if the water was poured into the basin for wine, or the wine into that for water, the requirements of the law were met. Rabbi Jehudah says: "One log sufficed for the libations of the eight days." And to him who offered the libation of water they said, "Raise thy hand"; for on one occasion a man poured the libation over his feet, and all the people pelted him with their citrons.

As was done on a week-day, so likewise was done on the Sabbath; except that on the eve of the Sabbath they filled the golden bottle, which had not been consecrated, from the pool of Shiloah, and placed it in the Temple treasury. If it were upset or uncovered, they refilled it from the laver [*cf.* Exodus xxx, 18–19]; for wine and water which have been uncovered cannot lawfully be brought to the altar.

For the musical performance there were sometimes five, sometimes six days; this is the performance celebrated during the time of the water-drawing, which does not supersede either the Sabbath or the festival. It is said: "He who has not witnessed the rejoicing at this ceremony has never seen rejoicing."

On the evening of the first day of the festival they descended to the women's court [of the Temple], where they had introduced a great improvement. There were three golden candlesticks, and on the top of each of them four golden basins; and four ladders were placed near each; and four novices mounted the ladders, having in their hands jugs of oil each containing one hundred and twenty logs of oil [about eleven gallons], with which they replenished each basin.

They stripped the worn-out undergarments and girdles of the priests, and used them for wicks. There was not a court in Jerusalem which was not made bright by the light of the water-drawing.

With lighted torches in their hands, pious men and saints danced before the people, singing hymns and praises before them; and the Levites, with harps,

lyres, cymbals, trumpets, and all kinds of instruments without number, stood on the fifteen steps which led from the court of the Israelites to the court of the women, corresponding to the fifteen Songs of Degrees in the Psalms; on these did the Levites stand with their instruments of music and song. And two priests stood at the upper gate, which leads down from the court of the Israelites to the court of the women, with two trumpets in their hands. When the crier cried out, they sounded a plain note, a tremolo, and a plain note. When they reached the tenth step, they did the same; and again when they reached the court of the women. They went on, blowing as they went, till they reached the gate that goes out to the east. When they reached this they turned their faces to the west, and said: "Our fathers, who were in this place, turned their backs to the Temple and their faces to the east, and they prostrated themselves to the sun toward the east [cf. Ezekiel viii, 16]; but we lift our eyes to God." Rabbi Jehudah says: "They used to repeat: 'We belong to God, and lift our eyes to God.'"

THE DEATH OF RABBI 'AKIBA

Our Rabbis have taught: Once the wicked government [*i. e.*, the Roman Empire] decreed that Israel should no longer occupy themselves with Torah [the Pentateuch]. Then came Pappos ben Judah and found Rabbi 'Akiba attracting great assemblies and studying Torah. He said to him, "'Akiba, art thou not afraid of the wicked government?" He replied: "I shall tell thee a parable: To what is the matter like? To a fox who was walking along the bank of the stream and saw some fishes gathering together from one place to another. He said to them, 'From what are you fleeing?' They answered, 'From nets which men are bringing against us.' He said to them, 'Let it be your pleasure to come up on the dry land, and let us, me and you, dwell together even as my fathers dwelt with your fathers.' They replied, 'Art thou he of whom they tell that thou art the shrewdest of animals? Thou art not clever, but a fool! For if we are afraid in the place which is our life-element, how much more so in a place which is our death-element!' So also is it with us. If now, while we sit and study Torah, in which it is written, 'For that is thy life, and the length of thy days' [Deuteronomy xxx, 20], we are in such plight, how much more so if we go and neglect it!"

It is related that but a few days passed when they arrested Rabbi 'Akiba and bound him in prison, and they arrested Pappos ben Judah and bound him by his side. 'Akiba said to him, "Pappos, who brought thee here?" He replied, "Happy art thou, Rabbi 'Akiba, inasmuch as thou hast been arrested on account of the Torah! But woe to me, Pappos, who have been arrested on trivial grounds!"

When they brought Rabbi ʿAkiba out to execution, it was the time for reading the *Shemaʿ*;[1] and though they were combing his flesh with iron combs, he kept taking upon himself the yoke of the Kingdom of Heaven. His disciples said to him, "Our master, thus far!" He answered them: "Throughout my life I have been troubled about this verse, 'And thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . .] and with all thy soul,' which means, 'Even if He take thy life.' For, said I, 'When will it be in my power to fulfil it?' But now that the opportunity is mine, shall I not fulfil it?" He prolonged the word "one" until his soul left [his body] with the word "one" [on his lips]. A *Bat Kol* [voice from heaven] issued forth and proclaimed: "Happy art thou, Rabbi ʿAkiba, that thy soul went out with the word 'one'!" The ministering angels spake before the Holy One, blessed be He, "Such Torah, and such a reward? 'From men, by Thy hand, O Lord, from men,' etc. (Psalms xvii, 14)." He replied to them, "Their portion is in this life" (*ibid.*). A *Bat Kol* issued forth and proclaimed, "Happy art thou, Rabbi ʿAkiba, for thou art destined for the life of the world to come!"

THREE HAGGADOTH

THE CREATION OF WOMAN

WHEN God, creating woman, wished to take some part of man's body, He said: "I will not take the head, that she may not be proud; nor the eye, that she may not be curious; nor the ear, that she may not be an eavesdropper; nor the mouth, that she may not be talkative; nor the heart, that she may not be envious; nor the hand, that she may not finger everything; nor the leg, that she may not be a gadabout; but I shall make her out of some discreet part of man, a part that is not seen, even when he is naked." (And for this reason woman was created from the rib of the man.) And as He fashioned every part of her, He said: "Let her not be proud, nor curious, nor an eavesdropper, nor talkative, nor envious, nor fingering things, nor a gadabout." But see how you women have undone all His care! For He did not make her out of the head, and she is proud; nor out of the eye, and she is curious; nor out of the ear, and she is an eavesdropper; nor out of the mouth, and she is talkative; nor out of the heart, and she is envious; nor out of the hand, and she is always fingering things; nor out of the leg, and she is a gadabout.

[1] "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord" (Deuteronomy vi, 4), the cornerstone of Judaism, and thus a passage of peculiar sanctity.

ABRAHAM AND THE IDOLS

Terah, the father of Abram [Abraham], was a maker and seller of idols. One day he went out, leaving his son in charge. And when a man came to buy an idol, Abram asked him, "How old are you?" And the other replied, "Fifty years, sixty years. . . ." "Alas," said Abram, "You who are sixty years old will bow down before a thing that is but one day old!" And the man was ashamed and left without buying an idol.

One day a woman came, carrying a plateful of rye. She said to Abram, "Take this, and go before one of the idols, and offer this sacrifice." Abram rose and took a stick and broke the idols; then put the stick in the hand of the largest idol. When his father returned, he asked, "Who has done this?" And Abram replied: "There came a woman with a plateful of rye, and she approached me and said, 'Take this, and go before one of the idols, and offer sacrifice.' And I did so, and one of the idols said, 'I want to eat first,' and another said, 'I want to eat first.' And the biggest of them took this stick and broke the others." And Terah said, "You are mocking me!" and he brought him before Nimrod.

Nimrod said to Abram, "We bow in worship to the fire." Abram replied, "And we to water, which extinguishes fire." Nimrod said, "So be it, let us bow to water." And Abram replied, "Then let us bow to the cloud, which brings the water." "So be it," said Nimrod, "let us bow to the cloud." "Then," said Abram, "let us bow to the wind, which disperses the cloud." "To the wind, then," said Nimrod. "Then," said Abram, "let us bow to the son of man, who resists the wind." "Since you make merry with words," said the king, "see, I bow to fire, and you shall be thrown therein; and let the God to whom you bow come and save you." And Haran was there, too, and his heart was divided between Abram and Nimrod. And he said: "If Abram gets the better of it, I will say that I am with Abram; and if Nimrod gets the better of it, I will say that I am with Nimrod." Abram came forth alive from the furnace, and they asked Haran, "With whom are you?" And he said, "With Abram." They threw him into the fire; but his entrails were burned, and when he came out, he died in front of his father, Terah.

THE STORY OF ABBA HILKIAH

Abba Hilkiah was the name of the grandson of Onias. Whenever rain was scarce, he was asked to pray for it; and his prayer met with response. Once two scholars were sent to him to ask of him a similar favor. They went to his home, and were directed to the field where he was digging. They greeted him, but he would not recognize them. In the evening, on his way home, he put some wood on one of his shoulders and his coat on the other. When he passed through water, he put on his shoes. When he came

among thorns, he lifted his clothes. As he entered the village, his wife met him in her best attire. When they came to the house, his wife entered first and he followed her. He sat down to his evening meal, but did not invite the two scholars. As he dealt out the bread, he gave his younger boy two pieces, but one to the older boy. Then he said to his wife, " I know what these scholars want of me. Let us go up to the roof and pray that perchance God will have mercy and send rain." He stood in one corner and she in another. The clouds were soon seen to come from the side on which the wife stood. Then he descended. " What do you wish? " said he to the scholars. " We were sent to ask you to pray for rain," answered they. " Blessed be God," he replied, " who made you independent of me." " We know well," said they, " that the rain came through you. But would you kindly explain to us some of the strange things we have witnessed? Why did you not return our greeting? " " I was hired by the day, and did not deem it right to be idle for a moment." — " Why did you put wood on one shoulder, and your coat on the other? " " Because my coat was not my own; I borrowed it for one purpose, and could not use it for another." — " Why did you put on your shoes when passing through water? " " Because I can see what is on the road, but not what is in the water." — " Why did you lift up your clothes when you came among thorns? " " Because the flesh may heal, but the clothes when torn cannot be made whole." — " Why did your wife meet you in her best attire? " " That I might not cast my glance on another woman." — " Why did you let us enter last? " " Because you were strangers, and I would not trust you." — " Why did you not invite us to partake of your food? " " Because the food was scanty." — " Why did you give the older boy one piece and the younger one two pieces? " " Because the former stays at home, while the latter goes to school." — " Why did the cloud appear from the side where your wife stood? " " Because a woman is always at home and has more opportunity to give charity."

MEDIEVAL HEBREW LITERATURE

THE men who gave the final touches to the literature of the Talmud closed a remarkable period in the history of Hebrew literature. They were known as the Sabora'im ["revisers" or "critics"], and while they added nothing essentially new to the Talmud, they edited and revised its text, transmitting their heritage to the Ge'onim ["excellencies"], who received it as the subject of study and instruction. The activities of these Ge'onim lasted from the latter part of the sixth century to the first half of the eleventh; and during this period they were the recognized authorities of Judaism. Though considerable portions of their writings have vanished, the discoveries in the Cairo Genizah have restored some of their literary products; and they had much to do with the adaptation of the Talmud to the changing social conditions of the Jewry of their time, while by their improved educational methods they deeply influenced the development of Hebrew life and letters.

The centuries between the final redaction of the Talmud and the beginning of Jewish culture in the West form one of the most obscure epochs in the history of Hebrew literature. It was an age of decline; but though the Ga'onic age did not bring forth a single monumental work in Hebrew literature, it produced within Jewry such powerful religious movements as Karaism and mysticism, both of which left a definite impress upon Hebrew letters. It was this period that witnessed the first serious attempt to harmonize Hellenism with Talmudic Judaism. During these four centuries and a half, the text of the Talmud was fixed; the Targumic and Midrashic works received their final redaction; and a beginning was made in the scientific study of the Hebrew language and in Jewish philosophy, as well as in various other branches of literature and science, which attained full development in a later period. Though poetry and philology, Targum and Midrash, mysticism and philosophy were all represented in the time of the Ge'onim, their output *par excellence* was Halakic in character and purport. In their writings they limited their activities almost exclusively to the exposition and codification of the Talmud, and their actual literary production began only when they became the leaders of the Dispersion, so that they were consulted by Jewish communities for decisions on practical questions and for explanations of difficult Biblical and Talmudic passages. They left a legacy of replies to these inquiries which constitutes the most important branch of their literary endeavors and which deal with life in all its aspects, enabling one to penetrate into the study of the scholar as well as into the home of the every-day man.

The oldest work of the Ga'onic time is the 'Questions' ['She'eltot'] of

Rabbi Akha[1] of Shabkha, of whom nothing is known except that he left Babylonia in the middle of the eighth century and settled in Palestine. With this work he endeavored to introduce the Babylonian Talmud to the Palestinians by extracting *verbatim* considerable portions of the Talmud, especially practical material dealing with the Biblical laws, these excerpts being arranged according to the weekly lessons from the Pentateuch. In 870 the Ga'on Amram prepared a Prayer Book which has become a great source of liturgical information; and about this same time Zemakh ben Paltoi compiled a lexicon of the Talmud.

One of the most prominent authors of the Ga'onic period was Sherira Ga'on, whose fame as a learned and critical sage is based primarily upon a famous 'Letter' which he addressed in 980 to the scholars of Kairwan, giving a very valuable history of Jewish tradition. Another important work was the 'Halakot Gedolot' ['Great Traditions'], a compilation of laws attributed to various authors, though actually the work of Rabbi Yehudai Ga'on in the middle of the eighth century, and recast by Rabbi Simeon Kayyara in the first half of the ninth century. It was the most important Halakic compendium of the Ga'onic period and was intended to be a guide for the student seeking Talmudic learning and to make it possible to decide cases according to law without traversing the entire "sea of the Talmud." Many of the writings of the Ge'onim have come down to us anonymously, but it is known that the later scholars of this period were far more productive than the earlier. Samuel ben Khofni, who died in 1034, and Hai ben Sherira the last of the Ge'onim (939–1038), were the authors of many works on Biblical, Talmudic, and other branches of Jewish literature; and Hai was also a poet.

The most important and most original writer of Ga'onic times was Rabbi Sa'adia Ga'on (892–942), whose writings served, in many respects, as a model for certain of his successors, as well as for later scholars. Some of his works are lost to posterity, while others still await publication; but he is best known for his philosophical work 'Emunot ve-De'ot' ['Articles of Faith and Doctrines of Dogma'] and for his Arabic version of, and commentary on, the Bible. He was a many-sided scholar whose introductions and methodological works tended toward a historic and critical understanding of the Talmud, while as a codifier he sought to arrange Rabbinic law in a unified logical system.

The most characteristic branch of the literary activity of the Ge'onim is found in their 'Responsa,' or replies to the technical questions addressed to them. The advice and guidance of these famous scholars were sought by Jews from all parts of the world on various matters religious and literary; and to

[1] Note: To avoid possible mispronunciation arising from the ambiguous value of the combination *ch* in various languages, the editor has changed Dr. Bloch's transcription of the Hebrew letter *hêth* from *ch* to *kh*, the sound being much like that of *ch* in Scottish *loch* or German *Richter*.

all inquiries the Ge'onim sent responses in the form of letters, sometimes addressed to individual correspondents, sometimes to communities or groups of communities. Many of these documents, mostly legal in nature, have been collected and published, but many more are still in manuscript, particularly those which have come to light since the discovery of the Genizah. They represent the earliest specimens of 'Questions and Answers,' a very characteristic branch of Hebrew writing, paralleled only by the responses made by Parsi scholars in India to their coreligionists in Persia; and this type of literature has gone on in unbroken continuity down to the present time.

The activities of the Ge'onim in the eighth century brought about a religious and literary reaction when Anan ben David established a new sect — the Karaites — which produced a noteworthy literature of its own. Benjamin Nahavendi (ninth century) was a famous Karaite author who wrote on the Bible and on philosophy; Abu 'l-Faraj Harun (eleventh century) was known for his grammatical studies; and among the Karaites who distinguished themselves in controversies with the Ge'onim during the ninth and tenth centuries were Solomon ben Jeroham, Sahl ben Mazliakh, Joseph al-Bazir, Khasun ben Mashiakh, and Japhet ha-Levi. In the eleventh century Judah Hadassi devoted himself to science, philology, and classical literature, his 'Eshkol ha-Kopher' ['Cluster of Henna-Flowers,' the title taken from Song of Solomon, i, 14] being an encyclopedic work dealing with Judaism, Christianity, and Muhammadanism. By the end of the twelfth century, Karaism had exhausted its originality and fertility, and with the exception of Isaac Troki's 'Khizzuk Emunah' ['Strengthening of Faith'] a bold defense of Judaism against Christianity composed in 1593, it produced no important work after the twelfth century.

During the early years of the activity of the Ge'onim Hebrew and Aramaic were the languages employed in their writings; but when, in course of time, Arabic became the *lingua franca* of the Jews, it replaced Hebrew to a large extent in their works. Karaitic literature is in great part composed in Arabic, as is a goodly portion of the writings of their opponents, the Ge'onim; yet Hebrew remained for all time the vehicle of devotional feeling among the Jews, and as such reigned supreme.

Toward the end of the Ga'onic period Judaism began to develop a wealth of literature dealing not only with theological problems, but, more especially, with philosophy in the wider sense of the term, with ethics, and with mysticism, this last trend finally attaining wide renown under the name of Kabbalah ["Tradition"]. As regards philosophy proper, Jewish speculation of this type is traceable to the Bible, for the Talmud contains no special treatise on philosophy, though it abounds in Rabbinical enunciations on matters metaphysical. Systematic treatment of such problems appeared first among the Hellenistic Jews of Alexandria who were strongly under the influence of Greek culture, of which philosophy was an integral part.

The philosophical movement in medieval Jewry arose from a desire to

reconcile two apparently independent sources of truth, revelation and reason; and its origin is to be traced to the Arabs, among whom, after the rise of Muhammadanism, various schools of philosophy had come into being, both Jewish and Arab philosophers being interested primarily in religious problems in philosophy, though they were also concerned with other questions. The movement continued among the Jews until about the end of the fifteenth century; and a brilliant galaxy of distinguished names, with a long list of learned and profound works on metaphysical questions, testify to the remarkable zeal with which Jewish minds devoted themselves to philosophy. Their influence on Judaism was profound, and some of them affected deeply the religious thinking of non-Jews.

Isaac Israeli (855–955 [?]), an eminent physician, was the author of a 'Book of Elements' and a 'Book of Definitions,' though in neither of them did he concern himself with Judaism as a theological system, since he was chiefly a pioneer in directing the attention of the Jews to the science and philosophy of the Greeks, albeit in Arabic dress. Sa'adia Ga'on was really the first to apply philosophical methods to the interpretation of Judaism, 'Emunot ve-De'ot,' already noted, being written to prove that Jewish teachings are in harmony with reason and scientific thought. Belief in revelation, according to him, does not exclude independent search for knowledge. He was the author of an Arabic translation of a commentary on the 'Sefer Yezirah' ['Book of Creation'], a mystical work of great antiquity, which he did not regard as a source for the theory of Judaism; and a contemporary of his, the Karaite al-Kirkisani, dealt with the principal doctrines which one would seek in a Jewish philosophy of religion.

Solomon ibn Gabirol (born about 1021; died about 1058), the great poet, was equally famous as a philosopher, and the diffusion of Neoplatonism was due in great measure to the fact that his philosophical work enjoyed a wide popularity among Christians. Written in Arabic, the original of his 'Fount of Life' ['Mekor Khayyim'; taken from Psalm xxxvi, 9] was lost, but its Latin version, the 'Fons Vitae,' was diligently studied among the scholastics. The name of the Jewish writer, in process of translation from Arabic to Latin, came gradually to be changed out of all resemblance to what it actually was. From Ibn Gabirol it became Avencebrol, then Avincembron, and finally Avicebron, the designation by which the author of the 'Fons Vitae' was known to the Christians of the Middle Ages. Until 1848, when Solomon Munk identified this author with Solomon ibn Gabirol, the 'Fount of Life' was thought to have been written by a Christian. Ibn Gabirol was also the author of an important ethical treatise, 'The Improvement of the Moral Qualities,' in which principles of ethics were treated independently of religious precepts, and in which he emphasized the interdependence of physical and psychical elements in the determination of morality, anticipating to a certain extent the modern standpoint in this regard.

A highly popular ethical treatise was 'The Duties of the Heart' by Bakhya

ibn Pakuda (first half of the eleventh century), which represents an attempt to present Judaism as being essentially a great spiritual truth founded on reason, revelation, and tradition. Though not formally a metaphysical treatise, it contains a compendium of religious philosophy, and in it the rich ethical content of Judaism is formulated into a system.

Judah ha-Levi (1086–1140), who was so eminent as a poet that he justly merits consideration apart, also ranks high as a Jewish philosopher. In his 'Kitab al-Khazari,' couched in the form of a conversation between the inquiring king of the Khazars and the wise men to whom he turned for guidance, he offers a philosophic apology for Judaism, in which he endeavors to show that revealed religion is superior to natural religion; and in addition to its philosophical teachings, the work distinctly reflects the poetic, profoundly religious, and warmly Jewish nationalistic sentiments characteristic of its author.

In the first half of the twelfth century Neoplatonic philosophy among the Jews was represented by Abraham bar Khiyya, a follower of Ibn Gabirol and an eminent mathematician and astronomer who wrote likewise on ethics and philosophy; while other Jewish Neoplatonists were Moses ibn Ezra (born about 1070; died after 1138), the author of 'The Garden,' an Arabic treatise on philosophy; Joseph ibn Zaddik (1080–1149), whose 'Microcosmos' ['Olam Katan'] is preserved in Hebrew translation; and Abraham ibn Ezra (1092 or 1093–1167), whose philosophical ideas are scattered throughout his writings.

Abraham ibn Daud (1110–1180), astronomer and historian, was an Aristotelian in philosophy, and sought, in his 'al-'Akidah al-Rafiyah' ['Sublime Faith'], to show that true philosophy is an aid to revealed religion. The greatest Jewish thinker of the Middle Ages, however, was Moses Maimonides (1135–1204) who was likewise an Aristotelian in philosophy, but who was so important a figure in the history of Hebrew thought that he is the subject of a special study in this volume. After his death controversies arose which led to a decline in the study of philosophy among the Jews during the thirteenth century; for although Joseph ibn 'Aknin (1160–1226) wrote on philosophical questions, and although others dealt with similar problems, their work, for the most part, was destitute of originality. With the dawn of the fourteenth century, on the other hand, Aristotelianism was revived among the Jews, finding its most pronounced form in Levi ben Gershon (1288–1344), the author of the 'Milkhamot Adonai' ['Battles of the Lord'] and of other philosophical and scientific works which expressed more or less the same ideas as those of Maimonides. A contemporary of Levi ben Gershon was Jedaiah Bedersi (1270–1340), who wrote 'Bekhinat ha-'Olam' ['Examination of the World'], a philosophico-didactic contemplation of the world and human life which attained tremendous popularity among the Jews.

The reaction against the extreme philosophical position of Maimonides and

his disciples was marked by the appearance of 'The Light of the Lord,' a profound philosophical work which sought to liberate Judaism from the bondage of Aristotelianism. Its author, Khasdai Crescas (1340–1410), endeavored to meet the philosophical attack on religion with philosophical weapons, and it is believed that his ideas influenced the thoughts of Spinoza, who was also a close student of Maimonides. In defense of the latter Simon Duran (1361–1444) attacked Crescas in his 'Magen Abot' ['Shield of the Fathers'], though it was through the work of his pupil, Joseph Albo (1380–1444), that Crescas' ideas made themselves felt on later Jewish thought. In his 'Book of Principles' ['Ikkarim'], which became extremely popular among the Jews because of its simple style, Albo reduced the absolutely essential principles of religion to three: the existence of God, revelation, and reward and punishment.

Several Jewish philosophical writers of merit flourished after Albo, though none possessed marked originality. Judah Messer Leon, Elijah del Medigo (1460–1497), Isaac Arama (born about 1420; died 1494), and Isaac Abrabanel (1437–1508) are some of the outstanding names of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but Jewish philosophy in the strict sense, came to an end, and even if books dealing with philosophical questions were still written, no great contributions were made.

Turning from philosophy to ethics, mention should be made of certain works of importance in addition to those already noted. Here belongs, for instance, the 'Sefer Khassidim' ['Book of the Pious'], which enjoyed wide popularity in the Middle Ages and which, though attributed to Judah Khassid, of whom very little is known, was, in reality, of composite authorship. It is a product of the Jewish spirit of the thirteenth century, and embraces various elements, mystical, ethical, and ceremonial, in certain parts displaying deep insight into the cravings of the human heart. Eleazar of Worms (1176–1238), a pupil of Judah Khassid, was the author of the 'Rokeakh' ['Spice-Mixture'], a popular book of similar character, while the 'Sefer Middot' ['Book of Measures'] was an anonymous ethical treatise written in Judeo-German, probably in the fifteenth century. In its Hebrew recension it is known as 'Orkhot Zaddikim' ['Ways of the Righteous'], and in this form has gained greater popularity than in the original.

Compilations of moral teachings contained in earlier Jewish writings formed a favorite class of ethical works, the earliest and most highly esteemed of these being the 'Menorat ha-Ma'or' ['Candlestick of Light,' a title taken from Numbers iv, 9] of Isaac Aboab (first half of the fourteenth century), while the 'Reshit Khokmah' ['Beginning of Wisdom,' a title drawn from Psalms cxi, 10] by Elijah ben Moses de Vidas (sixteenth century) was a collection of maxims on such topics as the love and fear of God, repentance, holiness, and humility. Peculiarly Jewish were the ethical tracts written by Jewish moralists in the form of wills, these being private documents, not intended

for publication, in which a father or a teacher left instructions on morality to his children or disciples. Some of them were very carefully composed, and practically constituted formal treatises on ethics.

Of the purely devotional literature of Judaism, there is one other ethical book, extremely popular among the Jews, which deserves notice, the 'Highway of the Upright' ['Mesillat Yesharim,' a title taken from Proverbs xvi, 17] by Moses Khayyim Luzzatto (1707–1747), a dramatist and student of the Kabbalah.

The ethical and religious literature of medieval Jewry, so far as practical life was concerned, was summed up in the 'Shulkhan 'Aruk' ['Prepared Table'] by Joseph Caro (1488–1575), which, published in 1565, soon obtained a popularity denied to almost all previous works in which digests of Jewish ethics and ritual observances had been presented. The book, based on previous systematic codes, was the outcome of centuries of scholarship and became *the* code for all Jews who live according to Rabbinical law. It contains a full and complete statement of the rules governing all actions from rising up in the morning to lying down at night, from the cradle to the grave; directions for prayer, principles for observance of Sabbaths and festivals, dietary regulations, laws for marriage and divorce, for mourning and burial — all are included; and no phase of human life and experience is omitted. While the 'Shulkhan 'Aruk' brought system into the discordant opinions of Rabbinical authorities as to Jewish law, it was the great bulwark of their conception of life; and in its form and contents it was not an unworthy close to a series of legal and ethical teachings which began with the Mishna and continued to grow with the development of Jewish life in the Middle Ages.

Jewish mysticism, generally termed Kabbalah ["Tradition"], developed an esoteric system concerning God and the universe, and claims to have come down from a remote past, for the 'Sefer Yezirah' ['Book of Creation'], an early mystic text, was systematically studied even in the days of the Ge'onim, though at that time the subject attracted only small circles. It was not until the thirteenth century and onward that Kabbalah received a great impetus and enjoyed wide diffusion, but then it gave rise to an extensive literature, written in a peculiar Aramaic dialect, and grouped around the 'Zohar' ['Brightness,' a title drawn from Daniel xii, 3]. This, despite its claim to be a product of great antiquity and to be the work of Simeon ben Yokhai, who lived in the second century, is now assumed to have been written by Moses de Leon (1250–1305), although it probably underwent considerable revision. In spiritual beauty, in fancy, daring imagery, and depth of devotion the 'Zohar' ranks among the great books of the world even if its style is difficult and involved.

It is remarkable that the very period which produced the rationalism of Maimonides gave rise to the mysticism of the Kabbalah, which evidently served at first as a protest against excessive intellectualism and rigidity in

religion. A number of writers dealt with the subject, among them Ezra, or Azriel, who, in 1240, compiled a book called 'Bahir' ['Brilliancy'], which, like other Kabbalistic works, was at once regarded as a product of remote antiquity. Under Abraham Abulafia, in the thirteenth century, the mystical movement among the Jews took practical shape, its votaries being much excited by stories of miracles performed and of the appearance of a new Messiah. It greatly influenced Jewish religious ceremonies and produced saintly souls; but it did not retain a high place in the realm of literature.

The 'Zohar' became the sacred textbook of students of Kabbalah, and practically every later product of Jewish mysticism was a commentary upon it; but though it thus absorbed all the earlier Kabbalistic writings, such as the 'Book of Creation,' the 'Book of Raziel,' the 'Alphabet of Rabbi 'Akiba,' etc., it inspired no works of originality, so that we need merely name a few of the outstanding Kabbalists of post-Zoharistic days. The ideas of Isaac Luria (1534–1572) were transmitted in the prolific writings of his faithful disciple Khayyim Vital (1543–1620); Isaiah Horowitz (about 1555–about 1630) was the author of a much admired ethical work, 'The Two Tables of the Covenant' ['Shene Lukhot ha-Berit'; *cf.* Deuteronomy ix, 15]; and other eminent contributors to the subject were Moses ben Jacob Cordovero (1522–1570), Nehemiah Khayyun (1650–1730), and Moses Khayyim Luzzatto.

The Jewish mystics have been responsible for some of the most exquisite prayers and meditations which have found their way into medieval Hebrew literature, and study of the Kabbalah has not been confined to Jews alone, for a host of Christian scholars have likewise devoted time and energy to it.

Medieval Hebrew poetry is mostly of a religious nature, for such verse always precedes that which is secular in character, and with an essentially religious people like the Jews, feeling themselves oppressed by a sense of almost constant martyrdom, it was only natural that their longings and aspirations, their woes and hopes, should receive expression in religious songs which subsequently found their way into their liturgy.

Two distinct types of "Piyyut" ["Poetry"] arose in Hebrew literature. The Kaliric Piyyut, so named from its best representative, Eleazar ha-Kalir, was written in an involved style, containing many rare words and obscure allusions, and lacking all beauty of form. The other type, the Spanish Piyyut, had these faults in less pronounced degree, and in the hands of some of its best representatives it became poetry of the finest type both in form and in thought. The Piyyut had its birth in Palestine, where it slowly developed, during a period of several centuries, from the simple form of the older liturgy to the highly artificial diction and construction of the Kaliric type. Among the earliest of these poets were Eleazar ha-Kalir and Yannai, both of them Palestinians living prior to the ninth century, and both of them fond of the use of alphabetical acrostics. Much of their work is didactic, endeavoring to teach the traditional explanations of the Bible and the ritual laws, and their

compositions must have been voluminous, though some failed to survive to later ages.

It was in Spain that medieval Hebrew poetry attained its zenith in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. There, under Khasdai ibn Shaprut (915–970), Cordova became the home of Jewish culture and learning, and there assembled such Jewish men of letters as Dunash ibn Labrat, who is best known as a grammarian, but whose importance as a poet is considerable since he was the first to apply Arabic rules of meter to Hebrew poetry, though very few of his verses have survived. About half a century after Khasdai's death Samuel ibn Nagdela (993–1055) was the head of the Jewish community in Granada, and as such he became known as ha-Nagid ["the Prince"]. A profound student of Rabbinical literature, he was the author of an 'Introduction to the Talmud' ['Mebo ha-Talmud'], he also wrote many hymns in the style of the Psalms and of Proverbs; and several songs on wine and love are likewise credited to him. When Samuel ha-Nagid died in 1055, the golden age of Jewish literature in Spain was in sight with the coming of Solomon ibn Gabirol, Moses and Abraham ibn Ezra, and Judah ha-Levi. The Hebrew poetry of this period, though largely religious, embraced secular subjects as well; and it was pure in diction, melodious, and graceful. The Hebrew poets loved nature in her gentler moods, and in their love-songs they blended both piety and love.

One of the greatest of the poets and philosophers of this period was Solomon ibn Gabirol. Little is known of his life, but from his poems one learns that he was left an orphan, and one gathers that his early life must have been unhappy since some of his poems give melancholy expression of it. His verses, written in a Hebrew style characteristic of simplicity and beauty, breathe a profound trust in God, and many of them have found a place in the Jewish prayer-book. One of the most beautiful of them is his 'Royal Crown' ['Keter Malkut'], a lengthy philosophical and ethical poem in rhymed prose, which describes the universe, sphere within sphere, and forms a glowing panegyric of the glory of God as manifested in the realm both of the material and of the spiritual. Here Ibn Gabirol poured forth his heart even more unreservedly than in his philosophical 'Fountain of Life,' or in his ethical 'Improvement of the Moral Qualities,' or in his 'Choice of Pearls' ['Mibkhar ha-Peninim'], a compilation from the wisdom of the past. Ibn Gabirol stood a little outside and a great deal above the circle of the Hebrew poets who made this era famous. Many of them are now forgotten; they had their day of popularity, but their poems have not survived. Solomon ibn Gabirol died in 1070. A legend has it that he was killed by a jealous Arab poet who buried his corpse under the roots of a fig-tree, which began forthwith to bear blossoms of surpassing beauty and an abundance of extraordinarily sweet fruit. The whole city talked of the marvel, and when they dug beneath the tree in search of the cause, they found the body of the murdered poet, whereupon the slayer expiated his crime with his life.

Another master of Hebrew poetry was Moses ibn Ezra, who was born in the very year of Ibn Gabirol's death, but of whose life little is known. With him, as with Ibn Gabirol, philosophy and poetry went hand in hand, and many of his verses found a place in the liturgy of his people. His chief secular poem, 'Tarshish' ['The Topaz'], in ten parts containing 1210 lines, tells of wine, love, and song, and vividly paints the beauties of country life; and in his verse he bewails the loss of youth, finding the only consolation of age in its freedom from passion. His other poems are chiefly elegies on the death of scholars and praises of men whom he admired.

There was another ibn Ezra, Abraham (born 1092, died about 1167), who became famous as a scientist, philosopher, and Biblical exegete, though he was also a poet, even if verse was obviously not his principal occupation. Admirable and lofty as are the sentiments expressed in his lines, and excellent though they are in form, they lack the imaginative element. His fame in Jewish annals rests primarily on his commentaries on the Scriptures, in which he anticipated many of the results of modern Biblical criticism, but he was equally renowned for his brilliant wit and for his many-sided learning.

There greatest of all medieval Hebrew poets, as a special chapter devoted to him will show, was Judah ha-Levi; for although many had arisen before him, and others were destined to arise after him, they were his inferiors. Judah al-Kharizi (thirteenth century) may be regarded as the last great representative of Hebrew verse in Spain, even if in spirit his poems differ entirely from those of his great predecessors. His chief work, the 'Takhkemoni' ['Wise One,' a title drawn from II Samuel xxiii, 8], was written in the form of the Arabic *makamah,* a species of spoken drama in rhyming prose in which two personages take part: the hero, who relates various episodes about himself; and the narrator, who acts as a chorus, drawing out the hero by his questions. Kharizi's distinction lies in the ease with which he plays upon the Hebrew language, and, generally speaking, the stories which the 'Takhkemoni' tells are in racy style, while its criticisms of men and things are shrewd and striking.

There were many other Hebrew poets both in Spain and outside it who found a place in the liturgy of Israel; and from the tenth to the eighteenth centuries Germany, France, and Italy could boast of distinguished representatives, some of whom expressed the fine devotional spirit with which mysticism enriched the Jewish prayer-books.

The close of the period of medieval Hebrew poetry was marked by a tendency toward secular subjects. The influence of Classical models was felt at the time of the Renaissance, and then the Hebrew poets were joyous poets, so full of the gladness of life that their verse was condemned by pietists as too frivolous and too much disfigured by ill-timed levity. Immanuel ben Solomon of Rome (1270–1330) was the most eminent figure in the group. A scholar well versed in science and literature, he wrote various works in Hebrew and

Italian, though his original composition was mostly in poetry. A contemporary, and perhaps a friend, of Dante, Immanuel was influenced by him, and was in sympathy with the contemporary social and intellectual life of Italy. He introduced the sonnet into Hebrew poetry, and alternate instead of single rhyme; in his 'Mekhabberot,' or collected poems, he intermingled satires, letters, prayers, and dirges; and his parodies, his clever allusions and puns, and his equivocations were gems of diction. One of his poems, 'Hell and Paradise' ['Ha-Tofet ve-ha-'Eden'], is a vision clearly modeled on Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' though planned on Kharizi's 'Takhkemoni.' Love and wine were his frequent themes to such degree that his songs were often described as sensuous and his satires as blasphemous, although this was due not to lack of reverence on his part, but rather to a desire to reconcile the ideals of Italian society of the period of the Renaissance with those of Judaism. Moses da Rieti (first half of the fifteenth century) in his 'Mikdash Me'at' ['Little Sanctuary,' the title taken from Ezekiel xi, 16], again imitated Dante.

Italy remains famous in the history of medieval Hebrew poetry primarily because of the abundance of secular compositions which it produced; and Hebrew drama likewise had its most important representative in that land. These represent in a measure the effects of the Renaissance on the literature of Israel in the Middle Ages. In other countries, the condition of the Jews was such that they were excluded from external influences: their literature as well as their lives suffered from restriction to the Ghettos, many of which were erected both by the Jews themselves and by the governments of Europe.

JOSHUA BLOCH

ELEAZAR HA-KALIR

A LAMENT FOR ISRAEL

AH, why is the Kingdom,
The realm of glory,
Cast out and no longer
Acclaimed in story?

'Twas Bel the dragon,
The idol hollow,
With lawless footsteps
We fain would follow.

The mistress of kingdoms
Hence holds us lowly,
Till shines renascent
God's Kingdom holy.

Our home in ashes,
Our saints all scattered,
Chaldea waxeth,
In might unshattered.

She bends her bowstring,
Her yoke extending;
She rends the tender,
And reigns unending.

Roots fiercely plucking,
Foundations baring,
She planned in secret,
Performed in daring.

She broke our tent-poles,
Our curtains wrested,
And drove the ploughshare
Where once we nested.

She props up princedoms,
And realms sustaineth,
But us she vexeth,
But us she paineth.

Now swoln with cunning,
And guile sans leaven,
In regal vesture
She soars to heaven.

'Gainst Thee rebelleth,
High treason scheming,
Her idols vaunteth,
Thy rule blaspheming.

Lo! us Thy children
She sorely tasketh,
"What King o'er me is?"
Profanely asketh.

And cries, usurping
Thy scepter lonely,
"Save me no King is,
I reign, I only."

Lord, far uplifted,
Hurl down her glory;
Once more be sovran
Of Israel's story.

Translated by Israel Zangwill in 'Service of the Synagogue,' published by by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London, and reprinted by permission.

PALMS AND MYRTLES

Hymn for the First Day of Tabernacles

THY praise, O Lord, will I proclaim
In hymns unto Thy glorious name;
O Thou Redeemer, Lord and King,
Redemption to Thy faithful bring!
Before thine altar they rejoice
With branch of palm and myrtle-stem,
To Thee they raise the prayerful voice —
Have mercy, save and prosper them.

May'st Thou in mercy manifold,
Dear unto Thee Thy people hold,
When at Thy gate they bend the knee,
And worship and acknowledge Thee
Do thou their hearts' desire fulfil;
Rejoice with them in love this day,
Forgive their sins, and thoughts of ill,
And their transgressions cast away.

They overflow with prayer and praise
To Him, who knows the future days.
Have mercy Thou, and hear the prayer
Of those who palms and myrtles bear.
Thee day and night they sanctify
And in perpetual song adore,
Like the heavenly host, they cry,
"Blessed art Thou for evermore."

Translated by Alice Lucas

SOLOMON IBN GABIROL

HAPPY HE WHO SAW OF OLD

HAPPY he who saw of old
The high priest, with gems and gold
All adorned from crown to hem,
Tread thy courts, Jerusalem,
Till he reached the sacred place
Where the Lord's especial grace
Ever dwelt, the center of the whole.
Happy he whose eyes
Saw at last the cloud of glory rise,
But to hear of it afflicts our soul.

Happy he that day who saw
How, with reverence and awe
And with sanctity of mien,
Spoke the priest: "Ye shall be clean
From your sins before the Lord."
Echoed long the holy word,
While around the fragrant incense stole.
Happy he whose eyes
Saw at last the cloud of glory rise,
But to hear of it afflicts our soul.

Happy he who saw the crowd,
That in adoration bowed,
As they heard the priest proclaim:
"One, Ineffable, the Name,"
And they answered, "Blessed be
God the Lord eternally,
He whom all created worlds extol."
Happy he whose eyes
Saw at last the cloud of glory rise,
But to hear of it afflicts our soul.

Happy he who saw the priest
Turning toward the shining East,
And, with solemn gladness thrilled,
Read the doctrine that distilled

As the dew upon the plain,
As the showers of gentle rain,
While he raised on high the sacred scroll.
Happy he whose eyes
Saw at last the cloud of glory rise,
But to hear of it afflicts our soul.

Happy he who saw the walls
Of the temple's radiant halls,
Where the golden cherubim
Hide the ark's recesses dim,
Heard the singer's choral song,
Saw the Levites' moving throng,
Saw the golden censer and the bowl.
Happy he whose eyes
Saw at last the cloud of glory rise,
But to hear of it afflicts our soul.

Ever thus the burden rang
Of the pious songs they sang.
All the glories past and gone
Israel once did gaze upon,
Glories of the sacred fane,
Which they mourned and mourned again,
With a bitterness beyond control.
Happy he whose eyes
Saw (they said) the cloud of glory rise,
But to hear of it afflicts our soul.

AND THE HEAVENS SHALL YIELD THEIR DEW

O THOU, that art the Trust, the Strength,
The Shield of all that live,
Who givest food to man and beast,
Our year's perfection give—
The crowning cloud of summer rain
Or, from night's cloudless blue,
The gentle drops whereof Thou saidst,
"And the heavens shall yield their dew!"

On waving grain, on mead and wood,
  Let drops of blessing fall,
That all Thy children may have bread,
  And healing be for all;
But them that study in Thy Law,
  And to Thy Charge are true,
Exalt in splendor like the stars,
Whilst the heavens shall yield their dew!

Make green the pastures of the wild,
  Girdle the hills with mirth;
With bright-hued zone of budding flowers
  Cincture the gladsome earth.
All they together shall rejoice,
  And sing His praise anew,
Whose loving bounty shall not fail;
Whose heavens shall yield their dew!

To clothe with leaf and deck with bud
  The naked, tender vine,
That weary souls may be refreshed
  With heartening draughts of wine;
And hungry souls be filled with good,
  And toil its strength renew
Through luscious feast of ripened fruit —
Bid Thy heavens to yield their dew!

The trees of God are full of sap,
  In valley and on hill;
The threshing floors piled high with corn;
  Wine, oil, the vats o'erfill;
Where ruin was, a ransomed folk
  Upbuilds its homes anew,
And all the land resounds with song —
"And the heavens shall yield their dew!"

Translations by Israel Zangwill, in 'Service of the Synagogue,' published by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London, and reprinted by their permission.

WATER SONG

THE Feast's begun
And the Wine is done,
So my sad tears run
Like streams of water, streams of water.

Three score and ten were Wine's bold braves,
But a full score more were Water's knaves,
And silent are our watery graves.
For — whence tuneful note?
When the minstrel's throat
Tastes naught but Water, Water, Water!

Around the board you see no smile;
Untasted dishes rest in file,
How can I touch these dainties while
There stands my cup
To the brim filled up
With hated Water, Water, Water!

Old Moses chid the Red Sea tide,
And Egypt's dusky streams he dried,
Till Pharaoh's fools for Water cried!
But Moses dear,
Why dost thou here
Turn all to Water, hated Water?

Can I myself to aught compare?
To the frog who damp in watery lair,
With dismal croakings fills the air.
So frog and I
Will sing or cry,
The song of Water, the dirge of Water.

The man whom water can delight
For aught I care may turn Nazirite;
Total abstention shall be his plight!
And all his days
To his lips shall raise
Cups of Water, always Water!

The Feast is done,
And Wine there's none;
So my sad tears run
Like streams of Water, streams of Water.

Translated by Israel Abrahams

MOSES IBN EZRA

PENITENTIAL PRAYER

FORTH flies my soul, upborne by hope untiring,
The land of rest, the spring of life desiring,
Unto the heavenly dwelling-place aspiring,
To seek its peace by day and night.

My spirit does God's majesty adore,
And without wings shall to His presence soar,
There to behold His glory evermore,
At dawn, at noonday, and at night.

On all His works mine eye in wonder gazes,
And heavenward an eager look upraises;
Day unto day proclaims its Maker's praises,
And night declares them unto night.

Thy loving-kindness is my lifelong guide,
But often from Thy path I've turned aside.
O Lord, how hast Thou searched my heart and tried
My inmost thoughts at dead of night!

Sleepless upon my bed the hours I number,
And, rising, seek the house of God, while slumber
Lies heavy on men's eyes, and dreams encumber
Their souls in visions of the night.

In sin and folly passed my early years,
Wherefore I am ashamed, and life's arrears
Now strive to pay, the while my bitter tears
Have been my food by day and night.

Pent in the body's cage, pure child of heaven,
Bethink thee, life but as a bridge is given.
Awake, arise, to praise God gladly, even
In the first hours of the night.

Haste then, pure heart, to break sin's deadly sway,
And seek the path of righteousness alway;
For all our years are but as yesterday —
Soon past, and as a watch at night.

Short is man's life, and full of care and sorrow,
This way and that he turns some ease to borrow,
Like to a flower he blooms, and on the morrow
Is gone — a vision of the night.

How does the weight of sin my soul oppress!
Because God's law too often I transgress;
I mourn and sigh: with tears of bitterness
My bed I water all the night.

I rise at dawn and still the salt stream flows,
My heart's blood would I shed to find repose;
But when my soul is downcast with my woes,
I will recall my prayer at night.

My youth wanes like a shadow that is cast,
Swifter than eagles' wings my years fly fast,
And I remember not my gladness past,
Either by day or yet by night.

Proclaim we then a fast, a holy day,
Make pure our hearts from sin, God's will obey,
And unto Him, with humble spirits, pray
Unceasingly, by day and night.

May we yet hear His words: "Thou art my own,
My grace is thine, the shelter of My throne,
For I am thy Redeemer, I alone!
Endure but patiently this night."

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ISRAEL NAGARA

GOD OF THE WORLD

A Sabbath Hymn

GOD of the World, Eternity's sole Lord!
King over kings, be now Thy Name adored!
Blessed are we to whom Thou dost accord
This gladsome time Thy wondrous ways to scan!

God of the World, Eternity's sole Lord!
Early and late to Thee our praises ring,
Giver of life to every living thing!
Beasts of the field, and birds that heavenward wing,
Angelic hosts and all the sons of man!

God of the World, Eternity's sole Lord!
Though we on earth a thousand years should dwell,
Too brief the space, Thy marvels forth to tell.
Pride Thou didst lower, all the weak who fell
Thy hand raised up e'er since the world began!

God of the World, Eternity's sole Lord!
Thine is the power, Thine the glory be!
When lions rage, O deign Thy flock to free!
Thine exiled sons O take once more to Thee,
Choose them again as in Thine ancient plan!

God of the World, Eternity's sole Lord!
Turn to Thy city, Zion's sacred shrine!
On yon fair mount again let beauty shine!
There, happy throngs their voices shall combine,
There, present joy all former ill shall ban!

God of the World, Eternity's sole Lord!
King over kings, be now Thy Name adored!

Translated by Israel Abrahams

IMMANUEL BEN SOLOMON OF ROME

SONNET

MY sweet Gazelle! From thy bewitching eyes
A glance thrills all my soul with wild delight,
Unfathomed depths beam forth a world so bright —
With rays of sun its sparkling splendor view —
One look within a mortal deifies.
Thy lips, the gates wherethrough dawn wings its flight,
Adorn a face suffused with royal light,
Whose radiance puts to shame the vaulted skies.
Two brilliant stars are they from heaven sent —
Their charm I cannot otherwise explain —
By God but for a little instant lent,
Who gracious doth their lustrous glory deign,
To teach those on pursuit of beauty bent,
Beside those eyes all other beauty's vain.

SA'ADIA GA'ON

ON THE EXISTENCE OF A CREATOR

AFTER I had become fully convinced that all things were created and had a beginning, I began to inquire whether all these things had come about through themselves or whether they had been created by Something outside of themselves. And for three reasons which I shall mention immediately, I renounced the opinion that things had come about through themselves.

The first proof is: Every body which we take from the mass of being and consider as having come about through itself necessarily brings forth the conviction that, by repeating its creative activity in a manner similar to that of its becoming, it must grow more powerful and stronger. If such a body creates itself and if after creation it is still incomplete and weak, it needs but repeat its creative activity to be complete and stronger; but if it cannot repeat this creative activity, even though it be complete and strong, it is nevertheless highly incomplete, since it no longer has any creative power.

A second proof is the following. If we picture to ourselves that a thing has created itself, then this contradicts the division of time into past and future.

For if we assume that it had created itself before its appearance as a thing, then this contradicts our knowledge that it formerly was a nothing, and an absolute nothing can have no creative power. On the other hand, if we assume that it created itself after it already was, then self-creation was superfluous, since it already existed. There can be no third division of time for self-creation excepting the present, but this, unreal, can explain no creative activity.

Finally a third proof. If we assume that a body can create itself, this assumption is possible only after we have first assumed that it also has the power, on its own determination, to cease from self-creation, since it carries within itself the determination of being. If we assume this, then we have in the body the contradiction of being and not-being; since to be able to do is already being. If with this ability we unite non-self-creation, then it is as though the body did not exist. If, however, we combine in one substance such a contradiction as being and not-being, the procedure is evidently and decidedly false.

ON ANTHROPOMORPHISM

WE know that it is the very essence and nature of language to enlarge expression, to carry over what has been expressed, and to bring it nearer to our imagination. Figuratively it therefore says that the heavens declare, as (Psalms xix, 1), The heavens declare the glory of God; that the sea speaks, as (Isaiah xxiii, 4), The sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea; that death speaks, as (Job xxviii, 23), Destruction and Death say: We have heard the fame thereof with our ears; that a stone hears, as (Joshua xxiv, 27), Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us, for it hath heard all the words of the Lord; that the mountains break into jubilation, as (Isaiah lv, 12), The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands; that the hills clad themselves, as Psalms lxv, 12), And the little hills are girded with joy; and many more that cannot be enumerated in a short compass. If one asks of what avail this extension of language which brings us so much doubt; were it not better to rely on more definite expressions which would spare us a presentation of God according to the senses — then I must reply as follows: If language used every expression in a single sense only and without extension, then the means of expression through language would be slight and scarcely sufficient to express what we have in view. And if language desired to express everything, not by means of a transferred, but by means of a precise, epithet, then, in speaking of God, we should have to abandon all such expressions as He hears, He sees, He is merciful, He desires, etc., and we should have to retain merely His naked Being, and that would not be less disadvantageous.

ON THE SOUL

THE soul is something created, and it is a pure essence, a substance which is bright, simple, very fine and pure, illuminative in a higher degree than the heavenly spheres and bodies generally. I arrive at this conclusion by the aid of two mighty and powerful fundamental principles. In the first place, reason itself proves it; because we see the signs of its working and we can judge from the great wisdom and the breadth of counsel which it displays from behind the veil of the body. Further, we see that the body deprived of these faculties is powerless to produce those extraordinary manifestations, at the time when the soul is separated from it, and it is cast to the ground without wisdom and understanding. Hence we infer that these faculties of wisdom and understanding emanate from the soul, and not from the body; and, therefore, if the soul were merely a portion of the earth's portions, it would not be able to effect those results, and would not be cognizant of the wonderful departments of knowledge. And if it were but part and parcel of the spheres, it could not be of an intellectual character, for the heavens have not the power of utterance, speech, or understanding. The second principle upon which I found my conclusions is derived from the verse of Scripture which speaks of the pure and upright soul illumining and brightening, as the light of the firmament and the stars: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament" (Daniel xii, 3). To this I add, that wicked souls shall not shine as the stars: "Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints . . . how much less one that is abominable and corrupt" (Job xv, 15–16). I am justified in making this deduction as regards the pure soul and the purity of heaven, for Scripture singles out for comparison something special in the heavens, for no other purpose than to show that the two things compared are one and the same in respect of their essence and origin, and the comparison of these two objects but strengthens and confirms the Wise Man's statement: — that "that which hath an upward tendency rises, while that which tends downward descends" (*cf.* Ecclesiastes iii, 21). I, further, know from several considerations, that the soul gains its knowledge out of itself, and not by reason of the body. First, knowledge and wisdom cannot possibly emanate from the body, because the body has not this power. Further, because I find that the blind man uses the expression, "Thus I saw in my dream"; and since a blind man does not see through the medium of any bodily organ or sight, he must needs do so by means of some spiritual organ — his soul; and it is just on this account that some ignorant folk err when they say that the soul is a bundle of sensations and the seat of the senses where thy meet, mingle, and join together. But things are not as they say, for the soul it is which giveth strength to the sensations and power to the senses, so that they be perceived, and it is impossible for the soul to be the power of sensation itself. Further I know that the

soul can effect nothing except in conjunction with the body, just as it is the law of all created things that they can do nothing without the aid of some instrument. And it is the consequence of the soul's conjunction with the body that the three faculties become possible, *viz.*: the faculties of desire, understanding and passion.

ON FREE WILL

IT is well known and understood by everybody from observation that man is himself aware of the fact that he has the power to speak or to remain silent, to take up a thing or to leave it alone, and no third power can prevent him from carrying out his desires; that he has, further, the power to make his evil inclination subservient to his superior intellect; wherefore he who allows his evil inclination to get the better of his intelligence, renders himself like an Ethiopian slave, while he whose understanding rules his inclination is a free man. Now, by the light of reason, it is evident from forceful arguments that it is impossible for one action to be the result of two agents; therefore, whoever maintains that the Creator compels His creatures to perform His commands, *i. e.*, to the carrying out of some action, thereby confesses and believes that one action has been brought about and performed as the result of two causations, *viz.*: that of the creature and that of the Creator. Moreover, if the Creator compelled His creatures to observe His commandments and His law, it would scarcely be right and reasonable to command and admonish him, for he is compelled to perform certain actions and being under compulsion he would undoubtedly perform them without any bidding or warning, since he cannot extricate himself from the jurisdiction of the One who forces him to do them. And if again the Creator compels His creatures concerning every action and every work, it is but right that He should reward the sinner as well as the righteous and grant a goodly return to the sceptic as to the believer, since each one performs every action perforce. Our reason again makes the wise man who commands two contrary actions, one to build and another to destroy, in duty bound to reward the destroyer as well as the builder, since they both of them are merely carrying out his commands and orders, and the plea of being compelled is always received as a reasonable excuse. Again, it is patent to everybody that no man can detract from God's power or weaken His might. Nevertheless, if the sceptic should say, I have not served my Creator, nor kept His commandments, because I was not able to neutralize the power of my Maker, which compels me to sin, it is evident that such a plea cannot be accepted. . . . If, again, one should say, "Since it is evident that He undoubtedly knows that man will sin and rebel, man has not the free will to keep from sinning, for if he did not commit the sin, the knowledge of God would thereby be nullified,

and (to prevent this) man must necessarily commit sin," we reply that the knowledge of the Creator in every conceivable thing is not the cause of man's intention, for men's actions are not performed in consequence of the knowledge of God, in consequence of the fact that the Creator is cognizant of what man is about to do. Man does not act as a result of God's foreknowledge. Moreover, it is impossible that God's knowledge of our deeds is the cause of them; for if His knowledge of them implied the cause of them, everything must have existed of old, since He knew of them.

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BAKHYA IBN PAKUDA

ON THE PROPER SUBJECTS OF STUDY

ALTHOUGH it is incumbent upon us to investigate and study the whole universe so as to understand the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, the subject most necessary to study, as well as the nearest and most obvious, is the evidence of the divine wisdom in all that concerns the human species. For man is the universe in little and the proximate cause of the existence of the great world. And it is our duty to study the origin of man and his history; his birth, and the composition and structure of his component parts, their relations to each other, and the functions and purposes of every one of them; and the necessity of his being made as he is, in structure, form, and appearance. And then we must consider the objects of his being and all his mental qualities and characteristics, and the powers of his soul, and the light of his reason, and all the essentials and accidentals of his being, and his relation to the scheme of creation.

From the standpoint of this study much of the mystery of the universe, and many of the secrets of this world, will become clear to us, because of the likeness of men to the world; and it has been said by some of the wise men that Philosophy is man's knowledge of himself; that is to say: such knowledge of man will enable us to recognize the Creator from the signs of His wisdom displayed in man. This is the meaning of what Job said: "Yet in my flesh shall I see God" (Job xix, 26).

ON REPENTANCE

REPENTANCE is of three kinds.:

First, that of him who repents because he is out of the way of sin and temptation; but as soon as he is in the way of temptation his inclination prevails over his reason, and he does not refrain from sin, and only then, when he has finished his sinful action, sees the shameful nature of his conduct, and regrets his transgression. Such a one has repented with his lips and not with his heart; with his tongue and not with his deeds; and deserves the condemnation of the Creator; and of him it is written (Jeremiah vii, 9–11), "Will ye steal, murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, . . . ? Is this house, which is called by my name, become a den of robbers in your eyes?"

The second kind of repentance is that of him who repents in his heart and in his physical and material conduct, and makes a firm stand with his reason against his passions and so orders his conduct and his habits of life as to compel his soul to fight with her desires until he is victorious and he is able to refrain from what is hateful to his Creator; but his soul still has pleasure in turning continually towards what is contrary to the service of the Creator, and thirsts after transgression, and he strives earnestly to subdue his soul and his passions; and sometimes he prevails and sometimes they. Such a man is not perfect in his repentance, and the duty of making atonement is still incumbent upon him until he shall depart altogether from his transgressions.

The third kind of repentance is when a man fulfils all the conditions of repentance and causes his intellect to prevail over his desires, and accustoms himself continually to enter into reckoning with his soul, and fears his Creator, and is ashamed before Him, and lays to heart the greatness of his sins, and fully recognizes the greatness of Him against whom he has sinned and whose words he has transgressed, and sets his iniquities before his eyes, and is continually full of remorse for them, and seeks forgiveness for them all the days of his life, until its end. Such a one is, in the sight of the Creator, fit to be saved.

From 'The Duties of the Heart,' by Rabbi Bakhya, translated by Edward Collins. Copyright by John Murray, London, and reprinted by permission.

JUDAH AL-KHARIZI

FROM THE 'TAKHKEMONI'

IN PRAISE OF CHARITY

AND when the old man had heard their words, he said to them: "All of you are astray, and walk in darkness, and know not how to choose the truth. For all the virtues lie at her feet (Charity), and she is greater than all of them. She causes all sins to be forgiven, and turns hatred away from hearts. Through her man reaches all of his desires, though they be far, though they be in the heavens. Because of her a man shall be numbered among the just, and through her he achieves goodness and justice. With her he purchases himself a good name, and his memory is like a good ointment. And he that lacketh charity, his righteousness is not righteousness, his goodness is error, and his virtue is sin. His comrades shall despise him, and his acquaintances shall hate him, and his friends shall remember him for evil, and he shall be as a stranger in his own household. But the man of charity shall lift up his face, for his charity shall cover all his sins, and shall wipe out all his transgressions. His adversaries shall love him and his enemies shall praise him, the envious shall praise him and those that curse shall bless him. For with his charity he conquers their hearts, and draws out their love."

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MOSES KHAYYIM LUZZATTO

FROM 'THE HIGHWAY OF THE UPRIGHT'

ON THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

THE next world, not his existence here on earth, is man's end and aim. His sojourn here is, to be sure, a means of reaching his final goal, the future world. Our sages accordingly never tire of portraying this world as the place and time of preparation, while the next is the place of rest and enjoyment. . . . On reasoned consideration, can any one really believe that man was created for the sake of this world? What is man's life here? Who is really joyous and happy here on earth? Our life is seventy years, and should the ripe age of eighty be attained (and the best is trouble and nothing-

ness), with how much sorrow and disease and pain and unrest is it accompanied! And then comes death! Among thousands one will not be found whom this world has given true joy and happiness, and even he, should he reach the age of one hundred, becomes dull and departs from this world.

ON PIETY

There are people who have brought piety into disrepute both among the crowd and among those of understanding. These people believe that piety consists in empty things, such as are against reason and against clear thinking. They believe that piety consists in nothing but much prayer, lengthy confessions of sin, loud weeping, bending very low, mortification in which the body is deadened, and similar things. Some of the practices mentioned are indeed to be performed by the repentant sinner and by those who exercise the virtue of abstinence. But all this — and just these people do not understand this — by no means forms the foundation of piety. Whatever is good in the above-mentioned forms of religious practice, is to be recommended as a concomitant of piety; but whoever desires to know the very essence of piety must go much deeper.

Whoever is bound to God by the bonds of love will regard the commandments as indications from which he determines whither the will and wish of God aim. He does not say: I content myself with what has been expressly stated, I perform the duty which has been laid upon me. On the contrary, he says: Since I have clearly perceived that God's will aims thither, let it be an indication to me to proceed further in this thing, to perform it in every way which may be assumed to correspond to the will of God. That means giving joy to the Creator.

Thus the essence of piety lies in an enlarged performance of the commandments, in every way, in every possible way.

Translated by Joshua Bloch

JUDAH HA-LEVI

IN the sunny lands of Spain, the Jews, outcast from their Eastern homes, had found a second fatherland. Under the rule of Arabic caliphs, Orientals like themselves, occasion had been given them to develop that taste for literature which their continued occupation with the Bible had instilled into them. Cordova, Granada, and Toledo soon became homes of Jewish learning, rivaling the schools of Babylon and Palestine. Under the influence of a quieter life, the heart of the Jew expanded, and his imagination

had freedom to run its own course. The Hebrew muse, which had almost forgotten the force with which it had poured forth psalm and song in ancient days, awoke again to a sense of its power, and the priests in the Temple chanted anew Israel's songs of praise and of sanctification.

Among the many poets which this new life produced, lived as it was amid a people to whom poetry was so natural a mode of expression, Abulhasan Judah ben ha-Levi is acclaimed the best. Born in Toledo, Old Castile, in 1080, he soon became so renowned for his songs and verses that his own personality has been well-nigh forgotten. He was learned — as most of the men of his race then were — in all the sciences of the Arabians; had made himself proficient in the language of both Qur'an and Bible, was learned in the practice of medicine and facile in the discussion of philosophy. His was a thoroughly religious nature; and in joining together philosophy, and poetry, and medicine, he was following a custom not unknown in the Jewish schools. In philosophy he communed with man about God, in poetry with God about man; while his service to his fellow-men was through his power in the healing art. "In the hours which belong neither to the day nor to the night, I occupy myself with the vanity of medical science, although I am unable to heal. I physic Babel, but it continues infirm," are his own words in a letter to a friend. This art he practised in Toledo and Cordova; and in one of these places he wrote in the Arabic tongue a philosophical work ('Kuzari') which, though perhaps bad philosophy, is a poetical and beautiful defense of his own faith against the conflicting claims of Christianity and Muhammadanism.

Even at the early age of thirteen, his pen had commenced to run in the cadence of rhyme and meter. His first poems were upon subjects which touch the young — verses on friendship, love, and wine, in which he made the old sedate and stately language of the Bible shake with youthful mirth and laughter. But though he never really forsook such subjects light and gay, these were not the real expression of his inmost being. A strong sense of the Divine presence, a romantic love for the home of his faith — in spite of its second home in Spain — have made of Judah ha-Levi the chief of the national poets of Israel whose affections were rooted in the land of the patriarchs and prophets. Of all his three hundred religious poems — almost one third of the poet's legacy — none bear the stamp of intense feeling as do these that are on national themes. In verse after verse he bemoans the ruins of the ancient places, bewails the exile of Israel's children, and sings the larger hope of her returned glory.

So strong was the love of Zion within him that he could not rest until he had seen in the flesh that which his spiritual eye had beheld since his youth. He had already reached the age of sixty when he set out on his long journey to the Holy Land; alone, because he had not sufficiently persuaded others up to the pitch of his own faith. And yet not entirely alone! His muse went with him; and his track was strewn with the brightest pearls which have fallen from

his lips. He reached Palestine; but our knowledge of his further doings there is cut off. His body must have been laid in the sacred soil; but no man knoweth the place of his sepulture, though popular fancy has seized upon so welcome a figure, and has told how he was cut down by an Arab at the very walls of Jerusalem, after he had poured forth the 'Ode to Zion,' which has done more than any of his other pieces to keep his memory alive.

Judah ha-Levi has thus become the exponent of suffering Israel, the teller of its woes, the prophet of its hopes. A depth of pure feeling is revealed in him; a freedom from artificial constraint, and a power of description, which we find nowhere else among the medieval Hebrew poets. As a true poet, love remains his theme to the end; but the love of the fair one is exchanged for a love purer and greater — his people, his faith; and that people has returned his love a thousandfold.

RICHARD GOTTHEIL

ODE TO ZION

ART thou not, Zion, fain
To send forth greetings from thy sacred rock
Unto thy captive train,
Who greet thee as the remnants of thy flock?
Take thou on every side —
East, West, and South, and North — their greetings multiplied.
Sadly he greets thee still,
The prisoner of hope, who, day and night,
Sheds ceaseless tears, like dew on Hermon's hill —
Would that they fell on thy mountain's height!

Harsh is my voice when I bewail thy woes,
But when in fancy's dream
I see thy freedom, forth its cadence flows
Sweet as the harps that hung by Babel's stream.
My heart is so distressed
For Bethel ever blessed,
For Peniel, and each sacred place.
The Holy Presence there
To thee is present where
Thy Maker opes thy gates, the gates of heaven to face.

Oh! who will lead me on
To seek the spots where, in far distant years,
The angels in their glory dawned upon
Thy messengers and seers?

Oh! who will give me wings
That I may fly away,
And there, at rest from all my wanderings,
The ruins of my heart among thy ruins lay?
I'll bend my face unto thy soil, and hold
Thy stones as precious gold.
And when in Hebron I have stood beside
My father's tomb, then will I pace in turn
Thy plains and forest wide,
Until I stand in Gilead and discern
Mount Hor and Mount Abarim, 'neath whose crest
The luminaries twain, thy guides and beacons, rest.

Thy air is life unto my soul; thy grains
Of dust are myrrh, thy streams with honey flow;
Naked and barefoot, to thy ruined fanes
How gladly would I go!
To where the ark was treasured, and in dim
Recesses dwelt the holy cherubim.

Perfect in beauty, Zion! how in thee
Do love and grace unite!
The souls of thy companions tenderly
Turn unto thee; thy joy was their delight,
And weeping, they lament thy ruin now.
In distant exile, for thy sacred height
They long, and towards thy gates in prayer they bow.

Thy flocks are scattered o'er the barren waste,
Yet do they not forget thy sheltering fold;
Unto thy garments' fringe they cling, and haste
The branches of thy palms to seize and hold.
Shinar and Pathros! come they near to thee?
Naught are they by thy light and right Divine.
To what can be compared the majesty
Of thy anointed line?
To what the singers, seers, and Levites thine?
The rule of idols fails and is cast down —
Thy power eternal is, from age to age thy crown.

The Lord desires thee for His dwelling-place
Eternally; and blest
Is he whom God has chosen for the grace
Within thy courts to rest.

Happy is he that watches, drawing near,
Until he sees thy glorious lights arise,
And over whom thy dawn breaks full and clear
Set in the Orient skies.
But happiest he who with exultant eyes
The bliss of thy redeemed ones shall behold,
And see thy youth renewed as in the days of old.

Translated by Alice Lucas

SEPARATION

AND so we twain must part! Oh, linger yet —
Let me still feed my glance upon thine eyes.
Forget not, love, the days of our delight,
And I our nights of bliss shall ever prize.
In dreams thy shadowy image I shall see —
Oh, even in my dream be kind to me!

Though I were dead, I none the less should hear
Thy step, thy garment rustling on the sand.
And if thou waft me greetings from the grave,
I shall drink deep the breath of that cold land.
Take thou my days, command this life of mine,
If it can lengthen out the space of thine.

No voice I hear from lips death-pale and chill,
Yet deep within my heart it echoes still.
My frame remains — my soul to thee yearns forth;
A shadow I must tarry still on earth.
Back to the body dwelling here in pain
Return, my soul; make haste and come again!

Translated by Emma Lazarus

LONGING FOR JERUSALEM

O CITY of the world, with sacred splendor blest,
My spirit yearns to thee from out the far-off West;
A stream of love wells forth when I recall thy day;
Now is thy temple waste, thy glory passed away.

Had I an eagle's wings, straight would I fly to thee,
Moisten thy holy dust with wet cheeks streaming free.
Oh! how I long for thee! albeit thy King has gone,
Albeit where balm once flowed, the serpent dwells alone.
Could I but kiss thy dust, so would I fain expire,
As sweet as honey then, my passion, my desire!

Translated by Emma Lazarus

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THE EARTH IN SPRING

THEN, day by day, her broidered gown
She changes for fresh wonder;
A rich profusion of gay robes
She scatters all around her.
From day to day her flowers' tints
Change quick, like eyes that brighten;
Now white, like pearl, now ruby red,
Now emerald green they'll lighten.
She turns all pale; from time to time
Red blushes quick o'er-cover;
She's like a fair fond bride that pours
Warm kisses on her lover.
The beauty of her bursting spring
So far exceeds my telling,
Methinks sometimes she pales the stars
That have in heaven their dwelling.

Translated by Edward G. King

FROM THE 'KITAB AL-KHAZARI'

ON REVELATION

OUR intellect which, *a priori*, is only theoretical, being sunk in matter, cannot penetrate to the true knowledge of things, except by the grace of God, by special faculties which He has placed in the senses. There is no difference between my perception and thine that this circumscribed disc, giving forth light and heat, is the sun. Should even these characteristics

be denied by reason, this does no harm, because we can derive it from argument for our purposes. Thus also a sharp-eyed person, looking for a camel, can be assisted by a weak-eyed and squinting man who tells him he has seen two cranes at a certain place. The sharp-eyed person then knows that the other has only seen a camel, and the weakness of his eyes made him believe that it was a crane, and his squint that there were two cranes. In this way the sharp-eyed person can make use of the evidence of the weak-eyed one, whilst he excuses his faulty description by his faulty sight. A similar relation prevails between senses and imagination on one side and reason on the other. The Creator was as wise in arranging this relation between the exterior senses and the things perceived, as He was in fixing the relation between the abstract sense and the uncorporeal substratum. To the chosen among His creatures He has given an inner eye which sees things as they really are, without any alteration. Reason is thus in a position to come to a conclusion regarding the true spirit of these things. He to whom this eye has been given is clear-sighted indeed. Other people, who appear to him as blind, he guides on their way. It is possible that this eye is the power of imagination as long as it is under the control of the intellect. It beholds, then, a grand and awful sight which reveals unmistakable truths among the whole of this species and those sights. By this I mean all the prophets. For they witnessed things which are described to the other in the same manner as we do with things we have seen. We testify to the sweetness of honey and the bitterness of the coloquinth; and if any one contradicts us, we say that he has failed to grasp a fact of natural history. Those prophets without doubt saw the divine world with the inner eye; they beheld a sight which harmonized with their natural imagination. Whatever they wrote down, they endowed with attributes as if they had seen them in corporeal form. Those attributes are true as far as regards what is sought by inspiration, imagination, and feeling; they are untrue as regards the reality sought by reason.

ON INDIVIDUAL OPINION IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS

Follow not thy own taste and opinion in religious questions, lest they throw thee into doubts, which lead to heresy, nor wilt thou be in harmony with one of thy friends on any point. Every individual has his own taste and opinion. It is only necessary to examine the roots of the traditional and written laws with the inferences codified for practice, in order to trace the branches back to the roots. Where they lead thee, but put thy faith, though thy mind and feeling shrink from it. Common view and assumption deny the non-existence of the vacuum, whilst logical conclusion rejects its existence. Appearance denies the infinite divisibility of a body, whilst logic makes it an axiom. Appearance denies that the earth is a globe and the one hundred and sixtieth part of the sun's disc. There are also other matters which astronomy establishes against mere appearances. Whatever the sages declared lawful they did

neither in obedience to their own taste nor inclination, but to the results of the inherited knowledge handed down to them. The same was the case with what they declared unlawful. He who is unable to grasp this wisdom, but judges their speech according to his own conception, will misinterpret them in the same way as people do with the words of natural philosophers and astronomers.

From the 'Kitab al Khazari,' translated by Hartwig Hirschfeld. Copyright by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London, and reprinted by permission.

MOSES MAIMONIDES

"THE conclusion of the whole matter is, Go either to the right, my heart, or go to the left; but believe all that Rabbi Moses ben Maimon has believed — the last of the Ga'onim [religious teachers] in time, but the first in rank." In such manner did the most celebrated Jewish poet in Provence quaintly voice the veneration with which the Jewish Aristotle of Cordova was regarded. For well-nigh four hundred years, the descendants of Isaac had lived in the Spanish Peninsula the larger life opened up to them by the sons of Ishmael. They had ardently cultivated their spiritual possessions — the only ones they had been able to save — as they passed through shipwreck and all manner of ill fortune from the fair lands of the East; and the height of their fortune was manifested in this second Moses, whom they did not scruple to compare with the first bearer of that name.

Abu Amram Musa ibn Ibrahim 'Ubaid Allah, as his full Arabic name ran, was born in the city of Cordova, "the Mecca of the West," on March 30, 1135. His father was learned in Talmudic lore; and from him the young student must have received his strong love of knowledge. At an early period he developed a taste for the exact sciences and for philosophy, reading with zeal not only the works of the Muhammadan scholastics, but also those of the Greek philosophers in such dress as they had been made accessible by their Arabian translators. In this way his mind, which by nature ran in logical and systematic grooves, was strengthened in its bent; and he acquired that distaste for mysticism and vagueness which is so characteristic of his literary labors. He went so far as to abhor poetry, the best of which he declared to be false, since it was founded upon pure invention — and this, too, in a land which had produced such noble expressions of the Hebrew and Arab Muse.

It is strange that this man, whose character was that of a sage, and who was revered for his person as well as for his books, should have led such an unquiet life, and have written works so full of erudition with the staff of the wanderer in his hand. For his peaceful studies were rudely disturbed in his thirteenth year by the invasion of the Almohades, or Muhammadan Uni-

tarians, from Africa, who not only captured Cordova, but set up a form of religious persecution which is not always characteristic of Islamic piety. Maimonides' father wandered to Almeria on the coast; and then (1159) straight into the lion's jaws at Fez in Africa — a line of conduct hardly intelligible in one who had fled for the better exercise of the dictates of conscience. So pressing did the importunities of the Almohades become that, together with his family, Maimonides was compelled to don the turban, and to live for several years the life of an Arabic Marrano, secretly retaining his Jewish faith, though outwardly professing Islam. This he tried to excuse in two treatises which may be regarded as his " apologia pro vita sua ": one on the subject of conversion in general (1160), and another addressed to his coreligionists in Southern Arabia on the coming of the Messiah; but the position was untenable, and in 1165 we find him again on the road, reaching Acre, Jerusalem, Hebron, and finally Egypt. Under the milder rule of the Ayyubite Califs, no disguisement of his belief was necessary, and Maimonides settled with his brother in Old Cairo or Fostat, gaining his daily pittance first as a jeweler and then in the practice of medicine, while he continued in his study of philosophy and the elaboration of the great works upon which his fame reposes. In 1177 he was recognized as the head of the Jewish community of Egypt, and soon afterwards was placed upon the list of court physicians to Saladin. He breathed his last on December 13, 1204, and his body was taken to Tiberias for burial.

Perhaps no fairer presentation of the principles and practices of Rabbinical Judaism can be cited than that contained in the three chief works of Maimonides. His clear-cut mind gathered the various threads which Jewish theology and life has spun since the closing of the Biblical canon, and wove them into such a fabric that a new period may fitly be said to have been ushered in. The Mishna had become the law-book of the Jews in the Dispersion: in it was to be found the system of ordinances and practices which had been developed up to the second century A.D.; but the scholastic discussions in which the Jewish schoolmen had indulged their wit and their ingenuity had obscured much of its plain meaning. At the age of twenty-three Maimonides commenced to work upon a commentary to this Mishna which took him seven years to complete. It was written in Arabic, and was very fitly called 'The Illumination'; for here the philosophical training of its author was brought to bear on the dry legal mass, and to give it life as well as light. The induction of philosophy into law is seen to even more peculiar advantage in his 'Mishna Torah' ['Repeated Law']. The scholastic discussions upon the Mishna had been put into writing in the sixth century, and had become that vast medley of thought which is known by the name of Talmud. Even before the time of Maimonides scholars had tried their hand at putting order into this great chaos; but none of their efforts had proved satisfactory. For ten years Maimonides worked until he produced his digest, in which he arranged in scientific order all the material which a Jewish jurist and theologian might be called

upon to use. Though this was received with delight by the Jews of Spain, many regarded his work as an attempt to force into a channel of unchangeable law the fluctuating streams of tradition. The same objection was made to his attempt to formulate into a creed the purely theological ideas of the Judaism of his day. His 'Thirteen Articles' brought on a war of strong opposition; and though, in the end, the fame of their author won them a place even in the Synagogue Ritual, they were never accepted by all of Jewry, but remained the presentation of an individual scholar.

Maimonides' chief philosophical work, his 'Guide of the Perplexed,' carried him still further; and for centuries fairly divided the Jewish camp into two parties. The battle between the Maimonists and anti-Maimonists raged fiercely in Spain and Provence, the bitterness of the strife being represented in the two inscriptions which were placed upon his tombstone. The first read:

Here lies a man, and still a man;
If thou wert a man, angels of heaven
Must have overshadowed thy mother.

This was effaced, and a second placed in its stead:

Here lies Moses Maimuni, the excommunicated heretic.

In the 'Guide of the Perplexed' Maimonides also produced a work which marked an epoch in Jewish philosophy. It is the best attempt ever made by a Jew to combine philosophy with theology. Aristotle was known to Maimonides through al-Farabi and Avicenna; and he was convinced that the Stagyrite was to be followed in certain things, as he was that the Bible must be followed in others. In fact, there can be no divergence between the two; for both have the same end in view — to prove the existence of God. The aim of metaphysics is to perfect man intellectually; the same aim is at the core of Talmudic Judaism. Reason and revelation must speak the same language; and by a peculiar kind of subtle exegesis — which provoked much opposition, as it seemed to do violence to the obvious wording — he was able to find his philosophical ideas in the text of the Bible. Yet he was careful to limit his acquiescence in Aristotle's teaching to things which occur below the sphere of the moon. The Bible teaches that matter was created, and the arguments advanced in favor of both the Platonic and Aristotelian views he considered insufficient. The Jewish belief that God brought into existence not only the form but also the matter of the world, Maimonides regarded much as an article of faith; and the same was true of the doctrine of the resurrection, for which he adduced so little proof that the people of his day were ready to charge him with heresy.

Maimonides is able to present twenty-five ontological arguments for his belief in the existence, unity, and incorporeality of God. What strikes one

most is the almost colorless conception of the Deity at which he arrives. In his endeavor to remove the slightest shadow of corporeality in this conception, he is finally led to deny that any positive attributes can be affirmed of God, for they would only be "accidents" (*i. e.*, mere external phenomena); and any such "accidents" would limit the idea of oneness. Even attributes which would merely show the relation of the Divine Being to other beings are excluded, because He is so far removed from things non-Divine as to make all comparison impossible. Even existence, when spoken of in regard to Him, is not an attribute. In his school language, the "essence" of God involves His "existence," so that we must rely entirely upon negative attributes in trying to get a clear concept of the Deity.

If the Deity is so far removed, how, then, is He to act upon the world? Maimonides supposes that this medium is to be found in the cosmos of the spheres, of which there are nine: "the all-encompassing sphere, that of the fixed stars, and those of the seven planets." Each sphere is presided over by an intelligence which is its motive power, and these intelligences are called angels, in the Bible. The highest intelligence is immaterial. It is the "creative mind," or active reason. It is the power which gives form to all things, and makes that which was potential really existent. "Prophecy is an emanation sent forth by the Divine Being through the medium of the active intellect, in the first instance to man's rational faculty and then to his imaginative faculty. The lower grade of prophecy comes by means of dreams, the higher through visions accorded the prophet in a waking condition. The symbolical actions of the prophets are nothing more than states of the soul." High above all the prophets Maimonides places Moses, to whom he attributes a special power, by means of which the active intellect worked upon him without the mediation of the imagination.

The psychological parts of the 'Guide' present in Jewish garb the Peripatetic philosophy as expounded by Alexander of Aphrodisia. Reason exists in the powers of the soul, but only potentially as latent reason. It has the power to assimilate immaterial forms which come from the active reason, thus becoming acquired or developed reason; and by still further assimilation it gradually develops into an entity separable from the body, so that at death it can live on unattached to the body.

In ethics Maimonides is a strong partisan of the doctrine of the freedom of the will. No one moves him, no one drives him to certain actions. He can choose, according to his own inner vision, the way in which he wishes to walk. Nor does this doctrine involve any limitation of the Divine power, since this freedom is fully predetermined by the Deity. Yet Maimonides must have felt the difficulty of squaring the doctrine of the freedom of the will with that of the omniscience of God; for he intrenches himself behind the statement that the knowledge of God is so far removed from human knowledge as to make all comparison impossible. Again, in true Aristotelian style, Maimonides holds

that those actions are to be considered virtuous which follow the golden mean between the extremes of too much and too little. The really wise man will always choose this road; and such wisdom can be learned; by continued practice it can become part of man's nature. He is most truly virtuous who has reached this eminence, and who has eliminated from his own being even the desire to do wrong.

The daring with which Maimonides treated many portions of Jewish theology did not fail to show its effect immediately after the publication of the 'Guide.' His rationalistic views of revelation, his allegorizing interpretation of Scripture, his apparent want of complete faith in the doctrine of the resurrection, produced among the Jews a violent reaction against all philosophical inquiry which lasted down to the times of the French Revolution. Even non-Jews looked askance at his system. 'Abd al-Latif, an orthodox Muhammadan, considered the 'Guide' "a bad book, which is calculated to undermine the principles of religion through the very means which are apparently designed to strengthen them"; and in Catholic Spain the writings of "Moyses hijo de Maymon Egipnachus" were ordered to be burned. In Montpellier and in Paris, his own Jewish opponents, not content with gaining an edict against the use of the master's writings, obtained the aid of the Church (for the 'Guide' had been translated into Latin in the thirteenth century), and had it publicly consigned to the flames. But all this was only further evidence of the power which Maimonides wielded. The Karaites copied it; the Kabbalah even tried to claim it as its own. Many who were not of the House of Israel, as Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, acknowledged the debt they owed the Spanish Rabbi; and Spinoza, though in many places an opponent, clearly shows how carefully he had studied the 'Guide of the Perplexed.'

GUSTAV GOTTHEIL

EXTRACT FROM MAIMONIDES' WILL

FEAR the Lord, but love Him also; for fear only restrains a man from sin, while love stimulates him to good. . . . Accustom yourselves to habitual goodness; for a man's character is what habit makes it. . . . The perfection of the body is a necessary antecedent to the perfection of the soul; for health is the key that unlocks the inner chamber. When I bid you attend to your bodily and moral welfare, my object is to open for you the gates of heaven. . . . Measure your words; for the more your words, the more your errors. Ask for explanations of what you do not understand; but let it be done at a fitting moment and in fitting language. . . . Speak in refined language, in clear utterance and gentle voice. Speak aptly to the subject, as one who wishes to learn and to find the truth, not as one whose aim is to

quarrel and to conquer. . . . Learn in your youth, when your food is prepared by others, while the heart is still free and unincumbered with cares, ere the memory is weakened. For the time will come when you will be willing to learn, but will be unable. Even if you be able, you will labor much for little result; for your heart will lag behind your lips, and when it does keep pace, it will soon forget. . . . If you find in the Law or the Prophets or the Sages a hard saying which you cannot understand, which appears subversive of some principle of the religion, or altogether absurd, stand fast by your faith, and attribute the fault to your own want of intelligence. Despise not your religion because you are unable to understand one difficult matter. . . . Love truth and uprightness — the ornaments of the soul — and cleave to them; prosperity so obtained is built on a sure rock. Keep firmly to your word; let not a legal contract or witness be more binding than your verbal promise even privately made. Disdain reservation and subterfuges, sharp practices and evasions. Woe to him who builds his house thereon! . . . Bring near those that are far off; humble yourselves to the lowly and show them the light of your countenance. In your joys make the desolate share, but put no one to the blush by your gifts. . . . I have seen the white become black, the low brought still lower, families driven into exile, princes deposed from their high estate, cities ruined, assemblies dispersed, all on account of quarrelsomeness. Glory in forbearance, for in that is true strength and victory. . . . Speech, which distinguishes man from beasts, was a loving gift, which man uses best in thinking, and thanking and praising God. Ungrateful should we be to return evil for good, and to utter slanders or falsehoods. . . . Eat not excessively or ravenously. Work before you eat, and rest afterwards. From a man's behavior at a public meal you can discern his character. Often have I returned hungry and thirsty to my house, because I was afraid when I saw the disgraceful conduct of those around me. . . . At gambling the player always loses. Even if he wins money, he is weaving a spider's web round himself. . . . Dress as well as your means will allow, but spend on your food less than you can afford. . . . Honor your wives, for they are your honor. Withhold not discipline from them, and let them not rule over you.

THE THIRTEEN ARTICLES OF FAITH

1. I believe with perfect faith that the Creator, blessed be His name, is the Author and Guide of everything that has been created, and that He alone has made, does make, and will make all things.

2. I believe with perfect faith that the Creator, blessed be His name, is a Unity, and that there is no unity in any manner like unto His, and that He alone is our God, Who was, is, and will be.

3. I believe with perfect faith that the Creator, blessed be His name, is not a body, and that He is free from all the accidents of matter, and that He has not any form whatsoever.

4. I believe with perfect faith that the Creator, blessed be His name, is the first and the last.

5. I believe with perfect faith that to the Creator, blessed be His name, and to Him alone, it is right to pray, and that it is not right to pray to any being besides Him.

6. I believe with perfect faith that all the words of the prophets are true.

7. I believe with perfect faith that the prophecy of Moses our teacher, peace be unto him, was true, and that he was the chief of the prophets, both of those that preceded and of those that followed him.

8. I believe with perfect faith that the whole Law, now in our possession, is the same that was given to Moses our teacher, peace be unto him.

9. I believe with perfect faith that this Law will not be changed, and that there will never be any other law from the Creator, blessed be His name.

10. I believe with perfect faith that the Creator, blessed be His name, knows every deed of the children of men, and all their thoughts, as it is said, "It is he that fashioneth the hearts of them all, that giveth heed to all their deeds."

11. I believe with perfect faith that the Creator, blessed be His name, rewards those that keep His commandments, and punishes those that transgress them.

12. I believe with perfect faith in the coming of the Messiah, and, though He tarry, I will wait daily for His coming.

13. I believe with perfect faith that there will be a resurrection of the dead at the time when it shall please the Creator, blessed be His name, and exalted be the remembrance of Him for ever and ever.

For Thy salvation I hope, O Lord! I hope, O Lord, for Thy salvation! O Lord, for Thy salvation I hope!

Translated by Simeon Singer in 'The Standard Prayer Book,' copyright by Bloch Publishing Company, New York, 1915, and reprinted by permission.

FROM THE 'GUIDE OF THE PERPLEXED'

THE OBJECT OF LAW

THE general object of the Law is twofold: the well-being of the soul and the well-being of the body. The well-being of the soul is promoted by correct opinions communicated to the people according to their capacity. Some of these opinions are, therefore, imparted in a plain form,

others allegorically; because certain opinions are in their plain form too strong for the capacity of the common people. The well-being of the body is established by a proper management of the relations in which we live one to another. This we can attain in two ways: first, by removing all violence from our midst; that is to say, that we do not do every one as he pleases, desires, and is able to do, but every one of us does that which contributes towards the common welfare. Secondly, by teaching every one of us such good morals as must produce a good social state.

Of these two objects, the former — the well-being of the soul, or the communication of correct opinions — comes undoubtedly first in rank; but the other — the well-being of the body, the government of the State, and the establishment of the best possible relations among men — is anterior in nature and time. The latter object is required first; it is also treated [in the Law] most carefully and most minutely, because the well-being of the soul can only be obtained after that of the body has been secured. For it has always been found that man has a double perfection: the first perfection is that of the body, and the second perfection is that of the soul. The first consists in the most healthy condition of his material relations, and this is only possible when man has all his wants supplied as they arise: if he has his food and other things needful for his body — *e. g.*, shelter, bath, and the like. But one man by himself cannot procure all this; it is impossible for an individual alone to obtain this comfort; it is only possible in society, since man, as is well known, is by nature social.

The second perfection of man consists in his becoming an actually intelligent being; *i. e.*, when he knows about things in existence all that a person perfectly developed is capable of knowing. This second perfection certainly does not include any action or good conduct, but only knowledge, which is arrived at by speculation or established by research.

It is clear that the second and superior kind of perfection can only be attained when the first perfection has been acquired; for a person suffering from great hunger, thirst, heat, or cold cannot grasp an idea even if communicated by others, much less can he arrive at it by his own reasoning. But when a person is in possession of the first perfection, then he may possibly acquire the second perfection, which is undoubtedly of a superior kind, and is alone the source of eternal life. The true Law, which, as we have said, is one, and beside which there is no other — *viz.*, the Law of our teacher Moses — has for its purpose to give us the twofold perfection. It aims, first, at the establishment of good mutual relations among men by removing injustice and creating the noblest feelings. In this way the people in every land are enabled to stay and continue in one condition, and every one can acquire his first perfection. Secondly, it seeks to train us in faith, and to impart correct and true opinions when the intellect is sufficiently developed. Scripture clearly mentions the twofold perfection, and tells us that its acquisition is the object of all Divine

commandments. *Cf.* "And the Lord commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear the Lord our God, for our good always, that he might preserve us alive this day" (Deut. vi, 24). Here the second perfection is first mentioned because it is of greater importance; being, as we have shown, the ultimate aim of man's existence. This perfection is expressed in the phrase "for our good always." You know the interpretation of our sages: "'that it may be well with thee' (ibid., xxii, 7) — namely, in the world that is all good; 'and thou mayest prolong thy days' (*ibid.*) — *i. e.*, in the world that is all eternal." In the same sense I explain the words "for our good always" to mean "that we may come into the world that is all good and eternal, where He may live permanently"; and the words "that he might preserve us alive this day" I explain as referring to our first and temporal existence, to that of our body, which cannot be in a perfect and good condition except by the co-operation of society, as has been shown by us.

SUPERFLUOUS THINGS

The soul, when accustomed to superfluous things, acquires a strong habit of desiring others which are neither necessary for the preservation of the individual nor for that of the species. This desire is without limit; whilst things which are necessary are few and restricted within certain bounds. Lay this well to heart, reflect on it again and again: that which is superfluous is without end, and therefore the desire for it also without limit. Thus you desire to have your vessels of silver, but gold vessels are still better; others have even vessels studded with sapphires, emeralds, or rubies. Those, therefore, who are ignorant of this truth, that the desire for superfluous things is without limit, are constantly in trouble and pain. They expose themselves to great dangers by sea voyages or in the service of kings. When they thus meet with the consequences of their course, they complain of the judgments of God; they go so far as to say that God's power is insufficient, because He has given to this universe the properties which they imagine cause these evils.

MODERN HEBREW LITERATURE

IN the course of its history Hebrew literature has undergone many changes; and its style, diction, and subject-matter have constantly been influenced by the conditions and surroundings of the Jewish people, whose life, aspirations, and dreams it portrays. Like the chronicler of the fortunes of the Wandering People, the historian and critic of their writings must study not only the productions of their genius, but must also investigate, in every instance, the lives and literatures of the nations with whom they have come in contact. Even within the walls of the Ghetto, the Jew was never isolated; and when there was anything to be learned from the outside world, he was alert to absorb it and give it a place in his own literature. He knew well the art of assimilation and succeeded in giving his characteristic impress to foreign ideas, although the influence of his surroundings and of the people among whom he lived can be discerned by the critic in every period of Hebrew literature.

Never was this influence so marked as at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the Jews suddenly awoke to the possibility of obtaining personal freedom and immunity from restrictions. Hebrew literature, like Jewish life, was strongly affected by the new currents in Western Europe; and in style as well as in matter it underwent a most radical change, the most striking feature of which was its secularization. While secular subjects had been treated in Hebrew before, the main literature of the Jews had always been religious, as was Jewish life; but now the holy tongue, used for profane subjects, was constrained to undergo deep changes in phraseology, in construction, and in diction to make it suitable for the new requirements laid upon it. The process was rapid, with the result that, within little more than a century, a distinctly new literature was produced.

That Hebrew, in the course of history, has received accretions from without is a well established fact; its evolution has been going on in stages, each of which has left its peculiar impress upon the language. The Talmudic period, by its free use of Latin, Greek, and Aramaic words, made possible the manifold development of later Jewish literature, for while Hebrew poetry and romance found the source of their style and vocabulary in Biblical diction, Rabbinics found it in the Talmud. There was still a scarcity of philosophic and scientific terms which were not made available until the Hispano-Moorish period. The changes in grammatical and idiomatic constructions in Hebrew were brought about by the expansion of the language during its development from the time when it ceased to be a spoken tongue until it reappeared in our own time as a vernacular. The fact is that Hebrew never was dead in the real

sense of the term: it never ceased to grow and exist, however inane this existence may have been at times, and it acted throughout as the mouthpiece of the most characteristic Jewish thought, besides supplying certain national demands.

The beginning of the eighteenth century marked the initiation of a revival in Hebrew literature. This movement, launched in Italy by Moses Khayyim Luzzatto, made Germany its center of social and educational influences, and the period of the "Me'assefim" ["Collectors"] was then inaugurated. With Moses Mendelssohn (1729–1786) as its foremost representative, it introduced rationalistic and cosmopolitan tendencies, so that the Hebrew literature of the time possessed all the dryness and lack of imagination and emotion characteristic of rationalism. Yet, despite its meager literary output, this period made its impress upon the literature produced by the subsequent liberal "Haskalah" ["Wisdom, Enlightenment"] movement, in which the atmosphere of the "Me'assefim" prevailed. With the last issue of 'Ha-Me'assef' in 1797 Hebrew passed away from Germany, where the Reform movement in Judaism, aided by many other causes, effected an almost complete divorce between the Hebrew language and Jewry. The center of activity in Hebrew literature was transferred to Galicia; and in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when Biblical criticism and historical investigation came to the fore Nakhman Krochmal (1785–1840) and Solomon Judah Rapoport (1790–1867) distinguished themselves as Jewish scholars in these fields.

The middle of the nineteenth century saw Russia take the lead in Hebrew literature, Lithuania becoming the center of this activity. The Haskalah movement, in its opposition to traditional exclusiveness and in its insistence on the value and necessity of modern education, found in the novel a new weapon more potent than criticism of Rabbinism; and it was in Lithuania, where the Hebrew novel was introduced as an effective vehicle for the cultivation of a new attitude toward life, that romanticism first entered Jewish literature. The embodiment of the romantic spirit in the poetry of that period was undoubtedly Micah Joseph Lebensohn (1828–1852), who reminds one of Keats in poetic fire, idyllic beauty, and vividness of erotic emotion; but the romanticist *par excellence* was Abraham Mapu (1808–1867), who was likewise the creator of the Hebrew novel. Though weak in his character-drawing, Mapu was very strong in his construction of plots and in the charm of his narrative. He had, moreover, some fine romantic descriptions of nature, coupled with praise and admiration for the idyllic life, together with a most remarkable ability to apply Biblical phraseology to his subject, so that he naturally exerted much influence upon the development of modern Hebrew literature.

When, at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, the effect of the Russian revolutionary movement began to assert itself in Jewish life and to penetrate Hebrew literature as well, the Haskalah movement engaged in various literary skirmishes in behalf of religious reforms. The

zeal evinced by these intellectuals was, however, by no means shared by the masses, for the great majority of Jews clung to their traditional life, opposed innovation, looked upon the "enlightened" with suspicion, and persecuted them whenever possible. Nevertheless, the Haskalah movement continued its activities, the pioneer in utilizing this spirit in fiction being the satirist Isaac Erter (1792–1851), who criticized severely, though with exquisite humor, almost every phase of Jewish life in a series of fantastic stories collected under the title 'Ha-Tsofeh l'Beth Yisrael' ['The Seer of the House of Israel'].

Abraham Mapu first introduced with his ''Ayit Zabua'' ['Speckled Bird,' the title taken from Jeremiah xii, 9] the Haskalah conflict into the novel, and the 'Ha-Abot ve-ha-Banim' ['Fathers and Sons'] of Solomon Jacob Abramovitz belongs to the same class. Both of these, however, together with a few others of their kind, were transitional, for full expression of the conflict of the Haskalah with religion was reserved for Reuben Asher Braudes. All the merits and faults of the Haskalah period may be seen in his 'Ha-Dat ve-ha-Khayyim' ['Religion and Life'], but he was also the earliest to present the transition to a more modern epoch in his novel, 'Shete ha-Kezabot' ['The Two Extremes'], the atmosphere of which is altogether different from that of his first romance. These, like his other stories, have the merit of reflecting the conflicts and ambitions of a whole period, as well as of showing some advance in precision of style, co-ordination of incident, and distinctness of characterization.

The superficiality of the Haskalah movement was well satirized in the sketches of Mordecai Brandstaedter, who so ably ridiculed the Hasidim, or Jewish pietists; and mention must also be made of Judah Leon Gordon (1831–1892) and of Abraham Baer Gottlober (1811–1899), who, with many other writers, tried their hands at the short story. The achievement of this period in the domain of the novel and of the story was marked by a retrogression in appreciation of nature, though it gained in technique and in its endeavor to modernize Hebrew style.

The output of poetic writings and literary criticism in the Haskalah era was considerable, both in quantity and in quality. The poets show a marked decline from the passionate throbbing romanticism of Lebensohn to the first attempt in that period, at an allegorical drama, the 'Tif'eret l'Bene Binah' ['Glory of the Sons of Wisdom'] by Gottlober, whose literary activities were not confined to the lyric drama, since he was also the author of many poems, a few stories, and a couple of *quasi*-scientific works. It was at this time that the long narrative poem, 'Kehal Refa'im' ['The Congregation of the Dead,' a title drawn from Proverbs xxi, 16] of Moses Loeb Lilienblum appeared, and the rather monotonous versifier Jehalel (Judah Loeb Lewin) revealed himself to Hebrew readers. The foremost poet of the Haskalah period, however, was Judah Leon Gordon. Though he cannot be described as the bard of hope, the prophetic comforter of his people, or the passionate preacher of

a higher, nobler, and more spiritual life, his influence on his contemporaries was remarkable. He was the typical expounder of the Haskalah — utilitarian, rationalistic, and scathingly satirical, excelling all other Hebrew poets in this latter vein. Among the literary critics of the time the outstanding names were those of Abraham Jacob Paperna and Abraham Uri Kovner, both of whom were active between 1864 and 1870.

A prominent figure in the Haskalah movement was Peretz (Peter) Smolenskin (1842–1885), a talented novelist, and a sincere and most sympathetic essayist, who soon won the admiration of his readers and became their spiritual guide. He was the forerunner of the movement of national revival in Jewry in so far as he believed that Hebrew should be cherished as a prime national factor; and he was really the first to introduce real tragedy into the Hebrew novel, giving character and individuality free scope to develop. He exercised a deep influence upon contemporary and later writers, and left a strong impress upon Hebrew thought and letters.

Shortly before Smolenskin's death the beginning of anti-Semitic riots in Russia gave to the revival in Russian Jewry an impetus which brought about a reaction against the Haskalah. Creating a Jewish national policy, this trend culminated in the so-called "Khibbat Zion" ["Love of Zion"] movement, which so profoundly affected Jewish life that it automatically created a national and cultural atmosphere, inaugurated in Hebrew literature by three poets: M. Z. Mane, Menahem Mendel Dolitzki, and Constantin A. Schapiro (1840–1900). The first of these brought a new precept into Hebrew literature: art for art's sake, beauty for beauty's sake; the greater number of his poems, and those of deepest interest, dealt with nature; and he was the first to reintroduce the personal element into Hebrew verse, substituting self-centered individualistic emotion for the collective sentiment of the Maskilim, who adhere to the Haskalah movement. Dolitzki contributed little new to Hebrew literature, although, despite his lack of originality, he gave expression to the national aspirations. Schapiro, on the other hand, a convert to the Russian Orthodox Church, was a poet of extraordinary power and delicacy who contributed to Hebrew verse some of its finest passages and introduced some of its most original figures. He expressed a tenderness and an infinite yearning for the life of the Ghetto and its ideals; and his verse is instinct with emotion and love for the Jewish people and for their sacred possessions.

The revival movement produced a powerful and able thinker of its own in Akhad ha-'Am, who made his *début* in Hebrew literature in 1889. The "Khibbat Zion" movement had overemphasized the economic and political significance of the rehabilitation of Palestine; and, consequently, in a series of articles, 'This is Not the Way,' Akhad ha-'Am urged that the settlement of the Jewish people in Palestine would never solve the problem of the Jews, but only of Judaism. He accordingly advocated the idea of making Palestine a center of Jewish culture, and in these articles, as well as in others that followed them,

he developed a rounded and consistent theory both of Zionism and of Judaism as a whole. Unlike his predecessors, Krochmal, Luzzatto, and Smolenskin, who likewise laid stress on the national side of Judaism, though as indissolubly connected with its religious side, Akhad ha-'Am drew a marked distinction between Judaism as a religion and Judaism as a nationality, asserting that the religion of Israel was a product of the national genius, and that the former was dependent upon the latter, not *vice versa*. Presenting his theory with forceful argument, combined with virility and lucidity of style, he was bound to leave a marked impress upon the development of Hebrew literature, and was a potent factor in the spiritual development of Jewish life.

Realism was introduced into Hebrew literature in 1891, when Ben Avigdor (Abraham Leib Shalkowitz) began to publish the 'Sifre Agorah' ['Penny Books'], to which some of the most talented Hebrew writers contributed stories, sketches, and poems, the realism of which affected the literature as a whole. This series brought about the establishment of two well-known Hebrew publishing houses, "Akhiasaf" and "Tushiyah," under the influence of Akhad ha-'Am, who caused them to work for the promotion of Hebrew letters in every respect. His influence then began to penetrate the realms of fiction. Mordecai Z. Feierberg, who died at an early age, was one of the first to be filled with its spirit, and his writings reveal a talent of considerable power, a note of yearning toward the great and noble, a soul quivering with emotion and idealism. In his 'Whither,' he developed Akhad ha-'Am's ideas that complete harmony between the Jew and the man can be attained only in a Jewish center in Palestine; and the problems with which he deals and the solution that he gives them are entirely in harmony with the spirit of Akhad ha-'Am's theory of cultural Zionism.

The individualistic and symbolic spirit in Hebrew literature is due to the influence of the modern mystic movement known as Hasidism. Isaac Loeb Perez ranks foremost as an author who was capable of depicting important psychological tendencies, and whose fame transcended the limits of the language in which he wrote. Judah Steinberg (1863–1908), in whom individuals first found complete and varied representation in Hebrew fiction, began to compose late in life and died after a very short period of literary activity; yet he bequeathed to Hebrew literature a heritage considerable in bulk as well as in quality. The charm with which his characters are endowed is seldom to be found in modern Hebrew fiction, and the same statement holds good of his lucid, fluent, and convincing style. He scarcely ever reshapes an old character to serve as a new creation, so that his works are filled with a wealth of individualities.

Turning now from prose, we find that poetry has made rapid strides in modern Hebrew literature, and that there are a host of contemporary writers in verse. The most representative of these is Khayyim Nakhman Bialik, who, with the exception of Judah ha-Levi, is perhaps the leading Jewish national

bard, inheriting the pathetic idealism and the prophetic seriousness of his race. He is pre-eminently the poet of his people's woe, and the national hopes and aspirations of Jewry rarely find expression in his verse, in which the ideals of Akhad ha-'Am and the influence of Gordon's style and form are traceable. None of the Hebrew poets has grasped and represented so well the spirit of the Ghetto and its poetry as has Bialik, and none has shown such sympathy and such tenderness of feeling for its departing spirit. Next to Bialik stands Saul Tchernichowsky, the first to introduce into Hebrew poetry an admiration for the Greek spirit of complete enjoyment of life, and also responsible for a system of meter and rhyme hitherto unused in Hebrew. Jacob Cohen is an idealist, who displays originality of conception in some of his poems. Zalman Schneor is a writer who shows at times a gentle pessimistic vein, and whose verse is full of life and beauty; the rhythm has harmony and tunefulness; the imagery is rich, varied, and striking; and the movement is quick and bold. His prose, too, is marked by life and beauty. It is gratifying to note that the United States has representatives in contemporary Hebrew poetry, for the contributions of B. N. Silkiner, A. Domnitz, Ephraim A. Lisitzky, Israel I. Efros, A. S. Schwartz, J. J. Schwartz, Hillel Babli, Zvi N'Schalom (H. Sackler), Abraham Regelson, Simon Leo Halkin, and others, have here given it a definite place. It is a remarkable fact that lyric poetry has been the strongest point of modern Hebrew literature, as of Hebrew literature in general, excelling all other branches in personal expression and artistic workmanship.

The various transformations brought about by the Zionist and other Jewish movements, and the influence of foreign literatures, affected the shaping of contemporary Hebrew fiction, notably the novel and the short story. The latter is, in type, artistic in technique and generally psychologic in presentation, delineating the individual in a variety of moods and situations; though at the same time it is marked by a minute, torturing self-analysis, by an impotence in the will of its heroes, and by an outlook upon life that is gloomy and despondent. Its creators are followers of the school of Micah Joseph Berdyczewski, whose point of view was influenced by the individualistic theories of Nietzsche. Among the short-story writers mention may be made of Isaiah Domoshevitzky (known as J. Bershadsky), I. H. Brenner, G. Schofmann, H. D. Nomberg, and I. D. Berkowitz; while among the novelists such names may be cited as those of A. A. Kobak and M. Smeliansky.

Hebrew literature also has a number of authors who have made themselves known in various types of letters. The talent of David Frischmann extends over the domains of the *feuilleton*, the short story, poetry, and criticism. Joseph Klausner is active in many fields — critical, historical, journalistic, and scientific; and he possesses marvelous erudition, as well as a certain amount of historic insight, though he exhibits scarcely any originality of thought. Hillel Zeitlin, gifted with a mystic soul, has made original contributions to almost

every phase of modern Hebrew literature; and the greatest Jewish journalist, writing for his coreligionists in many languages, is Nahum Sokolow. Reuben Brainin is the finest stylist, but his literary ideas and tastes are dictated by outside influences to such an extent as frequently to be rather misleading; while Simon Bernfeld is a versatile and very prolific writer.

In speaking of modern Hebrew literature one must not overlook its poverty in scientific works. It would seem that Jewish scholars, with few exceptions, prefer to publish the results of their researches in other languages; and, again, many of them are not in a position to contribute to Hebrew literature because of their inability to express themselves in its own tongue.

Brief as this sketch of the swift development of modern Hebrew literature necessarily is, its outline of the salient features of its theme will at least reveal two facts of interest and importance: that much of the deepest life of the Jewish people is recorded in the tongue of their ancestors; and that, though it extends far into the past, Hebrew literature is being made today and every day, and bids fair to be made for many years to come.

JOSHUA BLOCH

MEIR HALEVI LETTERIS

THE WAVES

THEY vanish, they vanish —
The waves of the ocean —
The turbulent, surging
Blue waves of the ocean.
A glimpse of their glitter
Delighteth the watcher —
They mingle together
And fast are as nothing —
They sink and are nothing —
Are lost in the deep.

Then new ones at once come
With turbulent surging,
With surging and urging.
But when these have glittered
And kissed one another
They, too, swiftly roll on
To rise up afar off

Where no eye more sees them,
Where they are as nothing —
Sink and are nothing —
Are lost in the deep.

They vanish, they vanish —
The pleasures of mortals.
Like waves in the ocean;
They last but a moment.
A glimpse of their glitter
To taunt the sad seer;
Then sorrow and trouble
O'ershadow their gleam.
Enjoyment is nothing —
A breath or a dream.
Like waves in the ocean,
They vanish, they vanish —
The pleasures of mortals.

Translated by Sheldon H. Blank. By permission of The Hebrew Union College Monthly.

JUDAH LOEB GORDON

SIMCHAS TORAH

LECHAYIM, my brethren, Lechayim, I say!
Health, peace and good fortune I wish you today.
Today we have ended the Torah once more,
Today we begin it anew as of yore.
Be thankful and glad and the Lord extol,
Who gave the Law on its parchment scroll.

The Torah has been our consolation,
Our help in exile and sore privation.
Lost have we all we were wont to prize,
Our holy temple a ruin lies.
Laid waste is the land where our songs we sung;
Forgotten our language, our mother tongue;
Of kingdom and priesthood are we bereft,
Our faith is our only treasure left.

God in our hearts, the Law in our hands,
We have wandered sadly through many lands;
We have suffered much, yet behold we live
Through the comfort the Law alone can give.

Come, my dear brethren, come, let us look!
Quick let us ope an historical book!
See, all the tales and the chronicles old,
They tell us of robbers and bandits bold.
World-wide is the scene of our story, and still
'Tis traced with a sword-point instead of a quill;
The ink is of blood, mixed with tears of distress,
In exile, not Leipzig, it passed through the press;
No gilding it shows, and in iron 'tis bound,
Where we met not with suffering and fierce oppression
For the sake of the Torah, our sole possession.

In the very beginning, a long time ago,
We held up our heads with the best, as you know;
When householders sitting at home we were,
Nor needed the strangers' meal to share.
May none have to bear at the hands of men
What we from our neighbors have borne since then.
How bitter, alas! was the lot we knew
When our neighbors to our landlords grew.
And we were driven by fate unkind
Our lodgings beneath their roof to find.
How did we live then? How did we rest?
Ask not, I pray you, for silence is best;
Like cabbage heads, hither and thither that fall,
With the holy Law we traversed through all.

Two thousand years, a little thing when spoken,
Two thousand years, tormented, crushed, and broken,
Seven and seventy dark generations,
Filled up with anguish and lamentations.
Their tale of sorrow did I unfold,
No Simchas Torah today we'd hold.
And why should I tell it you all again?
In our bones 'tis branded with fire and pain.
We have sacrificed all. We have given our wealth,
Our homes, our honors, our land and our health,
Our lives — like Hannah her children seven —
For the sake of the Torah that came from Heaven.

And now what next? Will they let us be?
Have the nations then come at last to see
That we Jews are men like the rest, and no more
Need we wander homeless as hithertofore.
Abused and slandered wherever we go!
Ah! I cannot tell you, but this I know
That the same God still lives in heaven above,
And on earth the same Law, the same Faith, that we love.

Then fear not, and weep not, but hope in the Lord
And the sacred Torah, his holy word.
Lechayim, my brother, Lechayim, I say.
Health, peace, and good fortune I wish you today,
Today we have ended the Torah once more,
Today we begin it again as of yore.
Be thankful and glad and the Lord extol,
Who gave the Law on its parchment scroll.

JACOB COHEN

THE MOUNTAINS

DO you know what the mountains are?
The mountains are cries,
Cries of freedom, a wild shouting, vehement voices,
Which broke forth in tempestuous power
From the heart girdled with strength, thirsting for might and drunk with it,
The heart of life —
Broke forth, sprang out against the skies —
And were frozen.
And the frozen cries stand
Like memorials in the wastes of the world,
From eternity to eternity.
And the wind will not bear them away,
Never shall the wind bear them away.
The silent snow rests on them,
And the sun shines on them, and the moon shines on them,
And about them life pours onwards, a rushing of bubbles —
And they stand there, frozen,
From eternity unto eternity.

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THE BEAUTY WHICH DECAYETH

GIVE me free space! For my imprisoned sighs
Give me free space, and for my burning eyes.
I fail, as into crushing armor thrust.
I cannot weep, the heavy clouds of dust
Come up and blind me. And I cannot cry
For I am stifled.
Like the fires that lie
Pent in the iron bosom of the earth,
And eat her heart, and cannot issue forth,
So fires of fury in my heart are pent,
And wither up my blood, and find no vent.

Give me free space! for my imprisoned sighs
Give me free space, and for my burning eyes,
And for the life that sickens,
And for the bloom that fails before it quickens
In the evil of the generation!
I have seen sons of God deny their birth,
And soil their heritage with lusts of earth,
In the evil of the generation.
And for a vain illusion youth is sold,
And hearts that wake are stilled again with cold
In the evil of the generation.

Where is the trumpet of Messiah
Whose blast of fire
Shall rouse the blood of men and fill
Their hearts with an exalted will
That they may rescue from eternal shame
The works God wrought to glorify His name?
Where is the whip whose burning thongs shall brand
The noble of our land,
Who hide themselves from sight
In marble halls and gardens of delight,
And there grow weary of their empty rest,
And void of strength are unto death opprest;
And tremble not before the wonder,
The vision and the voice of thunder,
Though they have seen and heard the signs that send
Their warning through the land, from end to end.

Blessed the great of heart who shall withstand
The stubborn days and the oppressor's hand,
Whose tears shall fall like quickening rain
And living dew upon the withered plain,
Whose breath shall be to men a wind of grace
In an abandoned and decaying place;
And when the sun shall issue in his might,
The dens of darkness shall be filled with light,
And the smitten blossoms shall rejoice and know
The sun, and raise their heads, brought low
In the evil of the generation.

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THE WESTERN WALL

ON the hill so high
Stands an ancient wall
Seared and black and tall:
Many cracks are seen upon it,
Sprouting bushes green upon it:
Firm its stand withal.

By that ancient wall
Ancient folk appears,
Bowed with prayers and tears,
Seek from woe relief before it,
Pouring forth their grief before it
Now two thousand years.

But from Heaven above
Flowing 'round that wall
Silver rays enthrall,
Healing shafts with splendor beaming,
Comfortingly fall.

Translated by Jessie E. Sampter

From Philip M. Raskin, 'Anthology of Modern Jewish Poetry.' Copyright by Behrman's Jewish Book Shop, New York, and reprinted by permission of the publisher.

SAUL TCHERNICHOWSKY

BARUCH OF MAYENCE

HERE are the graves. And here is thy grave too.
Three days ago their bloody sacrifices
Were brought here to be thrust into the earth.
Thou too art buried here, my dearest one!
Not even a Star of Zion marks the spot.
Yet I have found thee. . . . Secretly I came,
And not one living eye has seen my coming.
I came to tell thee all that chanced to me
Since the dread day whereon I met my death. . . .
For I am dead! And I who speak to thee —
I am no longer I. . . . I am another. . . .

Dost thou remember yet the desolate day,
The day of wrath, when God abandoned me?
On that day all the bells throughout the land
Woke storm and tumult with their evil tidings.
And wild one bell unto the other called,
"Woe to the daughter of the House of Jacob!"
And in the streets the thronging multitudes,
Peasant and soldier, artisan and priest,
Gathered like famished wolves about their prey —
Deaf to the weeping of the children, deaf
To the moaning of the mothers, blind and deaf
To age and sickness. And about the victims,
Spattered with foulness, driven torn and bleeding,
They howled like wolves for blood, for blood, for slaughter!

And suddenly a poignard flashed before me,
A band was gathered round me, and one voice
Above the others howled the question at me.
I saw their wild-beast faces. And I saw
The hand outstretched, the poignard at my throat.
And I made answer in a stifled voice,
And what I answered I remember not.
But I remember now their house of prayer,
The pealing of the organ, candle-lights . . .

A multitude of voices like a sea,
The priests, the cowls, the singing of the monks —
And in me the bewilderment of death.

. . . . . .

And then I cursed my people and my God.
I cursed the breasts that once had suckled me.
And all that had been sacred to my fathers,
I spat upon; pronounced anathema
Against the hopes and longings that had been
Until that day the dearest of my life.
Yea, I denied my people and my God,
The God of holiness.
Then suddenly
My childhood rose to life before my eyes.
And I was young again. I was a boy
Awaiting my Bar-mitzvah,[1] and again
For the first time I bound upon my arm
The Tephilin; and I saw my father's face
Shining with happiness. And through my flesh
There ran a thrill of joy and holy pride.
For I was now a man, and on my shoulders
Rested the sacred burden of the Law,
The Torah of my Maker and Redeemer.
What strength was in my soul! In all the world
That day, there was no happiness like mine.
And as I bound the Tephilin on my arm
I counted: One, two, three . . . and seven times
I wound them on my flesh, and drew them tight
Until the skin beneath was flecked with blood.
"Behold I bind thee unto Me forever!"
And I had shamed the bond God made with me.
"I bind thee unto Me in faithfulness!"
And I was faithless in the day of trial.

. . . . . .

Listen, dear heart; listen, my dearest one,
For now thou wakest. I have brought with me
Tidings of horror. Listen, dearest one,
And I will whisper to thee. Dost thou know?

[1] The ceremony by which a boy enters into all the duties and privileges of the Jewish faith.

Our children, our two daughters, now are free. . . .
My hand gave back the freedom to their souls.
Miriam rebelled at first, and Zipporah
Clung to her sister and looked long at me
As if imploring mercy. . . . She was first.
I could not bear the pleading in her eyes. . . .
My daughters, O my daughters, turn from me!
Mine eyes are seared. One vision like a flame
Burns up my brain, and withers with its fury
My heart, my blood, my strength.

. . . . . .

I am the man, the father, who
With his own hand his daughters slew.
The knife was firm and trembled not
Until the hilt with blood was hot.
The lives which God to gladness gave
I have imprisoned in the grave:
I could not, dared not let them live,
Their young stainless spirits give
A prey to those whose hands were red
With bloody guilt of human dead. . . .
O well for thee, in darkness set!
Rememberest thou thy daughters yet? . . .
O my daughters, my daughters, my daughters!

. . . . . .

Accursed be thou for ever, cruel race!
Accursed for ever be thy evil name!
The wrath of God shall dwell with thee for ever.
The blood that thou hast sacrificed, the tears,
The moaning of thy victims, shall arise
In one wild flood against thee, and the sound
Shall be a horror in the stormy night.

. . . . . .

Ha! How fearful is the night!
  Here in the dark I feel
The cold that cuts into my heart
  Like driven steel.
But through the town are crimson flames
  As from a furnace blown.
And the hand that lit the furnace there
  Was mine alone.

Look! The dull-glowing clouds of smoke
  Roll further, higher.
The monastery burns and wraps
  The town in fire.
When I had lit the funeral pile
  I lingered there
And joy was in my heart to watch
  Their fierce despair!
How good, how good, to mark the bitter tears
  The holy fathers shed!
To hear the wailing and the wild lamenting
  For the dead!
I laughed to see one man wrapped up
  In flames as in a mesh,
Screaming he ran, and as he ran
  The fire devoured his flesh.
Oh, long I laughed remembering
  The horrible eyes,
The terror and the flight, the prayers,
  The dying cries.

And when the altar was prepared
  Then did I bring
Two daughters for a sacrifice—
  A burnt offering.
Then from the town I came to thee.
Arise, dear heart, return with me.
The flames I lit are burning bright,
Arise, and we will walk in light.
And where the flames the fiercest burn,
Thy daughters wait for thy return. . . .

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KHAYYIM NAKHMAN BIALIK

NIGHT

I KNOW that this my crying, like the crying
Of owls on ruins in a wilderness,
Wakes neither consolation nor despair.
I know that these my tears are as a cloud
Of barren waters in a desert land,
That my lament, grown old with many years,
Is strengthless in the stony hearts of men. . . .
Still the unhappy heart in vain laments
And seeks in vain to weep itself to rest.

From my pent prison I put forth my head
And call unto the storm and question it,
And search the clouds and with the gloom confer—
When will the darkness and the tempest pass?
When will the whirlwind die and the clouds scatter
And moon and stars break forth again in light?
I search from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven:
No sign, or answer — only storm and night.

Within the womb God consecrated me
To sickness and to poverty and said:
"Go forth and find thy vanished destiny.
Among the ways of life buy air to breathe
And steal with craft a beggar's dole of light,
Carry from door to door thy beggar's pack;
Before the wealthy crook thy knees for bread. . . ."
But I am weary now with wandering:
Ah, God, my God, how long is yet the road?

From the dark womb, like an uncleanliness,
On a heap of gathered foulness I was cast,
Unwashed from filth, with rags for swaddling-clothes,
My mother stretched to me a withered breast
And stilled me with the bitter milk of madness.
And in my heart a viper made its nest
And sucks my blood to render it in poison.
Where can I hide me from its burning fangs?
God! answer me with either life or death.

In the broad sky the light clouds are unraveled
And stars among them are like single pearls.
And wind moves dreamlike in the tranquil darkness
And in the wind still broods the peace of God.
And a faint whisper, like a secret kiss,
Laden with revelation, stirs the grass,
And sleep that heals and comforts falls on earth —
But not on me, the outcast — not on me.

In the dead night-time I begin my song,
When two alone awake, my pain and I.
Beneath my skin my bones are turned to dust,
My weak eyes fail, for they have wept too long.
Now my song wakens like a bird at dawn,
Her dewy wings beat rain into my heart
And melt the tear-drops on my frozen eyes . . .
In vain, in vain, for tears alone I know.

Bring me not raindrops, but a fount of tears,
Tears that will shake the hearts of men with storm;
Then by the ancient mounds of desolation,
By the ruined Temple, by my fathers' graves,
Where the road passes I will take my stand,
And travelers on the road will pity me,
And charity will waken with their pity.
There let men hear thee, O my song, until
Thy tears are ended and my pain is stilled.

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THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH

AND shouldst thou wish to know the source
From which thy tortured brethren drew
In evil days their strength of soul
To meet their doom: stretch out their necks
To each uplifted knife and axe,
In flames, on stakes to die with joy,

And with a whisper, "God is one,"
To close their lips?
Then enter thou the House of God,
The House of Study, old and gray,
Throughout the sultry summer days,
Throughout the gloomy winter nights,
At morning, midday, or at eve;
Perchance there is a remnant yet,
Perchance thy eye may still behold
In some dark corner, hid from view,
A cast-off shadow of the past,
The profile of some pallid face,
Upon an ancient folio bent,
Who seeks to drown unspoken woes
In the Talmud's boundless waves.

Translated by Philip M. Raskin

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ZALMAN SCHNEOR

I WEEP NOT FOR THE LIFE . . .

I WEEP not for the life that I must leave,
A single tear were too much to lament it,
For the far future and its mysteries,
Which even the words which I have written here
Perhaps shall never look upon, I weep. . . .

For I will die — and after me my words
Will still behold the changing of the world:
Death and rebirth, and wars that storm and die;
And drunk with living blood, the ancient Goddess
Will rise and take the earth again with green.

Then the eternal iron will return
And lay the blossoms low, and in their place
Shall prison-houses greet the rolling heavens.
In these will man take refuge from creation
To guard the gold extorted from the earth.

Until the gold shall be a pain and burden
Unto his spirit, and its chilly luster
Shall be a weariness unbearable.
Then will he leave his gold and issue forth
To find again the founts of life and light. . . .

And then new marvels will adorn the earth,
The labor of great hearts; and one great tower,
Stone upon stone, shall rise into the heavens;
And still shall stone be added unto stone,
Until the tower will tremble and dissolve.

And he that raised it shall a second time
Be dashed again to earth, and wounded lie
Amid the ruins of his sanctuary:
And in the chaos he shall yet desire
The shattered glory to uplift again.

Then dreams of life and riddles of creation
Shall be declared in an exalted tongue,
And one man from the dead shall suck the blood
And in his brother nourish life therewith,
And race with race shall mingle and be lost.

And to one generation, slave-like bound
With visions as with shackles, shall succeed
A generation young, with wings untried;
And with its fathers' shields lay a triumphant road,
And sing the pæan which its fathers sang. . . .

So will the magic colors of the world
For ever and for ever change — and I —
I shall not see, I shall not see these things,
Except in prophecy, as one, thirst-withered,
May look on water in a crystal locked.

Bitter oppressive, bitter to despair,
Intolerably bitter is this thought —
That I and all life shall not cease together,
That after I am dead, in earth dissolved,
Their wild dance will go on above my grave.

How good, how good it were to live for ever,
Calm and exalted, sundered from the life
Which brings up foulness from the nether seas —
Alone upon the top of some wild mountain,
And like the mountain savage and alone.

Naked as at my birth, to wander free,
To sleep in the clefts of the rocks, my couch to be
The skin of some wild animal, my food
And drink, the dews and berries of the field,
And with the sun to rise and lay me down.

Invisible, I should behold the world,
And mark the tempest breaking at my feet,
And I should sing with pæan and lament
The triumphs and disasters which revolve
For ever and for ever and for ever.

And when the final agony shall shake
The earth below, I would intone a dirge
Which not the heavens nor the earth have heard.
And when I fall in death, above my body,
The echoes of the hills shall still lament.

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AKHAD HA-'AM

PRIEST AND PROPHET

IT is pre-eminently among the ancient Hebrews that Prophecy is found, not as an accidental or temporary phenomenon, but continuously through many generations. Prophecy is, as it were, the hall-mark of the Hebrew national spirit.

The fundamental idea of the Hebrew Prophets was the universal dominion of absolute justice. In Heaven it rules through the eternally Righteous, "Who holds in His right hand the attribute of judgment," and righteously judges all His creatures; and on earth through man, on whom, created in God's image, lies the duty of cherishing the attribute of his Maker, and helping Him, to the best of his meager power, to guide His world in the path of Righteousness. This Idea, with all its religious and moral corollaries, was the breath of

life to the Hebrew Prophets. It was their all in all, beyond which there was nothing of any importance. Righteousness for them is beauty, it is goodness, wisdom, truth: without it all these are naught. When the Prophet saw injustice, either on the part of men or on the part of Providence, he did not inquire closely into its causes, nor bend the knee to necessity, and judge the evil-doers leniently; nor again did he give himself up to despair, or doubt the strength of Righteousness, or the possibility of its victory. He simply complained, pouring out his soul in words of fire; then went his way again, fighting for his ideal, and full of hope that in time — perhaps even " at the end of time " — Righteousness would be lord over all the earth. " Thou art righteous, O Lord " — this the Prophet cannot doubt, although his eyes tell him that " the way of the wicked prospereth ": he feels it as a moral necessity to set Righteousness on the throne, and this feeling is strong enough to conquer the evidence of his eyes. " But I will speak judgments with thee ": this is the fearless challenge of Righteousness on earth to Righteousness in Heaven. These " judgments " relieve his pain; and he returns to his life's work, and lives on by the faith that is in him.

These Prophets of Righteousness transcended in spirit political and national boundaries, and preached the gospel of justice and charity for the whole human race. Yet they remained true to their people Israel; they, too, saw in it the *chosen* people; and from their words it might appear that Israel is their whole world. But their devotion to the universal ideal had its effect on their national feeling. Their nationalism became a kind of corollary to their fundamental Idea. Firmly as they believed in the victory of absolute Righteousness, yet the fact that they turn their gaze time after time to " the end of days " proves that they knew — as by a whisper from the " spirit of holiness " within them — how great and how arduous was the work that mankind must do before that consummation could be reached. They knew, also, that such work as this could not be done by scattered individuals approaching it sporadically, each man for himself, at different times and in different places; but that it needed a whole community, which should be continuously, throughout all generations, the standard-bearer of the force of Righteousness against all the other forces that rule the world; which should assume of its own free will the yoke of eternal obedience to the absolute dominion of a single Idea, and for the sake of that Idea should wage incessant war against the way of the world. This task, grand and lofty, indeed, but not attractive or highly esteemed, the Prophets, whose habit was to see their innermost desire as though it were already realized in the external world, saw placed on the shoulders of their own small nation, because they loved it so well. Their national ideal was not a " kingdom of Priests," but " would that all the people of the Lord were Prophets! " They wished the whole people to be a primal force, a force making for Righteousness, in the general life of humanity, just as they were themselves in its own particular national life.

But this double Prophetic idea, at once universal and national, was met in actual life, like every primal force, by other forces, which hindered its progress, and did not allow it free development. And in this case also the result of the conflict was to weld together the effects of all these forces into a new, complex organism; and so the idea of the Prophets produced the teaching of the Priests.

In the early stages, while Prophecy had not ceased altogether, the Prophets were accordingly more hostile to the Priests than to the general body of the people. The authors of the living Idea, which they had drawn from their innermost being, and by which they believed that they could conquer the whole world, they could not be content with seeing its image stamped, as it were, on the surface of an organism molded out of many elements, and so fixed and stereotyped forever. Nay, more: in the very fact that their Idea had thus become a part of the social organism, they saw a kind of barrier between it and the people. But the opposition between the Prophets and the Priests died out gradually with the decay of Prophecy: and then the guidance of the people was left in the hands of the Priests (though they were not always called by that name), as sole heirs of the Prophetic Idea. The independence of this Idea, and the growth of its special influence, were at an end, because it had no longer a standard-bearer of its own.

When, therefore, the time came for this Idea — that is to say, its universal element — to cross the borders of Palestine, and become an active force throughout the world, the Priestly Judaism of those days was unable to guide it aright, and to preserve it in its pristine purity amid the host of different forces with which it came into conflict. Thus it was only for a moment that it remained a primal force; after that its influence became but as a single current, mingling and uniting with the myriad other currents in the great ocean of life. And since the number of alien influences at work was far greater here than it had been in the birthplace of the Idea, it followed that its visible effects were now even less than they had been before.

If, then, the Hebrew Prophets were to arise from their graves today, and observe the results of their work through the length and breadth of the world, they would have small cause for satisfaction or pæans of triumph. Now, after a long experience of thousands of years, they would recognize still more strongly the need of a "standard-bearer" to uphold their universal Idea; and for this reason they would be strengthened in their devotion to their national Idea. With even more fervor than before they would exclaim, "Would that all the people of the Lord were Prophets!"

We do, indeed, occasionally hear some such exclamation from the lips of Jewish scholars and preachers in Western Europe, who uphold the doctrine of the "mission of Israel." But it follows from what has been said that the Prophetic mission is distinguished from theirs in three essentials.

In the first place, the mission in the Prophetic sense is not the revelation

of some new theoretical truth, and its promulgation throughout the world, until its universal acceptance brings about the fulfilment of the mission. The ideal of the Prophets is to influence practical life in the direction of absolute Righteousness — an ideal for which there can never be a complete victory.

Secondly, this influence, being practical and not theoretical, demands, as a necessary condition of its possibility, not the complete dispersion of Israel among the nations, but, on the contrary, a union and concentration, at least partial, of all its forces, in the place where it will be possible for the nation to direct its life in accordance with its own character.

Thirdly, since this influence can never hope for a complete victory over the other influences at work on human society, which draw it in other directions, it follows that there can be no end either to the mission or to those to whom it is intrusted. The end can come, if at all, only when men cease to be men, and their life to be human life: in that great day of the Jewish dream, when "the *righteous* sit crowned in glory, and drink in the radiance of the Divine Presence."

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ARABIC LITERATURE

OF no civilization is the complexion of its literary remains so characteristic of its varying fortunes as is that of the Arabic. The precarious conditions of desert life and of the tent, the more certain existence in settled habitations, the grandeur of empire acquired in a short period of enthusiastic rapture, the softening influence of luxury and unwonted riches, are so faithfully portrayed in the literature of the Arabs as to give us a picture of the spiritual life of the people which no mere massing of facts can ever show. Well aware of this themselves, the Arabs at an early date commenced the collection and preservation of their old literary monuments with a care and a studious concern which must excite within us a feeling of wonder. For the material side of life must have made a strong appeal to these people when they came forth from their desert homes. Pride in their own doings; pride in their own past, must have spurred them on; yet an ardent feeling for the beautiful in speech is evident from the beginning of their history. The first knowledge that we have of the tribes scattered up and down the deserts and oases of the Arabian peninsula comes to us in the verses of their poets. The early Teuton bards, the rhapsodists of Greece, were not listened to with more profound attention than was the simple Bedouin, who, seated on his mat or at the door of his tent, gave vent to his feelings of joy or sorrow in such manner as nature had gifted him. As are the ballads for Scottish history, so are the verses of these untutored bards the record of the life in which they played no mean part. Nor could the splendors of court life at Damascus, Bagdad, or Cordova make their rulers insensible to the charms of poetry — that "beautiful poetry with which Allah has adorned the Muslim." A verse happily turned could always charm, a satire well pointed could always incite; and the true Arab of today will listen to those so adorned with the same rapt attention as did his fathers of long ago.

This gift of the desert — otherwise so sparing of its favors — has not failed to leave its impression upon all Arabic literature. Though it has produced some prose writers of value, writing, as an art to charm and to please, has always sought the measured cadence of poetry or the unmeasured symmetry of rhymed prose. Its first lispings are in the "trembling" meter — iambics, rhyming in the same syllable throughout; impromptu verses, in which the poet expressed the feelings of the moment: a measure which, the Arabs say, matches the trembling trot of the she-camel. It is simple in its character; coming so near to rhymed prose that the great grammarian Khalil (born

in 718) would not willingly admit that such lines could really be called poetry. Some of these verses go back to the fourth and fifth centuries of our era. But a growing sense of the poet's art was incompatible with so simple a measure; and a hundred years before the appearance of the Prophet, many of the canonical sixteen meters were already in vogue. Even the later complete poems bear the stamp of their origin in the loose connection in which the different parts stand to each other. The "Kasidah" ["Poem"] is built upon the principle that each verse must be complete in itself — there being no stanzas — and separable from the context; and this rule has made interpolations and omissions in the older poems a matter of ease.

The classical period of Arabic poetry, which reaches from the beginning of the sixth century to the beginning of the eighth, is dominated by this form of the Kasidah. Tradition refers its origin to one al-Muhalhil ibn Rabi'a of the tribe of Taghlib, about one hundred and fifty years before Muhammad; though, as is usual, this honor is not uncontested. The Kasidah is composed of distichs, of which only the first two are to rhyme, though every line must end in the same syllable. It should have at least seven or ten verses, and may extend to one hundred or over. In nearly every case it deals with a tribe or a single person — the poet himself or a friend — and may be either a panegyric, a satire, an elegy, or a eulogy. The poet usually commences with the description of a deserted camping-ground, where he sees the traces of his beloved. He then adds the erotic part, describes at length his deeds of valor in the chase or in war, and comes finally to the real object he has in view. Because of this disposition of the material, which was used by the greater poets of this time, the general form of the Kasidah became in a measure stereotyped. No poem was considered perfect unless molded in this form.

Arabic poetry is thus entirely lyrical. There was too little, among these tribes, of that common national life which forms the basis for the Epos. The Semitic genius is too subjective, and has never advanced beyond the first rude attempts at dramatic composition. Even in its lyrics, Arabic poetry is still more subjective than the Hebrew of the Bible. It falls generally into the form of an allocution, even where it is descriptive. It is the poet who speaks, and his personality pervades the whole. He describes nature as he finds it, with little of the imaginative, " in dim grand outlines of a picture which must be filled up by the reader, guided only by a few glorious touches powerfully standing out." A native quickness of apprehension and intense feeling nurtured this poetic sentiment among the Arabs. The continuous enmity between the various tribes produced a sort of knight-errantry which gave material to the poet; and the richness of his language put a tongue in his mouth which could voice forth the finest shades of description or of sentiment. Ad-Damari has well said: "Wisdom has alighted upon three

things — the brain of the Franks, the hands of the Chinese, and the tongues of the Arabs."

The horizon which bounds the Arab poet's view is not far drawn out. He describes the scenes of his desert life: the sand dunes; the camel, antelope, wild ass, and gazelle; his bow and arrow and his sword; his loved one torn from him by the sudden striking of the tents and departure of her tribe. The virtues he sings are those in which he glories, "love of freedom, independence in thought and action, truthfulness, largeness of heart, generosity, and hospitality." His descriptions breathe the freshness of his outdoor life and bring us close to nature; his whole tone rings out a solemn note, which even in his lighter moments is as grave and serious as was existence itself for those sons of the desert, who had no settled habitation, and who, more than any one else, depended upon the bounty of Allah. Although these Kasidahs passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, little would have been preserved for us had there not been a class of men who were led, some by desire and some by necessity, to write down the compositions, and to keep fresh in their memory the very pronunciation of each word. Hammad ar-Rawiya ["the Quoter"] is said to have been able to recite one hundred Kasidahs rhyming on each letter of the alphabet, each Kasidah having at least one hundred verses, and Abu Tammam (805), the author of the 'Hamasah,' is reported to have known by heart fourteen thousand pieces of the "trembling" meter, though it was not until the end of the first century of the Hijrah that systematic collections of this older literature were commenced.

It was this very Hammad (died 777) who put together seven of the choicest poems of the early Arabs, which he called 'Mu'allakat' — "the hung up" (in a place of honor, in the estimation of the people). The authors of these seven poems were: Imr al-Kais, Tarafa, Zuhair, Labid (570), 'Antara, 'Amr, and al-Harith. The common verdict of their countrymen has praised the choice made by Hammad. The seven remained the great models to which later poets aspired: in description of love, those of Imr al-Kais and 'Antara; in that of the camel and the horse, Labid; of battle, 'Amr; in the praise of arms, Harith; in wise maxims, Zuhair. To these must be added al-Nabighah, 'Alkamah, Urwa ibn al-Ward, Hassan ibn Thabit, al-A'sha, Aus ibn Hajar, and ash-Shanfara, whose work has been called "the most magnificent of old Arabic poems." In addition to the single compositions found in the 'Mu'allakat' and elsewhere, nearly all of these created whole series of poems, which were later put in the form of collections and called 'Diwans.' Some of these poets have left us as many as four hundred verses. Such compilations were made by grammarians and antiquarians of a later age, and in addition to the collections formed around the name of a single poet, others were made fashioned upon a different principle: The 'Mufaddaliyat' ['The Most Excellent Poems'], put together by al-Mufaddal (761); the 'Diwan' of the poets of the tribe of Hudhail; Abu Tammam's 'Hama-

sah' ['Bravery'; so called from the subject of the first of the ten books into which the collection is divided]. The best anthology of these poems is 'The Great Book of Songs,' compiled by Abu al-Faraj al-Isfahani (died 967).

With these poets Arabic literature reached its highest development. They are the true expression of the free Arabic spirit. Most of them lived before or during the time of the appearance of Muhammad, whose coming produced a great change in the life of the simple Bedouins. Though they could not be called heathen, their religion expressed itself in the simple feeling of dependence upon higher powers, without attempting to bring this faith into a close connection with their daily life. Muhammad introduced a system into which he tried to mold all things. He wished to unite the scattered tribes to one purpose only, thus cutting away that untrammeled spirit and that free life which had been the making of Arabic poetry. He knew this well, and he also knew the power the poets had over the people. His own 'Qur'an' [Koran], however, was but a poor substitute for the elegant verses of his opponents. "Imr al-Kais," he said, "is the finest of all poets, and their leader into everlasting fire," and on another occasion he is reported to have called out, "Verily, a belly full of matter is better than a belly full of poetry." Even when citing verses, he quoted them in such a manner as to destroy the meter. Abu Bakr very properly remarked, "Truly God said in the 'Qur'an' (xxxvi, 69), 'We have not taught him poetry, and it suits him not.'" In thus decrying the poets of "barbarism," and in setting up the 'Qur'an' as the greatest production of Arabic genius, Muhammad was turning the national poetry to its decline. Happily his immediate successors were unable or unwilling to follow him strictly. His own son-in-law, 'Ali, is said to have been a poet; nor did the Umayyid Caliphs of Damascus, "very heathens in their carnal part," bring the new spirit to its full bloom, as did the Abbassides of Bagdad.

And yet the old spirit was gradually losing ground. The consolidation of the empire brought greater security; the riches of Persia and Syria produced new types of men. Arab life now centered in the city, with all its trammels, its forced politeness, its herding together. The simplicity which characterized the early caliphs was going; in its place was come a court — court life, court manners, court poets. The love of poetry was still there; but the poet of the tent was now the poet of the house and the palace. Like those troubadours who had become jongleurs, they lived upon the crumbs which fell from the table of princes, and such crumbs were frequently not to be despised. Many a time and oft the bard tuned his lyre merely for the price of his services, and we know that he was richly rewarded. Harun gave a dress worth four hundred thousand pieces of gold to Ja'far ibn Yahya; at his death, Ibn 'Ubaid al-Buchtari (865) left one hundred complete suits of dress, two hundred shirts, and five hundred turbans — all of which had been given him for his poems. The freshness of olden times was fading little by

little; the earnestness of the Bedouin poet was making way for lightness of heart. In this intermediate period, few were born so happily, and yet so imbued with the new spirit, as was 'Umar ibn Abi Rabi'a (644), "the man of pleasure as well as the man of literature." Of rich parentage, gifted with a love of song which moved him to speak in verse, he was able to keep himself far from both prince and palace. He was of the family of Kuraish, in whose Muhammad all the glories of Arabia had centered with one exception — the gift of poetry. And now "this Don Juan of Mecca, this Ovid of Arabia," was to wipe away that stain and to be the Arabian Minnesinger, whom Friedrich Rückert called "the greatest love-poet the Arabs have produced." A man of the city, the desert had no attractions for him, but he sang of love as he made love — with utter disregard of holy place or high station, in an erotic strain strange to the stern Umayyids. No wonder they warned their children against reading his compositions, and said, "The greatest sin committed against Allah are the poems of 'Umar ibn Abi Rabi'a."

With the rise of the Abbassides (750), that "God-favored dynasty," Arabic literature entered upon its second great development; a development which may be distinguished from that of the Umayyids (which was Arabian) as, in very truth, Muhammadan. With Bagdad as the capital, it was rather the non-Arabic Persians who held aloft the torch than the Arabs descended from Kuraish. It was a bold move, this attempt to weld the old Persian civilization with the new Muhammadan, yet so great was the power of the new faith that it succeeded. The Barmecide major-domo ably seconded his Abbasside master; the glory of both rests upon the interest they took in art, literature, and science. The Arab came in contact with a new world. Under Mansur (754), Harun ar-Rashid (786), and Ma'mun (813), the wisdom of the Greeks in philosophy and science, the charms of Persia and India in wit and satire, were opened up to enlightened eyes. Upon all of these, whatever their nationality, Islam had imposed the Arab tongue, pride in the faith and in its early history. 'Qur'an' exegesis, philosophy, law, history, and science were cultivated under the very eyes and at the bidding of the Palace; and, at least for several centuries, Europe was indebted to the culture of Bagdad for what it knew of mathematics, astronomy, and philosophy.

The Arab muse profited with the rest of this revival. History and philosophy, as studies, demanded a close acquaintance with the products of early Arab genius. The great philologian al-Asmai (740–831) collected the songs and tales of the heroic age; and a little later, with other than philological ends in view, Abu Tamman and al-Bukhturi (816–913) made the first anthologies of the old Arabic literatures ('Hamasah'). Poetry was already cultivated; and amid the hundreds of wits, poets, and singers who thronged the entrance to the court, there were many who claim real poetic genius. Among them are al-Akhtal (died 713), a Christian; 'Umar ibn Abi Rabi'a

(died 728), Jarir al-Farazdak (died 728), and Muslim ibn al-Walid (died 828). But it is rather the Persian spirit which rules — the spirit of the 'Shah Namah' and Firdausi — "charming elegance, servile court flattery, and graceful wit." In none are the characteristics so manifest as in Abu Nuwas (762–819), the Poet Laureate of Harun, the Imr al-Kais of his time. His themes are wine and love. Everything else he casts to the wind; and like his modern counterpart, Heine, he drives the wit of his satire deep into the holiest feelings of his people, jovial, adventure-loving, devil-may-care, irreligious in all he did. Yet neither the Caliph nor the whole Muhammadan world were incensed. In spite of all, they petted him and pronounced his wine-songs the finest ever written, full of thought and replete with pictures, rich in language and true to every touch of nature. He was poor and had to live by his talents, but wherever he went he was richly rewarded. He was content only to be able to exist in shameless revelry and to sing; and as he lived, so he died — in a half-drunken group, cut to pieces by those who thought themselves offended by his lampoons.

At the other end of the Muslim world, the star of the Umayyids, which had set at Damascus, rose again at Cordova. The union of two civilizations — Indo-European and Semitic — was as advantageous in the West as in the East. The influence of the spirit of learning which reigned at Bagdad reached over to Spain, and the two dynasties vied with each other in the patronage of all that was beautiful in literature and learned in science. Poetry was cultivated and poets cherished with a like regard: the innate Spanish love of the Muse joined hands with that of the Arabic. It was the same kind of verse in Umayyid Spain as in Abbasside Bagdad, of the city and of the palace. But another element was added here — the Western love for the softer beauties of nature, and for their expression in finely wrought mosaics and in graceful descriptions. It is this that brings the Spanish-Arabic poetry nearer to us than the more splendid and glittering verses of the Abbassides, or the cruder and less polished lines of the first Muhammadans. The amount thus composed in Arab Spain may be gaged by the fact that an anthology made during the first half of the tenth century, by Ibn Faraj, contained twenty thousand verses. Cordova under 'Abd ar-Rahman III and Hakim II was the counterpart of Bagdad under Harun. "The most learned prince that ever lived," Hakim was so renowned a patron of literature that learned men wandered to him from all over the Arab Empire. He collected a library of four hundred thousand volumes which had been gathered together by his agents in Egypt, Syria, and Persia, its catalogue alone filling forty-four volumes; and in Cordova he founded a university and twenty-seven free schools. What wonder that all the sciences — Tradition, Theology, Jurisprudence, and especially History and Geography — flourished during his reign? Of the poets of this period we may mention Sa'id ibn Judi — the pattern of the knight of those days, the poet loved of women; Yahyah ibn

Hakam, "the gazelle"; Ahmad ibn 'Abd Rabbih, the author of a commonplace book; Ibn Abdun of Badjiz; Ibn Hafajah of Xucar; and Ibn Sa'id of Granada. Kings added a new jewel to their crown, and took an honored place among the bards, such as 'Abd ar-Rahman I, and Mu'tamid (died 1095), the last King of Seville, whose unfortunate life he himself has pictured in most beautiful elegies. Although the short revival under the Almohades (1184–1198) produced such men as Ibn Rushd (Averroes), the commentator on Aristotle, and Ibn Tufail, who wrote the first 'Robinson Crusoe' story, the sun was already setting. When Ferdinand burned the books which had been so laboriously collected, the dying flame of Arab culture in Spain was finally extinguished.

During the third period — from Ma'mun (813), under whom the Turkish body-guards began to wield their baneful influence, until the break-up of the Abbasside Empire in 1258 — there are many names, but few real poets, to be mentioned. The Arab spirit had spent itself, and the Mogul cloud was on the horizon. There were 'Abd-Allah ibn al-Mu'tazz (died 908); Abu Firas (died 967); at-Tughrai (died 1120); al-Busiri (died 1279) — author of the 'Burda,' a poem in praise of the mantle of Muhammad; but al-Mutanabbi (died 965), alone deserves special mention. The "Prophet-pretender" — for such his name signifies — has been called by Von Hammer "the greatest Arabian poet"; and there is no doubt that his 'Diwan,' with its two hundred and eighty-nine poems, was and is widely read in the East, though only a depraved taste can prefer such an epigone to the fresh desert-music of Imr al-Kais. Panegyrics, songs of war and of bloodshed, are mostly the themes that he dilates upon. He was in the service of Saif ad-Daulah of Syria, sang his victories over the Byzantine Emperor, and was the true type of the prince's bard. Withal, the taste for poetic composition grew, though it produced a smaller number of great names, even if it usurped fields which belong to entirely different literary forms. Grammar, lexicography, philosophy, and theology were expounded in verse; but this was formal, stiff, and unnatural. The writing of poetry became a *tour de force.*

This is nowhere better seen than in that species of literature which appeared for the first time in the eleventh century, and which so pleased and charmed a degenerate age as to make the 'Makamat' the most favorite reading. Ahmad Abu 'l-Fadl al-Hamadhani, "the wonder of all time" (died 1007), composed the first of such "sessions," but only a few of his four hundred have come down to our time. Abu Muhammad al-Hariri (1030–1121), of Basra, was certainly the one who made this species of literature popular; and he was closely imitated in Hebrew by Kharizi (1218), and in Syriac by Ebed Yeshu' (1290). "Makamah" means the place where one stands, where assemblies are held; then, the discourses delivered, or conversations held, in such an assembly. The word is used here especially to denote a series of "discourses and conversations composed in a highly finished and ornamental

style, and solely for the purpose of exhibiting various kinds of eloquence, and exemplifying the rules of grammar, rhetoric, and poetry." Hariri himself speaks of —

> These 'Makamat,' which contain serious language and lightsome,
> And combine refinement with dignity of style,
> And brilliancies with jewels of eloquence,
> And beauties of literature with its rarities,
> Besides quotations from the 'Qur'an,' wherewith I adorned them,
> And choice metaphors, and Arab proverbs that I interspersed,
> And literary elegancies, and grammatical riddles,
> And decisions upon ambiguous legal questions,
> And original improvisations, and highly wrought orations,
> And plaintive discourses, as well as jocose witticisms.

The design is thus purely literary, and the fifty "sessions" of Hariri, written in rhymed prose interspersed with poetry, contain oratorical, poetical, moral, encomiastic, and satirical discourses held together only by the merest thread. Each Makamah is a unit, with no necessary connection with that which follows, and the thread which so loosely binds them is the delineation of the character of Abu Zaid, the hero, in his own words. He is one of those wandering minstrels and happy improvisers whom the favor of princes had turned into poetizing beggars. In each Makamah is related some ruse by means of which Abu Zaid, because of his wonderful gift of speech, either persuades or forces those whom he meets to pay for his sustenance, and furnish the means for his revelries. Not the least of those thus ensnared is his great admirer, Harith ibn-Hammam, the narrator of the whole, who is none other than Hariri. Wearied at last with his life of travel, debauch, and deception, Abu Zaid retires to his native city and becomes an ascetic, thus to atone in a measure for his past sins. The whole might be called, not improperly, a tale, a novel. The poet's intention, however, is to show the richness and variety of the Arabic language; and his own power over this great mass brings the descriptive — one might almost say the lexicographic — side too much to the front. A poem that can be read either backward or forward, or which contains all the words in the language beginning with a certain letter, may be a wonderful mosaic, but is nothing more. The merit of Hariri lies just in this: that working in such cramped quarters, with such intent and design continually guiding his pen, he has often really done more — he has produced rhymed prose and verses which are certainly elegant in diction and elevated in tone.

Such tales as these, told as an exercise of linguistic gymnastics, must not blind us to the presence of real tales, told for their own sake. Arabic literature has been very prolific in these. They lightened the graver subjects discussed

in the tent — philosophy, religion, and grammar — and they furnished entertainment for the more boisterous assemblies in the coffee-houses and around the bowl. For the Arab is an inveterate story-teller; and in nearly all the prose that he writes, this character of the "teller" shimmers clearly through the work of the "writer." He is an elegant narrator. Not only does he intersperse verses and lines more frequently than our own taste would license; but by nature, he easily falls into the half-hearted poetry of rhymed prose, to which the rich assonances of his language predispose him. His learning was further cultivated by his early contact with Persian literature, through which the fable and the wisdom of India spoken from the mouths of animals reached him. In this more frivolous form of inculcating wisdom, the Prophet scented danger to his strait-laced demands: "A man[1] there is who bringeth sportive legends, to lead astray from God's path without knowledge and to make a jest of it; for such is shameful woe" (Qur'an xxxi, 5). In vain; for in hours of relaxation, such works as the 'Fables of Bidpai' (translated from the Persian in 750 by 'Abd Allah ibn Mukaffah), the 'Ten Viziers,' the 'Seven Wise Masters,' etc., proved to be food too palatable. Nor were the Arabs wanting in their own 'Romances,' influenced by Persian ideas only in some portions of the setting, such as the 'Story of Saif ibn dhi Yazan,' the 'Tale of az-Zir,' the 'Romance of Dalhmah,' and especially the 'Romance of 'Antar' and the 'Thousand Nights and a Night.'

Arabic literature has, however, few romances of great length. Though the Arab delights to hear and to recount tales, they are generally short and pithy, for it is in this briefer form that he delights to inculcate principles of morality and norms of character. He is most adroit at repartee and at pungent replies, and has a way of stating principles which delights while it instructs. The anecdote is at home in the East: many a favor is gained, many a punishment averted, by a quick answer and a felicitously turned expression. They exist as popular traditions in very large numbers; and he receives much consideration whose mind is well stocked with them. Written collections of anecdotes have been made from time to time, and those dealing with the early history of the caliphate are among the best prose that the Arabs have produced, though they never cultivated pure prose extensively in itself. Besides the general esteem for anecdotes, it is considered a mark of education to insert in one's speech as often as possible a familiar saying, a proverb, a *bon mot;* and these are largely used in the moral addresses [Khutbah] made in the mosque or elsewhere, and also assuming the form of rhymed prose. A famous collection of such sayings is attributed to 'Ali, the fourth successor of Muhammad, and apophthegms of this type clearly manifest the whole power of the Arab for subtle distinctions in matters of worldly wisdom, as well as the truly religious feeling of the East.

[1] Nadr ibn Harith of Mecca, who had learned at Hira the Persian legends of Rustam and Isfandiyar, and recited them to the Kuraish as superior to the Qur'an.

The literature of the Arabs dealing with their own history, or with the geography and civilization of the nations with whom they came in contact, is very large, and as a record of facts is most important. Ibn Hisham (died 767), Wakidi (died 822), Tabari (838–923), Mas'udi (died 957), Ibn al-Athir (died 1233), Ibn Khaldun (died 1406), Makrizi (died 1442), Suyuti (died 1505), and Makkari (died 1631) are only a few of those who have given us large and comprehensive histories, while al-Biruni (died 1038), writer, mathematician, and traveler, has left us an account of the India of his day which has earned for him the title "Herodotus of India." Nearly all these historical authors, however, are mere chronologists, dry and wearisome to the general reader; and it is only in the Preface, or 'Exordium,' often the most elaborate part of the whole book viewed from a rhetorical standpoint, that they attempt to rise above mere incidents and to strive after literary form.

The propensity of the Arab mind for the tale and the anecdote has had a wider influence in shaping the religious and legal development of Muhammadanism than would appear at first sight. The 'Qur'an' might well suffice as a directive code for a small body of men whose daily life was simple, and whose organization was of the crudest kind. But even Muhammad in his own later days was called upon to supplement the written word by the spoken, to interpret such parts of his "book" as were unintelligible, to reconcile conflicting statements, and to fit the older legislation to changed conditions. As the religious head of the community, his dictum became law; and his words were handed round and transmitted as the unwritten code by which his lieutenants were to be guided in matters not only religious but also legal, since to them "law" was part and parcel of "religion." This "hadith" grew apace, until, in the third century of the Hijrah, it was put in writing. Nothing bears weight which has not the stamp of Muhammad's authority as reported by his near surroundings and his friends. In such a mass of material, great care is taken to separate the chaff from the wheat, and the "chain" [Isnad] must be given for each tradition, for each anecdote; but since the "friends" of the Prophet are said to have numbered seven thousand five hundred, it has not been easy to keep out fraud and deception. The subjects treated are most varied, sometimes even trivial, but for the most part they deal with recondite questions of law and morals. Three great collections of the 'Hadith' have been made: by al-Bukhari (869), Muslim (874), and at-Tirmidhi (892), though the first two only are considered canonical. From these are derived the three great systems of jurisprudence which to this day hold good in the Muhammadan world.

Richard Gottheil

DESCRIPTION OF A MOUNTAIN STORM

From the most celebrated of the 'Mu'allakat,' that of Imr al-Kais, 'The Wandering King'

O FRIEND, see the lightning there! it flickered and now is gone,
as though flashed a pair of hands in the pillar of crowned cloud.
Now, was it its blaze, or the lamps of a hermit that dwells alone,
and pours o'er the twisted wicks the oil from his slender cruse?
We sat there, my fellows and I, 'twixt Darij and al-Udhaib,
and gazed as the distance gloomed, and waited its oncoming.
The right of its mighty rain advanced over Katan's ridge;
the left of its trailing skirt swept Yadhbul and as-Sitar:
Then over Kutaifah's steep the flood of its onset drave,
and headlong before its storm the tall trees were borne to ground;
And the drift of its waters passed o'er the crags of al-Kanan,
and drave forth the white-legged deer from the refuge they sought therein.
And Taima — it left not there the stem of a palm aloft,
nor ever a tower, save ours, firm built on the living rock.
And when first its misty shroud bore down upon Mount Thabir,
he stood like an ancient man in a gray-streaked mantle wrapt.
The clouds cast their burdens down on the broad plain of al-Ghabit,
as a trader from al-Yaman unfolds from the bales his store;
And the topmost crest, on the morrow, of al-Mujaimir's cairn
was heaped with the flood-borne wrack, like wool on a distaff wound.

FROM THE 'MU'ALLAKAT' OF ZUHAIR

A lament for the desertion, through a war, of his former home and the haunts of his tribe

I

ARE they of Umm Aufa's tents — these black lines that speak no word
in the stony plain of al-Mutathallam and ad-Darraj?
Yea, and the place where his camp stood in ar-Rakmatan is now
like the tracery drawn afresh by the veins of the inner wrist.
The wild kine roam there large-eyed, and the deer pass to and fro,
and their younglings rise up to suck from the spots where they all lie around.
I stood there and gazed; since I saw it last twenty years had flown,
and much I pondered thereon: hard was it to know again —

The black stones in order laid in the place where the pot was set,
and the trench like a cistern's root with its sides unbroken still.
And when I knew it, at last, for his resting-place, I cried,
"Good greeting to thee, O house! Fair peace in the morn to thee!"
Look forth, O friend! canst thou see aught of ladies, camel-borne,
that journey along the upland there, above Jurthum well?
Their litters are hung with precious stuffs, and their veils thereon
cast loosely, their borders rose, as though they were dyed in blood.
Sideways they sat as their beasts clomb the ridge of as-Suban;
in them were the sweetness and grace of one nourished in wealth and ease.
They went on their way at dawn — they started before sunrise;
straight did they make for the vale of ar-Rass, as hand for mouth.
Dainty and playful their mood to one who should try its worth,
and faces fair to an eye skilled to trace out loveliness.
And the tassels of scarlet wool, in the spots where they gat them down,
glowed red, like to *'ishrik* seeds, fresh-fallen, unbroken, bright.
And then they reached the wells where the deep-blue water lies,
they cast down their staves, and set them to pitch the tents for rest.
On their right hand rose al-Kanan, and the rugged skirts thereof —
(and in al-Kanan how many are foes and friends of mine!)
At eve they left as-Suban; then they crossed the ridge again,
borne on the fair-fashioned litters, all new and builded broad.

[Certain other cantos reproach the author of the treachery and quarrel that led to the war and migration. Then follows a series of maxims as to human life and conduct.]

VI

Aweary am I of life's toil and travail; he who like me
has seen pass of years fourscore, well may he be sick of life!
I know what Today unfolds, what before it was Yesterday;
but blind do I stand before the knowledge Tomorrow brings.
I have seen the Dooms trample men as a blind beast at random treads:
whom they smote, he died; whom they missed, he lived on to strengthless eld.
Who gathers not friends by help, in many cases of need
is torn by the blind beast's teeth, or trodden beneath its foot.
And he who his honor shields by the doing of a kindly deed
grows richer; who shuts not the mouth of reviling, it lights on him.
And he who is lord of wealth and niggardly with his hoard,
alone is he left by his kin; naught have they for him but blame.
Who keeps faith, no blame he earns, and that man whose heart is led
to goodness unmixed with guile gains freedom and peace of soul.

Who trembles before the Dooms, yea, him shall they surely seize,
albeit he set a ladder to climb the sky.
Who spends on unworthy men his kindness with lavish hand;
no praise doth he earn, but blame, and repentance the seed thereof.
Who will not yield to the spears, when their feet turn to him in peace,
shall yield to the points thereof, and the long flashing blades of steel.
Who holds not his foe away from his cistern with sword and spear,
it is broken and spoiled; who uses not roughness, him shall men wrong.
Who seeks far away from kin for housing, takes foe for friend;
who honors himself not well, no honor gains he from men.
Who makes of his soul a beast of burden to bear men's loads,
nor shields it one day from shame, yea, sorrow shall be his lot.
Whatso be the shaping of mind that a man is born withal,
though he think it lies hid from men, it shall surely one day be known.
How many a man seemed goodly to thee while he held his peace,
whereof thou didst learn the more or less when he turned to speech.
The tongue is a man's one-half, the other, the heart within;
besides these two naught is left but a semblance of flesh and blood.
If a man be old and a fool, his folly is past all cure;
but a young man may yet grow wise and cast off his foolishness.

VII

We asked, and ye gave; we asked again, and ye gave again:
but the end of much asking must be that no giving shall follow it.

LABID

A lament for the affliction of his tribe, the 'Amir. From the 'Divan'

YEA, the righteous shall keep the way of the righteous,
and to God turn the steps of all that abideth;
And to God ye return, too; with Him, only,
rest the issues of things — and all that they gather.
All that is in the Book of Knowledge is reckoned,
and before Him revealed lies all that is hidden:
Both the day when His gifts of goodness on those whom
He exalts are as palms full freighted with sweetness,
(Young, burdened with fruit, their heads bowed with clusters,
swelled to bursting, the tallest e'en as the lesser)
And the day when avails the sin-spotted only
prayer for pardon and grace to lead him to mercy,

And the good deed he wrought to witness before him,
and the pity of Him who is Compassion:
Yea, a place in his shade, the best to abide in,
and a heart still and steadfast, right weening, honest.
Is there aught good in life? Yea, I have seen it,
even I, if the seeing bring aught of profit.
Long has Life been to me; and this is its burden:
lone against time abide Ti'ar and Yaramram,
And Kulaf and Badi' the mighty, and Dalfa',
yea, and Timar, that towers aloft over Kubbah; [1]
And the Stars, marching all night in procession,
drooping westwards, as each hies forth to his setting:
Sure and steadfast their course: the underworld draws them
gently downwards, as maidens encircling the Pillar;
And we know not, whenas their luster is vanished,
whether long be the ropes that bind them, or little.
Lone is 'Amir, and naught is left of her goodness,
in the meadows of al-A'raf, but her dwellings—
Ruined shadows of tents and penfolds and shelters,
bough from bough rent, and spoiled by wind and by weather.
Gone is 'Amir, her ancients gone, all the wisest:
none remain but a folk whose war-mares are fillies,
Yet they slay them in every breach in our rampart—
yea, and they that bestride them, true-hearted helpers,
They contemn not their kin when change comes upon them,
Nor do we scorn the ties of blood and of succor.
Now on 'Amir be peace, and praises, and blessing,
wherever be on earth her way—or her halting!

THE DEATH OF 'ABDALLAH

AND WHAT MANNER OF MAN HE WAS

By Duraid, son of as-Simmah, of Jusharn

I WARNED them both, 'Arid, and the men who went 'Arid's way—
the house of the Black Mother: yea, ye are all my witnesses,
I said to them: "Think—even now, two thousand are on your track,
all laden with sword and spear, their captains in Persian mail!"
But when they would hearken not, I followed their road, though I
knew well they were fools, and that I walked not in Wisdom's way.

[1] The five names foregoing are those of mountains.

For am not I but one of the Ghaziyah? and if they err
I err with my house; and if the Ghaziyah go right, so I.
I read them my rede, one day, at Mun'araj al-Liwa:
the morrow, at noon, they saw my counsel as I had seen.
A shout rose, and voices cried, "The horsemen have slain a knight!"
I said, "Is it 'Abdallah, the man whom you say is slain?"
I sprang to his side: the spears had riddled his body through
as a weaver on outstretched web deftly plies the sharp-toothed comb.
I stood as a camel stands with fear in her heart, and seeks
the stuffed skin with eager mouth, and thinks — is her youngling slain?
I plied spear above him till the riders had left their prey,
and over myself black blood flowed in a dusky tide.
I fought as a man who gives his life for his brother's life,
who knows that his time is short, that Death's doom above him hangs.
But know ye, if 'Abdallah be dead, and his place a void,
no weakling unsure of hand, and no holder-back was he!
Alert, keen, his loins well girt, his leg to the middle bare,
unblemished and clean of limb, a climber to all things high;
No wailer before ill-luck; one mindful in all he did
to think how his work today would live in tomorrow's tale,
Content to bear hunger's pain though meat lay beneath his hand —
to labor in ragged shirt that those whom he served might rest.
If Dearth laid her hand on him, and Famine devoured his store,
he gave but the gladlier what little to him they spared.
He dealt as a youth with Youth, until, when his head grew hoar,
and age gathered o'er his brow, to lightness he said, "Begone!"
Yea, somewhat it soothes my soul that never I said to him
"thou liest," nor grudged him aught of mine that he sought of me!

ASH-SHANFARA OF AZD

A picture of womanhood, from the 'Mufaddaliyat'

ALAS, Umm 'Amr set her face to depart and went:
gone is she, and when she sped, she left with us no farewell.
Her purpose was quickly shaped — no warning gave she to friends,
though there she had dwelt, hard-by, her camels all day with ours.
Yea, thus in our eyes she dwelt, from morning to noon and eve —
she brought to an end her tale, and fleeted and left us lone.
So gone is Umaimah, gone! and leaves here a heart in pain:
my life was to yearn for her; and now its delight is fled.

She won me, whenas, shamefaced — no maid to let fall her veil,
no wanton to glance behind — she walked forth with steady tread;
Her eyes seek the ground, as though they looked for a thing lost there;
she turns not to left or right — her answer is brief and low.
She rises before day dawns to carry her supper forth
to wives who have need — dear alms, when such gifts are few enow!
Afar from the voice of blame, her tent stands for all to see,
when many a woman's tent is pitched in the place of scorn.
No gossip to bring him shame from her does her husband dread —
when mention is made of women, pure and unstained is she.
The day done, at eve glad comes he home to his eyes' delight:
he needs not to ask of her, "Say, where didst thou pass the day?" —
And slender is she where meet, and full where it so beseems,
and tall and straight, a fairy shape, if such on earth there be.
And nightlong as we sat there, methought that the tent was roofed
above with basil-sprays, all fragrant in dewy eve —
Sweet basil, from Halyah dale, its branches abloom and fresh,
that fills all the place with balm — no starveling of desert sands.

Translations by C. J. Lyall

ZAINAB AT THE KA'BAH

From 'Umar ibn Rabi'a's 'Love Poems'

AH, for the throes of a heart sorely wounded!
Ah, for the eyes that have smit me with madness!
Gently she moved in the calmness of beauty,
Moved as the bough to the light breeze of morning.
Dazzled my eyes as they gazed, till before me
All was a mist and confusion of figures.
Ne'er had I sought her, ne'er had she sought me;
Fated the love, and the hour, and the meeting.
There I beheld her as she and her damsels
Paced 'twixt the temple and outer inclosure;
Damsels the fairest, the loveliest, gentlest,
Passing like slow-wandering heifers at evening;
Ever surrounding with comely observance
Her whom they honor, the peerless of women.
"Omar is near: let us mar his devotions,
Cross on his path that he needs must observe us;
Give him a signal, my sister, demurely."

"Signals I gave, but he marked not or heeded,"
Answered the damsel, and hasted to meet me.
Ah, for that night by the vale of the sandhills!
Ah, for the dawn when in silence we parted!
He whom the morn may awake to her kisses
Drinks from the cup of the blessed in heaven.

Translated by W. Gifford Palgrave

FROM THE 'DIVAN' OF AN-NABIGHAH

A eulogy of the valor and culture of the men of Ghassan, written in time of the poet's political exile from them

LEAVE me alone, O Umaimah — alone with my sleepless pain —
alone with the livelong night and the wearily lingering stars;
It draws on its length of gloom; methinks it will never end,
nor ever the Star-herd lead his flock to their folds of rest; —
Alone with a breast whose griefs, that roamed far afield by day,
the darkness has brought all home: in legions they throng around.
A favor I have with 'Amr, a favor his father bore
toward me of old; a grace that carried no scorpion sting.
I swear (and my word is true — an oath that hath no reserve,
and naught in my heart is hid save fair thought of him, my friend) —
If these twain his fathers were, who lie in their graves; the one
al-Jillik, the others as-Saida, by Harib's side,
And Harith, of Jafnah's line, the lord of his folk of old —
yea, surely his might shall reach the home of his enemy!
In him hope is sure of help when men say — "The host is sped,
the horsemen of Ghassan's line unblemished, no hireling herd,
His cousins, all near of kin, their chief 'Amr, 'Amir's son —
a people are they whose might in battle shall never fail!"
When goes forth the host to war, above them in circles wheel
battalions of eagles, pointing the path to battalions more;
Their friendship is old and tried, fast comrades, in foray bred
to look unafraid on blood, as hounds to the chase well trained.
Behold them, how they sit there, behind where their armies meet,
watching with eyes askance, like elders in gray furs wrapt,
Intent; for they know full well that those whom they follow, when
the clash of the hosts shall come, will bear off the victory.
Ay, well is that custom known, a usage that time has proved
when lances are laid in rest on withers of steeds arow —

Of steeds in the spear-play skilled, with lips for the fight drawn back,
their bodies with wounds all scarred, some bleeding and some half-healed.
And down leap the riders where the battle is strait and stern,
and spring in the face of Death like stallions amid the herd;
Between them they give and take deep draughts of the wine of doom
as their hands ply the white swords, thin and keen in the smiting-edge.
In shards fall the morions burst by the fury of blow on blow,
and down to the eyebrows, cleft, fly shattered the skulls beneath.
In them no defect is found, save only that in their swords
are notches, a many, gained from smiting of host on host:
An heirloom of old, those blades, from the fight of Halimah's day,
and many the mellay fierce that since has their temper proved;
Therewith do they cleave in twain the hauberk of double woof,
and kindle the rock beneath to fire, ere the stroke is done.
A nature is theirs — God gives the like to no other men —
a wisdom that never sleeps, a bounty that never fails.
Their home is God's own land, His chosen of old; their faith
is steadfast. Their hope is set on naught but the world to come.
Their sandals are soft and fine, and girded with chastity,
they welcome with garlands sweet the dawn of the Feast of Palms.
There greets them when they come home full many a handmaid fine,
and ready, on trestles, hang the mantles of scarlet silk.
Yea, softly they wrap their limbs, well-knowing of wealth and ease,
in rich raiment, white-sleeved, green at the shoulder — in royal guise.
They look not on Weal as men who know not that Woe comes, too:
they look not on evil days as though they would never mend.

Lo, this was my gift to Ghassan, what time I sought
My people; and all my paths were darkened, and strait my ways.

PATIENCE

By Ibrahim ibn Kunaif of Nabhan

BE patient: for free-born men to bear is the fairest thing,
And refuge against Time's wrong or help from his hurt is none;
And if it availed man aught to bow him to fluttering Fear,
Or if he could ward off hurt by humbling himself to Ill,
To bear with a valiant front the full brunt of every stroke
And onset of Fate were still the fairest and best of things.
But how much the more, when none outruns by a span his Doom,
And refuge from God's decree nor was nor will ever be,

And sooth, if the changing Days have wrought us — their wonted way —
A lot mixed of weal and woe, yet one thing they could not do:
They have not made soft or weak the stock of our sturdy spear;
They have not abased our hearts to doing of deeds of shame.
We offer to bear their weight, a handful of noble souls:
Though laden beyond all weight of man, they uplift the load.
So shield we with Patience fair our souls from the stroke of Shame;
Our honors are whole and sound, though others be lean enow.

ABU SAKHR

On a lost love. From the 'Hamasah'

BY Him who brings weeping and laughter, | who deals Death and Life as He wills —
she left me to envy the wild deer | that graze twain and twain without fear!
Oh, love of her, heighten my heart's pain, | and strengthen the pang every night;
oh, comfort that days bring, forgetting | — the last of all days be thy tryst!
I marveled how swiftly the time sped | between us, the moment we met;
but when that brief moment was ended | how wearily dragged he his feet!

AN ADDRESS TO THE BELOVED

By Abu 'l-'Ata of Sind. From the 'Hamasah'

OF thee did I dream, while spears between us were quivering —
and sooth, of our blood full deep had drunken the tawny shafts!
I know not — by Heaven I swear, and here is the word I say! —
this pang, is it love-sickness, or wrought by a spell from thee?
If it be a spell, then grant me grace of thy love-longing —
if other the sickness be, then none is the guilt of thine!

A TRIBESMAN'S VALOR

Poem by Sa'd, son of Malik, of the Kais Tribe

HOW evil a thing is war, that bows men to shameful rest!
War burns away in her blaze all glory and boasting of men:
Naught stands but the valiant heart to face pain — the hard-hoofed steed —

The ring-mail set close and firm, the nail-crowned helms and the spears;
And onset, again after rout, when men shrink from the serried array —
Then, then, fall away all the vile, the hirelings! and shame is strong!
War girds up her skirts before them, and evil unmixed is bare.
For their hearts were for maidens veiled, not for driving the gathered spoil:
Yea, evil the heirs we leave, sons of Yakshar and al-Laksh!

But let flee her fires who will, no flinching for me, son of Kais!
O children of Kais! stand firm before her! gain peace or give:
Who seeks flight before her fear, his Doom stands and bars the road.
Away! Death allows no quitting of place, and brands are bare!
What is life for us, when the uplands and valleys are ours no more?
Ah, where are the mighty now? the spears and generous hands?

Translations by C. J. Lyall

THE WORDS OF HARITH IBN-HAMMAM

From the 'Makamat' of al-Hariri of Basra

ON a night whose aspect displayed both light and shade,
And whose moon was like a magic circlet of silver,
I was engaged in evening conversation at Kufa
With companions who had been nourished on the milk of eloquence,
So the charms of conversation fascinated us,
While wakefulness still prevailed among us,
Until the moon had at length disappeared in the West.
But when the gloom of night had thus drawn its curtain,
And nothing but slumber remained abroad,
We heard from the door the low call of a benighted traveler,
And then followed the knock of one seeking admission;
And we answered, "Who comes here this darksome night?"
And the stranger replied: —

"Listen ye who here are dwelling!
May you so be kept from ill!
So may mischief ne'er befall you,
Long as life your breast shall fill!
Gloom of dismal night and dreary
Drives a wretch to seek your door,
Whose disheveled hoary tresses
All with dust are sprinkled o'er;

Who, though destitute and lonely,
Far has roamed on hill and dale,
Till his form became thus crooked,
And his cheek thus deadly pale;
Who, though faint as slender crescent,
Ventures here for aid to sue,
Hospitable meal and shelter
Claiming first of all from you.
Welcome then to food and dwelling
One so worthy both to share,
Sure to prove content and thankful,
Sure to laud your friendly care."

Fascinated then by the sweetness of his language and delivery,
And readily inferring what this prelude betokened,
We hasted to open the door, and received him with welcome,
Saying to the servant, "Hie! Hie! Bring whatever is ready!"
But the stranger said, "By Him who brought me to your abode,
I will not taste of your hospitality, unless you pledge to me
That you will not permit me to be an incumbrance to you,
Nor impose on yourselves necessity of eating on my account."

. . . . . .

Now it was just as if he had been informed of our wishes,
Or had shot from the same bow as our sentiments;
So we gratified him by acceding to the condition,
And highly commended him for his accommodating disposition.
But when the servant had produced what was ready,
And the candle was lighted up in the midst of us,
I regarded him attentively, and lo! it was Abu Zaid;
Whereupon I addressed my companions in these words: —
"May you have joy of the guest who has repaired to you:
For though the moon of the heavens has set,
The full moon of poetry has arisen;
And though the moon of the eclipse has disappeared,
The full moon of eloquence has shone forth."
So the wine of joy infused itself into them,
And sleep flew away from the corners of their eyes,
And they rejected the slumber which they had contemplated,
And began to resume the pleasantry which they had laid aside,
While Abu Zaid remained intent on the business in hand.
But as soon as he desired the removal of what was before him,
I said to him, "Entertain us with one of thy strange anecdotes,

Or with an account of one of thy wonderful journeys."
And he said: — "The result of long journeys brought me to this land,
Myself being in a state of hunger and distress,
And my wallet light as the heart of the mother of Moses;
So I arose, when dark night had settled on the world,
Though with weary feet, to seek a lodging, or obtain a loaf;
Till, being driven on by the instigation of hunger,
And by fate, so justly called 'the parent of adventures,'
I stood at the door of a house and improvised these words: —

"'Inmates of this abode, all hail! all hail!
Long may you live in plenty's verdant vale.
Oh, grant your aid to one by toil opprest,
Way-worn, benighted, destitute, distrest;
Whose tortured entrails only hunger hold
(For since he tasted food two days are told);
A wretch who finds not where to lay his head,
Though brooding night her weary wing hath spread,
But roams in anxious hope a friend to meet,
Whose bounty, like a spring of water sweet,
May heal his woes; a friend who straight will say,
"Come in! 'Tis time thy staff aside to lay."'

"But there came out to me a boy in a short tunic, who said: —

"'By Him who hospitable rites ordained,
And first of all, and best, those rites maintained,
I swear that friendly converse and a home
Is all we have for those who nightly roam.'

"And I replied, 'What can I do with an empty house,
And a host who is himself thus utterly destitute?
But what is thy name, boy? for thy intelligence charms me.'
He replied, 'My name is Zaid, and I was reared at Faid;
And my mother Barrah (who is such as her name implies),
Told me she married one of the nobles of Saruj and Ghassan,
Who deserted her stealthily, and there was an end of him.'
Now I knew by these distinct signs that he was my child,
But my poverty deterred me from discovering myself to him."

Then we asked if he wished to take his son to live with him;
And he replied, "If only my purse were heavy enough,
It would be easy for me to undertake the charge of him."

So we severally undertook to contribute a portion of it,
Whereupon he returned thanks for this our bounty,
And was so profusely lavish in his acknowledgments,
That we thought his expression of gratitude excessive.
And as soon as he had collected the coin into his scrip,
He looked at me as the deceiver looks at the deceived,
And laughed heartily, and then indited these lines: —

"O thou who, deceived
By a tale, hast believed
A mirage to be truly a lake,
Though I ne'er had expected
My fraud undetected,
Or doubtful my meaning to make!

I confess that I lied
When I said that my bride
And my first-born were Barrah and Zaid;
But guile is my part,
And deception my art,
And by these are my gains ever made.

Such schemes I devise
That the cunning and wise
Never practised the like or conceived;
Nor Asma'i nor Kumait
Any wonders relate
Like those that my wiles have achieved.

But if these I disdain,
I abandon my gain,
And by fortune at once am refused:
Then pardon their use,
And accept my excuse,
Nor of guilt let my guile be accused."

Then he took leave of me, and went away from me,
Leaving in my heart the embers of lasting regret.

Translated by Theodore Preston

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE Arabian Nights — or, more accurately, 'The Thousand Nights and a Night' (Alf Lailah wa-lailah) — have gained a popularity in Europe, since Antoine Galland first translated them into French in 1704, which rivals, if it does not exceed, their reputation in the East. They opened up to Europe a wealth of anecdote, a fertility of daring fancy, which has not ceased to amuse and to interest. It is not their value as literature which has placed them so high in popular esteem, both in the East and in the West; for they are written in a style not a little slovenly, the same scenes, figures, and expressions are repeated to monotony, and the poetical extracts which are interwoven are often of very uncertain excellence. Some of the modern translations — as by Payne and Burton — have frequently given it a literary flavor which it certainly has not in Arabic. For this reason, the stories are seldom mentioned in native literary chronicles. But the 'Nights' are good stories. All classes of men are to be found there: Harun ar-Rashid and his viziers, as well as the baker, the cobbler, the merchant, the courtesan. The very coarseness is a part of the picture. It is a kaleidoscope of the errors and failings and virtues of the men whose daily life it records; it is also a picture of the wonderfully rich fantasy of the Oriental mind.

In the better texts (*i. e.*, of Bulak and Calcutta) there are about two hundred and fifty tales; some long, others short, following one another without plan. The chief story may at any moment suggest a subordinate one; and as the work proceeds, the lack of connection between the parts increases. The whole is held together, however, by a "frame," a device not unlike that used by Boccaccio ('Decameron') and Chaucer ('Canterbury Tales'). This "frame" is, in short, as follows — A certain king of India, Shahriyar, aroused by his wife's infidelity, determines to make an end of all the women in his kingdom. As often as he takes a wife, on the morrow he orders her slain. Shahrazad, the daughter of his Vizier, assumes the task of ridding the king of his evil intent. On the night of her marriage to the king, she, together with her sister Dunyazad, so engrosses his mind with her stories that the king seeks their continuance night after night; thus she wards off her fate for nearly three years. At the end of that time she has borne the king three male children; and has, by the sprightliness of her mind, gradually drawn all the perversity out of him, so that his land is at rest.

The tales told within this "frame" may be divided into: (*a*) Histories, or long romances, which are often founded upon historical facts; (*b*) Anecdotes and short stories, which deal largely with the caliphs of the house of Abbas; (*c*) Romantic tales, which, though freely mingled with supernatural intervention, may also be purely fictitious (*contes fantastiques*); (*d*) Fables and Apo-

logues; and (*e*) Stories which serve the teller as the peg upon which to hang and to exhibit his varied learning. In addition to this "frame," there is a thread running through the whole; for the grand theme which is played with so many variations is the picturing of love — in the palace and in the hovel, in the city and in the desert. The scenes are laid in all the four corners of the globe, but especially in the two great centers of Muhammadan activity, Bagdad and Cairo. It is not a matter of chance that Harun ar-Rashid is the Caliph to whom the legends of the 'Nights' have given a crown so very different from the one which he really wore. Though his character was often far from that which is pictured here, he was still a patron of art and of literature. His time was the heyday of Muhammadan splendor; and his city was the metropolis to which merchants and scholars flocked from the length and breadth of Arab dominion.

To unravel the literary history of such a collection is difficult indeed, for it has drawn upon all civilizations and all literatures. But since Hammer-Purgstall and De Sacy began to unwind the skein, many additional turns have been given. The idea of the "frame" in general comes undoubtedly from India; and such stories as 'The Barber's Fifth Brother' or 'The Prince and the Afrit's Mistress' have been traced back to the Hitopadeça, Panchatantra, and Katha Sarit Sagara. The 'Story of the King, his Seven Viziers, his Son, and his Favorite' is but a late version, through the Pahlavi or Medieval Persian, of the Indian Sindibad Romance of the time of Alexander the Great. A number of fables are easily paralleled by those in the famous collection of Bidpai, and this is probably true of the whole little collection of beast stories in the One Hundred and Forty-sixth Night; for such tales are based upon the different reincarnations of the Buddha and the doctrine of metempsychosis. The story of Jali'ad and the Vizier Shammas is distinctly reported to have been translated from Persian into Arabic. Even Greek sources have not been left untouched, if the picture of the cannibal in the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor be really a reflex of the legend of Odysseus and Polyphemus. Arabic historians — such as Tabari, Mas'udi, Kazwini, al-Jauzi — and the Kitab al-Aghani, have furnished innumerable anecdotes and tales; while old Arabic poets like Imr al-Kais, 'Alkamah, Nabighah, and others, have contributed occasional verses.

It is manifest that such a mass of material was not composed at one time or place. Much must have floated around in drinking-rooms and in houses of revelry for a long time before it was gathered into a single collection; and to this day the story of Ali Baba is current among the Bedouins in Sinai. Whenever the digest was first made, it is certain that stories were added at a later time, as is evident from the divergences seen in the different manuscripts, and from the supplementary tales collected by Payne and Burton. In their present form, however, everything points to the final redaction of the 'Nights' in Egypt. Of all the cities mentioned, Cairo is described the most minutely; the

manners and customs of the *personæ* are those of Egyptian society — say from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. That such stories as these were popular in Egypt seems to follow from the fact that the only mention of them is found in Makrizi's 'Description of Cairo' (1400) and in Abu 'l-Mahasin, another historian of Egypt (1470). The collection cannot have been made later than 1548, the date placed by a reader on the manuscript used by Galland, and various chance references show that it cannot have been much earlier. The mention of coffee (discovered in the fourteenth century); of cannon (first mentioned in Egypt in 1383); of the wearing of different-colored garments by Muslims, Jews, and Christians (instituted in 1301 by Muhammad ibn Kalaün); of the order of Kalandariyyah (which did not exist until the thirteenth century); and of Sultani peaches (the city Sultaniyyah was founded in the middle of the thirteenth century) point to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as the approximate date of the final composition of the 'Nights,' and this is supported by the mention of the office of the Shaikh al-Islam, which was not created before the year 1453. Additions, such as the 'Story of Abu Kar and Abu Zar,' were made as late as the sixteenth century; and tobacco, which is mentioned, was not introduced into Europe until the year 1560. The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries are a period of the revival of letters in Egypt, which might well have induced some Arab lover of folk-lore to write down a complete copy of these tales. The Emperor Salah-ad-din (1169) is the last historical personage mentioned, and there is absolutely no trace of Shiite heresy to be found in the whole collection, an omission which would be impossible had they been gathered up at the time of the heretical Fatimide dynasty (900–1171).

But it seems equally certain that the 'Nights' did not originate in the land of the Nile. The figure of Harun ar-Rashid and the many doings in the "City of Peace" (Bagdad) lead us irresistibly over to the Eastern capital of the Muhammadan Empire. The genii and Afrits and much of the gorgeous picturing remind one of Persia, or at least of Persian influence. The Arabs were largely indebted to Persia for literature of a kind like this; and we know that during the ninth and tenth centuries many books were translated from the Pahlavi and Syriac. Thus Ibn al-Mukaffah (760) gave the Arabs the 'Khudainamah,' the ''Amirnamah' [Mirror of Princes], 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' etc. The historian Mas'udi (943) expressly refers the story of the 'Thousand and One Nights' to a Persian original. "The first who composed such tales and made use of them were the ancient Persians. The Arabs translated them, and made others like them" among them being the 'Hazar Afsanah' ('A Thousand Tales'), a book popularly called the 'Thousand and One Nights,' and containing the story of the king and his vizier, and of his daughter Shirazad and her slave-girl Dinazad. Other works of the same kind were the book of Simas, containing stories of Indian kings and viziers, the book of Sindibad, etc. A similar statement is made by Abu Yakub an-Nadim

(987) in the 'Fihrist': — "This book, 'Hazar Afsanah,' is said to have been written by the Princess Humai (or Humain), daughter of Bahman. It comprises a Thousand Nights, but less than two hundred stories; for a night story often was related in a number of nights. I have seen it many times complete; but it is in truth a meager and uninteresting publication." A translation of the 'Hazar Afsanah' was made into Arabic, and it is again mentioned in the middle of the twelfth century by Abdulhak al-Hazraji; but neither it nor the original Pahlavi has yet been found. It thus remains a matter of speculation as to how much of the 'Hazar Afsanah' has found its way into the 'Nights,' but it is evident that to it they are indebted for the general idea, for many of the principal names, and probably for the groundwork of a great many of the stories. The change of the title from 'The Thousand' to 'The Thousand and One' is due to the fact that the Arabs often expressed "a large number" in this fashion. Yet the 'Nights' cannot be a translation from the Persian; for the other two books mentioned by Mas'udi are in the Arabic collection. Lane supposes the relationship to be that of the 'Æneid' to the 'Odyssey.' But it is probably closer: one-fifth of the collection which, according to Payne, is common to all manuscripts, will doubtless be found to be based on the Pahlavi original. That the dependence is not greater is evident from the absence of the great heroes of the Persian Epos — Faridun, Zal, Isfandyar, etc. The heroes are all Arabs; the life depicted is wholly Arabic.

The original Persian 'Nights' must be quite old. In the Persian epic of Firdausi, Humai is the daughter and the wife of Artaxerxes Longimanus (B.C. 465–425). Her mother was a Jewess, Shahrazad, one of the captives brought from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; she afterward delivered her nation from captivity. Tabari calls Esther, of Old Testament fame, the mother of Bahman (confused or identified with Artaxerxes); and Professor de Goeje has cleverly identified the Humai of the old 'Nights,' not only with the Shahrazad of the Arabian tales, but also with the Esther of the Bible.

RICHARD GOTTHEIL

ABU MUHAMMAD THE LAZY

IT is told that Harun ar-Rashid was sitting one day on the throne of the Khalifate, when there came in to him a youth of his eunuchs, bearing a crown of red gold, set with pearls and rubies and all manner other jewels, such as money might not buy, and kissing the ground before him, said, "O Commander of the Faithful, the lady Zubaidah kisses the earth before thee and saith to thee, thou knowest she hath let make this crown, which lacks a great jewel for its top; and she hath made search among her treasures, but cannot find a jewel to her mind." Quoth the Khalif to his chamberlains and

officers, "Make search for a great jewel, such as Zubaidah desires." So they sought, but found nothing befitting her and told the Khalif, who was vexed thereat and exclaimed, "Am I Khalif and king of the kings of the earth and lack of a jewel? Out on ye! Inquire of the merchants." So they inquired of the merchants, who replied, "Our lord the Khalif will not find a jewel such as he requires save with a man of Bassora, by name Abu Muhammad the Lazy." They acquainted the Khalif with this and he bade his Vizier Ja'afar send a letter to the Amir Muhammad az-Zubaidi, governor of Bassora, commanding him to equip Abu Muhammad the Lazy and bring him to Bagdad.

Ja'afar accordingly wrote a letter to that effect and despatched it by Masrur, who set out forthright for Bassora and went in to the governor, who rejoiced in him and entreated him with the utmost honor. Then Masrur read him the Khalif's mandate, to which he replied, "I hear and obey," and forthwith despatched him, with a company of his followers, to Abu Muhammad's house. When they reached it, they knocked at the door, whereupon a servant came out and Masrur said to him, "Tell thy master that the Commander of the Faithful calls for him." The servant went in and told his master, who came out and found Masrur, the Khalif's chamberlain, and a company of the governor's men at the door. So he kissed the earth before Masrur and said, "I hear and obey the summons of the Commander of the Faithful; but enter ye my house." "We cannot do that," replied Masrur, "save in haste; for the Commander of the Faithful awaits thy coming." But he said, "Have patience with me a little, till I set my affairs in order." So, after much pressure and persuasion, they entered and found the corridor hung with curtains of blue brocade, figured with gold, and Abu Muhammad bade one of his servants carry Masrur to the bath. Now this bath was in the house, and Masrur found its walls and floor of rare and precious marbles, wrought with gold and silver, and its waters mingled with rose-water. The servants served Masrur and his company on the most perfect wise and clad them, on their going forth of the bath, in robes of honor of brocade, interwoven with gold.

Then they went in to Abu Muhammad and found him seated in his upper chamber upon a couch inlaid with jewels. Over his head hung curtains of gold brocade, wrought with pearls and jewels, and the place was spread with cushions, embroidered in red gold. When he saw Masrur, he rose to receive him and bidding him welcome, seated him by his side. Then he called for food: so they brought the table of food, which when Masrur saw, he exclaimed, "By Allah, never saw I the like of this in the palace of the Commander of the Faithful!" For indeed it comprised all manner of meats, served in dishes of gilded porcelain. So they ate and drank and made merry till the end of the day, when Abu Muhammad gave Masrur and each of his company five thousand dinars; and on the morrow he clad them in dresses of honor of green and gold and entreated them with the utmost honor. Then said Masrur to him, "We can abide no longer, for fear of the Khalif's displeasure." "O my

lord," answered Abu Muhammad, "have patience with us till tomorrow, that we may equip ourselves, and we will then depart with you." So they tarried that day and night with him; and next morning, Abu Muhammad's servants saddled him a mule with housings and trappings of gold, set with all manner pearls and jewels; whereupon quoth Masrur in himself, "I wonder if, when he presents himself in this equipage before the Commander of the Faithful, he will ask him how he came by all this wealth."

Then they took leave of az-Zubaidi and setting out from Bassora, fared on, without stopping, till they reached Bagdad and presented themselves before the Khalif, who bade Abu Muhammad be seated. So he sat down and addressing the Khalif in courtly wise, said to him, "O Commander of the Faithful, I have brought with me a present by way of homage: have I thy leave to produce it?" "There is no harm in that," replied the Khalif; whereupon Abu Muhammad caused bring in a chest, from which he took a number of rarities and amongst the rest, trees of gold, with leaves of emerald and fruits of rubies and topazes and pearls. Then he fetched another chest and brought out of it a pavilion of brocade, adorned with pearls and rubies and emeralds and chrysolites and other precious stones; its poles were of the finest Indian aloeswood, and its skirts were set with emeralds. Thereupon were depicted all manner beasts and birds and other created things, spangled with rubies and emeralds and chrysolites and balass rubies and other precious stones.

When ar-Rashid saw these things, he rejoiced exceedingly, and Abu Muhammad said to him, "O Commander of the Faithful, deem not that I have brought these to thee, fearing aught or coveting aught; but I knew myself to be but a man of the people and that these things befitted none save the Commander of the Faithful. And now, with thy leave, I will show thee, for thy diversion, something of what I can do." "Do what thou wilt," answered ar-Rashid, "that we may see." "I hear and obey," said Abu Muhammad and moving his lips, beckoned to the battlements of the palace, whereupon they inclined to him; then he made another sign to them, and they returned to their place. Then he made a sign with his eye, and there appeared before him cabinets with closed doors, to which he spoke, and lo, the voices of birds answered him [from within]. The Khalif marveled exceedingly at this and said to him, "How camest thou by all this, seeing that thou art only known as Abu Muhammad the Lazy, and they tell me that thy father was a barber-surgeon, serving in a public bath, and left thee nothing?" "O Commander of the Faithful," answered he, "listen to my story, for it is an extraordinary one and its particulars are wonderful; were it graven with needles upon the corners of the eye, it would serve as a lesson to him who can profit by admonition." "Let us hear it," said the Khalif.

Know then, O Commander of the Faithful, (replied Abu Muhammad) — may God prolong to thee glory and dominion — that the report of the folk, that I am known as the Lazy and that my father left me nothing, is true; for

he was, as thou hast said, but a barber-surgeon in a bath. In my youth I was the laziest wight on the face of the earth; indeed, so great was my sluggishness that, if I lay asleep in the sultry season and the sun came round upon me, I was too lazy to rise and remove from the sun to the shade; and thus I abode till I reached my fifteenth year, when my father was admitted to the mercy of God the Most High and left me nothing. However, my mother used to go out to service and feed me and give to drink, whilst I lay on my side.

One day, she came in to me, with five silver dirhems, and said to me, "O my son, I hear that the Shaikh Abu 'l-Muzaffar is about to go a voyage to China." (Now this Shaikh was a good and charitable man and loved the poor.) "So come, let us carry him these five dirhems and beg him to buy thee therewith somewhat from the land of China, so haply thou mayst make a profit of it, by the bounty of God the Most High!" I was too lazy to move; but she swore by Allah that, except I rose and went with her, she would neither bring me meat nor drink nor come in to me, but would leave me to die of hunger and thirst. When I heard this, O Commander of the Faithful, I knew she would do as she said; so I said to her, "Help me to sit up." She did so, and I wept the while and said to her, "Bring me my shoes." Accordingly, she brought them and I said, "Put them on my feet." She put them on my feet and and I said, "Lift me up." So she lifted me up and I said, "Support me, that I may walk." So she supported me and I went along thus, still stumbling in my skirts, till we came to the river-bank, where we saluted the Shaikh and I said to him, "O uncle, art thou Abu 'l-Muzaffar?" "At thy service," answered he, and I said, "Take these dirhems and buy me somewhat from the land of China: haply, God may vouchsafe me a profit of it." Quoth the Shaikh to his companions, "Do ye know this youth?" "Yes," replied they; "he is known as Abu Muhammad the Lazy, and we never saw him stir from his house till now." Then said he to me, "O my son, give me the dirhems and the blessing of God the Most High go with them!" So he took the money, saying, "In the name of God!" and I returned home with my mother.

Meanwhile the Shaikh set sail, with a company of merchants, and stayed not till they reached the land of China, where they bought and sold, and having done their intent, set out on their homeward voyage. When they had been three days at sea, the Shaikh said to his company, "Stay the ship!" And they asked him what was to do with him. "Know," replied he, "that I have forgotten the commission with which Abu Muhammad the Lazy charged me; so let us turn back, that we may buy him somewhat whereby he may profit." "We conjure thee, by God the Most High," exclaimed they, "turn not back with us; for we have traversed an exceeding great distance and endured sore hardship and many perils." Quoth he, "There is no help for it;" and they said, "Take from us double the profit of the five dirhems and turn not back with us." So he agreed to this and they collected for him a great sum of money.

Then they sailed on, till they came to an island, wherein was much people; so they moored thereto and the merchants went ashore, to buy thence precious metals and pearls and jewels and so forth. Presently, Abu 'l-Muzaffar saw a man seated, with many apes before him, and amongst them one whose hair had been plucked off. As often as the man's attention was diverted from them, the other apes fell upon the plucked one and beat him and threw him on their master; whereupon the latter rose and beat them and bound them and punished them for this; and all the apes were wroth with the plucked ape therefor and beat him the more. When Abu 'l-Muzaffar saw this, he took compassion upon the plucked ape and said to his master, "Wilt thou sell me yonder ape?" "Buy," replied the man, and Abu 'l-Muzaffar rejoined, "I have with me five dirhems, belonging to an orphan lad. Wilt thou sell me the ape for that sum?" "He is thine," answered the ape-merchant. "May God give thee a blessing of him!" So the Shaikh paid the money and his slaves took the ape and tied him up in the ship.

Then they loosed sail and made for another island, where they cast anchor; and there came down divers, who dived for pearls and corals and other jewels. So the merchants hired them for money and they dived. When the ape saw this, he did himself loose from his bonds and leaping off the ship's side, dived with them; whereupon quoth Abu 'l-Muzaffar, "There is no power and no virtue but in God the Most High, the Supreme! The ape is lost to us, by the [ill] fortune of the poor fellow for whom we bought him." And they despaired of him; but, after awhile, the company of divers rose to the surface, and with them the ape, with his hands full of jewels of price, which he threw down before Abu 'l-Muzaffar, who marveled at this and said, "There hangs some great mystery by this ape!"

Then they cast off and sailed till they came to a third island, called the Island of the Zunuj [*i. e.*, Zanzibar], who are a people of the blacks, that eat human flesh. When the blacks saw them, they boarded them in canoes and taking all in the ship, pinioned them and carried them to their king, who bade slaughter certain of the merchants. So they slaughtered them and ate their flesh; and the rest passed the night in prison and sore concern. But, when it was [mid]night, the ape arose and going up to Abu 'l-Muzaffar, did off his bonds. When the others saw him free, they said, "God grant that our deliverance may be at thy hands, O Abu 'l-Muzaffar!" But he replied, "Know that he who delivered me, by God's leave, was none other than this ape; and I buy my release of him at a thousand dinars." "And we likewise," rejoined the merchants, "will pay him a thousand dinars each, if he release us." With this, the ape went up to them and loosed their bonds, one by one, till he had freed them all, when they made for the ship and boarding her, found all safe and nothing missing. So they cast off and set sail; and presently Abu 'l-Muzaffar said to them, "O merchants, fulfil your promise to the ape." "We hear and obey," answered they and paid him a thousand dinars each, whilst Abu

'l-Muzaffar brought out to him the like sum of his own money, so that there was a great sum of money collected for the ape.

Then they fared on till they reached the city of Bassora, where their friends came out to meet them; and when they had landed, the Shaikh said, "Where is Abu Muhammad the Lazy?" The news reached my mother, who came to me, as I lay asleep, and said to me, "O my son, the Shaikh Abu 'l-Muzaffar has come back and is now in the city; so go thou to him and salute him and enquire what he hath brought thee; it may be God hath blessed thee with somewhat." "Lift me from the ground," quoth I, "and prop me up, whilst I walk to the river-bank." So she lifted me up and I went out and walked on, stumbling in my skirts, till I met the Shaikh, who exclaimed, at sight of me, "Welcome to him whose money has been the means of my delivery and that of these merchants, by the will of God the Most High! Take this ape that I bought for thee and carry him home and wait till I come to thee." So I took the ape, saying in myself, "By Allah, this is indeed rare merchandise!" and drove it home, where I said to my mother, "Whenever I lie down to sleep, thou biddest me rise and trade; see now this merchandise with thine own eyes."

Then I sat down, and presently up came Abu 'l-Muzaffar's slaves and said to me, "Art thou Abu Muhammad the Lazy?" "Yes," answered I; and behold, Abu 'l-Muzaffar appeared behind them. So I went up to him and kissed his hands; and he said to me, "Come with me to my house." "I hear and obey," answered I and followed him to his house, where he bade his servants bring me the money [and what not else the ape had earned me]. So they brought it and he said to me, "O my son, God hath blessed thee with this wealth, by way of profit on thy five dirhems." Then the slaves laid the treasure in chests, which they set on their heads, and Abu 'l-Muzaffar gave me the keys of the chests, saying, "Go before the slaves to thy house; for all this wealth is thine." So I returned to my mother, who rejoiced in this and said to me, "O my son, God hath blessed thee with this much wealth; so put off thy laziness and go down to the bazaar and sell and buy." So I shook off my sloth, and opened a shop in the bazaar, where the ape used to sit on the same divan with me, eating with me when I ate and drinking when I drank. But, every day, he was absent from daybreak till noon-day, when he came back, bringing with him a purse of a thousand dinars, which he laid by my side, and sat down. Thus did he a great while, till I amassed much wealth, wherewith I bought houses and lands and planted gardens and got me slaves, black and white and male and female.

One day, as I sat in my shop, with the ape at my side, he began to turn right and left, and I said in myself, "What ails the beast?" Then God made the ape speak with a glib tongue, and he said to me, "O Abu Muhammad!" When I heard him speak, I was sore afraid; but he said to me, "Fear not; I will tell thee my case. Know that I am a Marid of the Jinn and came to thee, because of thy poor estate; but today thou knowest not the tale of thy wealth;

and now I have a need of thee, wherein if thou do my will, it shall be well for thee." "What is it?" asked I, and he said, "I have a mind to marry thee to a girl like the full moon." "How so?" quoth I. "Tomorrow," replied he, "don thou thy richest clothes and mount thy mule, with the saddle of gold, and ride to the forage-market. There inquire for the shop of the Sharif [*i. e.*, the chief of the bazaar] and sit down beside him and say to him, 'I come to thee as a suitor for thy daughter's hand.' If he say to thee, 'Thou hast neither money nor condition nor family,' pull out a thousand dinars and give them to him; and if he ask more, give him more and tempt him with money." "I hear and obey," answered I; "tomorrow, if it please God, I will do thy bidding."

So on the morrow I donned my richest clothes and mounting my mule with trappings of gold, rode, attended by half a score slaves, black and white, to the forage-market, where I found the Sharif sitting in his shop. I alighted and saluting him, seated myself beside him. Quoth he, "Haply, thou hast some business with us, which we may have the pleasure of transacting?" "Yes," answered I; "I have business with thee." "And what is it?" asked he. Quoth I, "I come to thee as a suitor for thy daughter's hand." And he said, "Thou hast neither money nor condition nor family"; whereupon I pulled out a thousand dinars of red gold and said to him, "This is my rank and family; and he whom God bless and keep hath said, 'The best of ranks is wealth.' And how well saith the poet:

"'Whoso hath money, though it be but dirhems twain, his lips Have learnt all manner speech and he can speak and fear no slight.
His brethren and his mates draw near and hearken to his word And 'mongst the folk thou seest him walk, a glad and prideful wight.
But for the money, in the which he glorieth on this wise, Thou'dst find him, midst his fellow-men, in passing sorry plight.
Yea, whensoe'er the rich man speaks, though in his speech he err, "Thou hast not spoken a vain thing," they say; "indeed, thou'rt right."
But, for the poor man, an he speak, albeit he say sooth, They say, "Thou liest," and make void his speech and hold it light.
For money, verily, in all the lands beneath the sun, With goodliness and dignity doth its possessors dight.
A very tongue it is for him who would be eloquent And eke a weapon to his hand who hath a mind to fight.'"

When he heard this, he bowed his head awhile, then, raising it, said, "If it must be so, I will have of thee other three thousand dinars." "I hear and obey," answered I and sent one of my servants to the house for the money. When he came back with it, I handed it to the Sharif, who rose and bidding his servants shut the shop, invited his brother-merchants to the wedding; after

which he carried me to his house and drew up the contract of marriage between his daughter and myself, saying to me, "After ten days, I will bring her in to thee." So I went home rejoicing and shutting myself up with the ape, told him what had passed; and he said, "Thou hast done well."

When the time appointed by the Sharif drew near, the ape said to me, "There is a thing I would fain have thee do for me; and after, thou shalt have of me what thou wilt." "What is that?" asked I. Quoth he, "At the upper end of the bridechamber stands a cabinet, on whose door is a padlock of brass and the keys under it. Take the keys and open the cabinet, in which thou wilt find a coffer of iron, with four talismanic flags at its angles. In its midst is a brass basin full of money, wherein is tied a white cock with a cleft comb; and on one side of the coffer are eleven serpents and on the other a knife. Take the knife and kill the cock; cut away the flags and overturn the chest; then go back to the bride and do away her maidenhead. This is what I have to ask of thee." "I hear and obey," answered I and betook myself to the Sharif's house.

As soon as I entered the bridechamber, I looked for the cabinet and found it even as the ape had described it. Then I went in to the bride and marveled at her beauty and grace and symmetry, for indeed they were such as no tongue can set forth. So I rejoiced in her with an exceeding joy; and in the middle of the night, when she slept, I rose and taking the keys, opened the cabinet. Then I took the knife and killed the cock and threw down the flags and overturned the coffer, whereupon the girl awoke and seeing the closet open and the cock slain, exclaimed, "There is no power and no virtue but in God the Most High, the Supreme! The Marid hath gotten me!" Hardly had she made an end of speaking, when the Marid came down upon the house and seizing the bride, flew away with her; whereupon there arose a great clamor and in came the Sharif, buffeting his face. "O Abu Muhammad," said he, "what is this thou hast done? Is it thus thou requitest us? I made the talisman in the cabinet in my fear for my daughter from this accursed one; for these six years hath he sought to steal away the girl, but could not. But now there is no more abiding for thee with us; so go thy ways."

So I went forth and returned to my own house, where I made search for the ape, but could find no trace of him; whereby I knew that he was the Marid, who had taken my wife and had tricked me into destroying the talisman that hindered him from taking her, and repented, rending my clothes and buffeting my face; and there was no land but was straitened upon me. So I made for the desert, knowing not whither I should go, and wandered on, absorbed in melancholy thought, till night overtook me. Presently, I saw two serpents fighting, a white one and a tawny. So I took up a stone and throwing it at the tawny serpent, which was the aggressor, killed it; whereupon the white serpent made off, but returned after awhile, accompanied by ten others of the same color, which went up to the dead serpent and tore it in pieces, till but the

head was left. Then they went their ways and I fell prostrate for weariness on the ground where I stood; but, as I lay, pondering my case, I heard a voice repeat the following verses, though I saw no one:

"Let destiny with slackened rein its course appointed fare And lie thou down by night to sleep with heart devoid of care.
For, 'twixt the closing of the eyes and th' opening thereof, God hath it in His power to change a case from foul to fair."

When I heard this, great concern got hold of me and I was beyond measure troubled; and I heard a voice from behind me repeat these verses also:

"Muslim, whose guide's the Qur'an and his clue, Rejoice, for succor cometh thee unto.
Let not the wiles of Satan make thee rue, For we're a folk whose creed's the One, the True."

Then said I, "I conjure thee by Him whom thou worshipest, let me know who thou art!" Thereupon the unseen speaker appeared to me, in the likeness of a man, and said, "Fear not; for the report of thy good deed hath reached us, and we are a people of the true-believing Jinn. So, if thou lack aught, let us know it, that we may have the pleasure of fulfilling thy need." "Indeed," answered I, "I am in sore need, for there hath befallen me a grievous calamity, whose like never yet befell man." Quoth he, "Surely, thou art Abu Muhammad the Lazy?" And I answered, "Yes." "O Abu Muhammad," rejoined the genie, "I am the brother of the white serpent, whose enemy thou slewest. We are four brothers, by one father and mother, and we are all indebted to thee for thy kindness. Know that he who played this trick on thee, in the likeness of an ape, is a Marid of the Marids of the Jinn; and had he not used this artifice, he had never been able to take the girl; for he hath loved her and had a mind to take her this long while, but could not win at her, being hindered of the talisman; and had it remained as it was, he could never have done so. However, fret not thyself for that; we will bring thee to her and kill the Marid; for thy kindness is not lost upon us."

Then he cried out with a terrible voice, and behold, there appeared a company of Jinn, of whom he enquired concerning the ape; and one of them said, "I know his abiding-place; it is in the City of Brass, upon which the sun riseth not." Then said the first genie to me, "O Abu Muhammad, take one of these our slaves, and he will carry thee on his back and teach thee how thou shalt get back the girl: but know that he is a Marid and beware lest thou utter the name of God, whilst he is carrying thee; or he will flee from thee, and thou wilt fall and be destroyed." "I hear and obey," answered I and chose out one of the slaves, who bent down and said to me, "Mount." So I mounted

on his back, and he flew up with me into the air, till I lost sight of the earth and saw the stars as they were fixed mountains and heard the angels glorifying God in heaven, what while the Marid held me in converse, diverting me and hindering me from pronouncing the name of God. But, as we flew, behold, one clad in green raiment, with streaming tresses and radiant face, holding in his hand a javelin whence issued sparks of fire, accosted me, saying, "O Abu Muhammad, say, 'There is no god but God and Muhammad is His apostle'; or I will smite thee with this javelin."

Now I was already sick at heart of my [forced] abstention from calling on the name of God; so I said, "There is no god but God and Muhammad is His apostle." Whereupon the shining one smote the Marid with his javelin and he melted away and became ashes; whilst I was precipitated from his back and fell headlong toward the earth, till I dropped into the midst of a surging sea, swollen with clashing billows. Hard by where I fell was a ship and five sailors therein, who, seeing me, made for me and took me up into the boat. They began to speak to me in some tongue I knew not; but I signed to them that I understood not their speech. So they fared on till ended day, when they cast out a net and caught a great fish and roasting it, gave me to eat; after which they sailed on, till they reached their city and carried me in to their king, who understood Arabic. So I kissed the ground before him, and he bestowed on me a dress of honor and made me one of his officers. I asked him the name of the city, and he replied, "It is called Hanad and is in the land of China." Then he committed me to his Vizier, bidding him show me the city, which was formerly peopled by infidels, till God the Most High turned them into stones; and there I abode a month's space, diverting myself with viewing the place, nor saw I ever greater plenty of trees and fruits than there.

One day, as I sat on the bank of a river, there accosted me a horseman, who said to me, "Art thou not Abu Muhammad the Lazy?" "Yes," answered I; whereupon, "Fear not," said he; "for the report of thy good deed hath reached us." Quoth I, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "I am a brother of the white serpent, and thou art hard by the place where is the damsel whom thou seekest." So saying, he took off his [outer] clothes and clad me therein, saying, "Fear not; for he, that perished under thee, was one of our slaves." Then he took me up behind him and rode on with me, till we came to a desert place, when he said to me, "Alight now and walk on between yonder mountains till thou seest the City of Brass; then halt afar off and enter it not, till I return to thee and teach thee how thou shalt do." "I hear and obey," replied I and alighting, walked on till I came to the city, the walls whereof I found of brass. I went round about it, looking for a gate, but found none; and presently, the serpent's brother rejoined me and gave me a charmed sword that should hinder any from seeing me, then went his way.

He had been gone but a little while, when I heard a noise of cries and

found myself in the midst of a multitude of folk whose eyes were in their breasts. Quoth they, "Who art thou and what brings thee hither?" So I told them my story, and they said, "The girl thou seekest is in the city with the Marid; but we know not what he hath done with her. As for us, we are brethren of the white serpent. But go to yonder spring and note where the water enters, and enter thou with it; for it will bring thee into the city." I did as they bade me and followed the watercourse, till it brought me to a grotto under the earth, from which I ascended and found myself in the midst of the city. There I saw the damsel seated upon a throne of gold, under a canopy of brocade, midmost a garden full of trees of gold, whose fruits were jewels of price, such as rubies and chrysolites and pearls and coral.

When she saw me, she knew me and accosted me with the [obligatory] salutation, saying, "O my lord, who brought thee hither?" So I told her all that had passed, and she said, "Know that the accursed Marid, of the greatness of his love for me, hath told me what doth him hurt and what profit and that there is a talisman by means whereof he could, an he would, destroy this city and all that are therein. It is in the likeness of an eagle, with I know not what written on it, and whoso possesses it, the Afrits will do his commandment in everything. It stands upon a column in such a place; so go thou thither and take it. Then set it before thee and taking a chafing-dish, throw into it a little musk, whereupon there will arise a smoke, that will draw all the Afrits to thee, and they will all present themselves before thee, nor shall one be absent; and whatsoever thou biddest them, that will they do. Arise therefore and do this thing, with the blessing of God the Most High."

"I hear and obey," answered I and going to the column, did what she bade me, whereupon the Afrits presented themselves, saying, "Here are we, O our lord! Whatsoever thou biddest, that will we do." Quoth I, "Bind the Marid that brought the damsel hither." "We hear and obey," answered they and disappearing, returned after awhile and informed me that they had done my bidding. Then I dismissed them and returning to my wife, told her what had happened and said to her, "Wilt thou go forth with me?" "Yes," answered she. So I carried her forth of the city, by the underground channel, and we fared on, till we fell in with the folk who had shown me the way into the city. I besought them to teach me how I should return to my native land; so they brought us to the seashore and set us aboard a ship, which sailed on with us with a fair wind, till we reached the city of Bassora. Here we landed, and I carried my wife to her father's house; and when her people saw her, they rejoiced with an exceeding joy. Then I fumigated the eagle with musk and the Afrits flocked to me from all sides, saying, "At thy service; what wilt thou have us do?" I bade them transport all that was in the City of Brass of gold and silver and jewels and precious things to my house in Bassora, which they did; and I then ordered them to fetch the ape. So they brought him before me, abject and humiliated, and I said to him,

"O accursed one, why hast thou dealt thus perfidiously with me?" Then I commanded the Afrits to shut him in a brazen vessel: so they put him in a strait vessel of brass and sealed it with lead. But I abode with my wife in joy and delight; and now, O Commander of the Faithful, I have under my hand such stores of precious things and rare jewels and other treasure as neither reckoning may comprise nor measure suffice unto. All this is of the bounty of God the Most High, and if thou desire aught of money or what not, I will bid the Jinn bring it to thee forthright."

The Khalif wondered greatly at his story and bestowed on him royal gifts, in exchange for his presents, and entreated him with the favor he deserved.

[Nights 299–305]

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I HAD not long been in the enjoyment of ease and repose, after my return from my third voyage, when a company of merchants entered Bagdad and foregathering with me, talked with me of foreign travel and traffic, till my soul yearned to go with them and divert itself with the sight of strange countries, and I longed for the society of the various races of mankind and for traffic and gain. So I resolved to travel with them and providing myself with great store of costly goods, more than ever before, transported them to Bassora, where I took ship with the merchants in question, who were of the chief of the town.

We set out, trusting in the blessing of God the Most High, and sailed, with a favoring breeze, from island to island and sea to sea, till, one day, there arose against us a contrary wind and the captain cast out his anchors and brought the ship to a standstill, fearing lest she should founder in mid-ocean. Then we all fell to prayer and humbling ourselves before God the Most High; but, as we were thus engaged, there smote us a furious squall, which tore the sails to rags; the cable parted and [the ship, capsizing,] cast us all into the sea. I kept myself afloat half the day, till, when I had given myself up for lost, God threw in my way one of the planks of the ship, on which I and some others of the merchants clambered and paddled with our feet in the sea. We abode thus a day and a night, the wind and waves helping us on, till, on the forenoon of the second day, the breeze freshened and the waves rose and cast us upon an island, well-nigh dead for cold and weariness and fear and hunger and thirst and lack of sleep. We walked about the shore and found abundance of herbs and roots, of which we ate and stayed our failing spirits, then lay down and slept till morning.

As soon as it was light, we arose and walked about the island, till we came in sight of [what seemed] an inhabited house afar off. So we made

toward it, but no sooner had we reached the door thereof, than a number of naked men issued from it and without word said, laid hold of us and carried us to their king, who signed to us to sit. So we sat down and they set food before us, whose like we had never seen in all our lives. My companions ate of it, for stress of hunger, but my stomach revolted from it and I would not eat; and my refraining from it was, by God's favor, the cause of my being alive till now: for no sooner had my comrades tasted of it than their reason fled and their condition changed and they began to eat like madmen. Then the savages gave them to drink of cocoanut-oil and anointed them therewith; and no sooner had they drunken thereof, than their eyes turned in their heads and they fell to eating greedily against their wont. When I saw this, I was confounded and grieved for them, nor was I less concerned for myself, for fear of the savages. So I watched them narrowly, nor was it long before I discovered them to be a tribe of cannibals. All who fell in their way they brought to their king and fed them upon this food and anointed them with cocoanut-oil, whereupon their bellies expanded that they might eat amain, whilst their reason fled and they lost the power of thought and became idiots. Then they stuffed them with cocoanut-oil and the aforesaid food, till they grew fat and stout, when they slaughtered them and roasted them for their king's eating: but, as for the savages themselves, they ate human flesh raw.

When I was aware of this, I was sore dismayed for myself and my comrades, who were now become so brutalized that they knew not what was done with them and the savages committed them to one, who used every day to lead them out and pasture them on the island like cattle. As for me, I wasted away and became sickly for fear and hunger and my flesh shriveled on my bones; which when the savages saw, they left me alone and took no thought of me, so that one day I gave them the slip and made for the beach, where I espied a man seated on a high place. I looked at him and knew him for the herdsman, who had charge of my fellows, and with him were great plenty of others like unto them. As soon as he saw me, he knew me to be in possession of my reason and signed to me from afar, as who should say, "Turn back and take the right-hand road, for that will lead thee into the king's highway." So I turned back, as he bade me, and followed the right-hand road, now running for fear and now slackening pace, to rest me, till I was out of his sight. By this time, the sun had gone down and the darkness set in; so I sat down to rest and would have slept, but sleep came not to me that night, for stress of fear and hunger and weariness. When the night was half spent I rose and walked on, till the day broke and the sun rose over hill and plain. Now I was weary and hungry and thirsty; so I ate my fill of the herbs and roots that grew in the island and stayed my stomach, after which I set out again.

I fared on thus, night and day, seven days and nights, staying my hunger

with roots and herbs, till, on the morning of the eighth day, I caught sight of something moving in the distance. So I made for it, though my heart quaked for all I had suffered first and last, and found that it was a company of men gathering pepper. As soon as they saw me, they hastened up to me and surrounding me on all sides, asked me who I was and whence I came. I acquainted them with my case and all the hardships and perils I had suffered and how I had escaped from the savages, whereat they marveled and gave me joy of my safety, saying, "By Allah, it is wonderful that thou shouldst have escaped from these blacks, who swarm in the island and devour all who fall in with them, nor is any safe from them."

They made me sit by them, till they had made an end of their work, and brought me good food, of which I ate, for I was hungry, and rested awhile; after which they took ship with me and carrying me to the island where they abode, brought me before their king, who received me kindly and questioned me of my case; whereupon I told him all that had befallen me, from the day of my leaving Bagdad. He wondered greatly at my adventures, he and his courtiers, and made me sit by him; then he called for food and I ate with him and washed my hands and returned thanks to God the Most High for all His mercies. Then I left the King and walked about the city, which I found rich and populous, abounding in markets well stocked with food and merchandise and full of buyers and sellers. So I gave myself joy of having reached so pleasant a place and took my ease there after my fatigues; and I made friends with the townsfolk, nor was it long before I became better considered and more in favor with them and their King than any of the chief men of the realm.

Now I saw that all the people, great and small, rode handsome thoroughbred horses barebacked and without saddles, at which I wondered and said to the King, "O my lord, why dost thou not ride with a saddle? Therein is ease for the rider and increase of power." "What manner of thing is a saddle?" asked he. "I never saw nor used one in all my life." "With thy permission," rejoined I, "I will make thee a saddle, that thou mayst ride on it and see the comfort thereof." And he said, "Do so." So I asked him for wood, which being brought me, I sought out a skilful carpenter and showed him how to make the saddle-tree, portraying him the fashion thereof in ink on the wood. Then I took wool and carded it and made felt of it and covering the saddle-tree with leather, stuffed it and burnished it and bound on the girth and stirrup-leathers; after which I fetched a blacksmith and described to him the fashion of the stirrups and bridle-bit. So he forged a fine pair of stirrups and a bit, and I filed them smooth and tinned them. Moreover, I made fast to them fringes of silk and fitted bridle-leathers to the bit. Then I fetched one of the best of the royal horses and saddling and bridling him, hung the stirrups to the saddle and led him to the King. The thing took his fancy and he thanked me; then he mounted and rejoiced greatly

in the saddle and rewarded me handsomely. When the King's Vizier saw the saddle, he sought of me the like and I made it for him. Moreover, all the grandees and officers of state sought saddles of me; so I fell to making saddles, with the help of the carpenter and blacksmith, whom I had taught the craft, and selling them to all who sought, till I amassed great wealth and became in high honor and favor with the King and his household and officers.

I abode thus till, one day, as I was sitting with the King, in all honor and contentment, he said to me, "Hark ye, such an one! Thou art become one of us and we hold thee in such honor and affection that we cannot part with thee now nor suffer thee to leave our city; wherefore I have somewhat to require of thee, in which I will not have thee gainsay me." "O King," answered I, "what is it thou desirest of me? Far be it from me to gainsay thee in aught, for I am indebted to thee for many favors and bounties and much kindness, and (praised be God!) I am become as one of thy servants." Quoth he, "I have a mind to marry thee to a rich, handsome, and agreeable wife, so thou mayst be domiciled with us and I will lodge thee with me in my palace; wherefore gainsay me not neither cross me in this." When I heard this, I was abashed and held my peace nor could make him any answer, by reason of my much bashfulness before him. Quoth he, "Why dost thou not answer me, O my son?" And I answered, saying, "O King of the age, it is thine to command." So he summoned the Cadi and the witnesses and married me straightway to a noble lady of surpassing beauty, high descent, and great wealth. Then he gave me a great and goodly house, together with slaves and officers, and assigned me stipends and allowances. So I became in all delight and ease and contentment and forgot all that had befallen me of weariness and trouble and hardship; for I loved my wife dearly and she loved me no less, and we were at one and abode in the utmost comfort and happiness. And I said in myself, "When I return to my native land, I will carry her with me." But whatever is decreed to a man, needs must it be, and none knoweth what shall befall him.

We lived thus a great while, till God the Most High bereft a neighbor of mine of his wife. Now he was a friend of mine; so I went in to condole with him on his loss and found him in very ill plight, full of trouble and weary of heart and mind. I condoled with him and comforted him, saying, "Mourn not for thy wife; God will surely give thee a better in her stead, and thy life shall be long, so it please the Most High." But he wept sore and replied, "O my friend, how can I marry another wife and how shall God replace her to me with a better than she, seeing that I have but one day left to live?" "O my brother," said I, "return to thy senses and forebode not thine own death, for thou art well and in good health and case." "By thy life, O my friend," rejoined he, "tomorrow thou wilt lose me and wilt never see me again till the Day of Resurrection." "How so?" asked I, and he said, "This

very day they bury my wife, and me with her in one tomb; for it is the custom with us, if the wife die first, to bury the husband alive with her, and in like manner the wife, if the husband die first; so that neither may enjoy life after the other." "By Allah," cried I, "this is a most vile custom and not to be endured of any!"

Meanwhile, the most part of the townsfolk came in and fell to condoling with my friend for his wife and himself. Presently, they laid the dead woman out and setting her on a bier, carried her and her husband without the city, till they came to a place in the side of a mountain by the sea, where they raised a great stone and discovered the mouth of a stone-lined pit or well, leading down into a vast underground cavern that ran beneath the mountain. Into this pit they threw the coffin, then tying a rope of palm-fibers under the husband's armpits, they let him down into the cavern, and with him a great pitcher of fresh water and seven cakes of bread. When he came to the bottom, he did himself loose from the rope and they drew it up; then stopping the mouth of the pit with the stone, they returned to the city, leaving my friend in the cavern with his dead wife. When I saw this, I said in myself, "By Allah, this kind of death is more horrible than the first!" And I went in to the King and said to him, "O my lord, why do ye bury the live with the dead?" Quoth he, "It has been our custom, from time immemorial, if the husband die first, to bury his wife with him, and the like with the wife, if her husband die first, so we may not sever them, alive or dead." "O King of the age," asked I, "if the wife of a foreigner like myself die among you, deal ye with him as with yonder man?" "Assuredly," answered he; "we do with him even as thou hast seen." When I heard this, my gall-bladder was like to burst, for the violence of my dismay and concern for myself; my wit became dazed and I went in fear lest my wife should die before me and they bury me alive with her. However, after a while, I comforted myself, saying, "Haply I shall die before her, for none knoweth which shall go first and which follow."

Then I applied myself to diverting my mind from this thought with various occupations; but it was not long before my wife sickened and died, after a few days' illness, and the King and the rest of the folk came to condole with me and her family for her loss. Then they washed her and arraying her in her richest clothes and ornaments, laid her on the bier and carried her to the mountain aforesaid, where they lifted the cover of the pit and cast her in; after which all my friends and acquaintances came round me, to bid me farewell in my lifetime and condole with me for myself, whilst I cried out amongst them, saying, "I am a foreigner and not subject to your custom!" They paid no heed to my words, but laying hold of me, bound me by force and let me down into the cavern, with a pitcher of fair water and seven cakes of bread, as of wont. When I came to the bottom, they called out to me to cast myself loose from the cords, but I refused to do so; so

they threw them down on me and closing the mouth of the pit with the stone aforesaid, went their ways.

I found myself in a vast cavern under the mountain, full of dead bodies, that exhaled a fetid and loathsome smell, and fell to blaming myself for what I had done, saying, "By Allah, I deserve all that hath befallen me! What possessed me to take a wife in this city? There is no power and no virtue but in God the Most High, the Supreme! As often as I say, 'I have escaped from one calamity,' I fall into a worse. By Allah, this is a fearful death to die! Would I had been drowned at sea or perished in the mountains! It were better than to die this miserable death!" Then I threw myself down on the bones of the dead and lay there, imploring God's help and in the violence of my despair, invoking death, which came not to me, till hunger well-nigh gnawed me in sunder and thirst consumed me, when I sat up and feeling for the bread, ate a morsel and drank a mouthful of water. After this, I arose and exploring the cavern, found that it extended a long way right and left, with hollow places in its sides; and its floor was strewn with dead bodies and rotten bones, that had lain there from of old time. So I made myself a place in the sides of the cavern, afar from the freshly buried dead, and there slept.

I abode thus a long while, knowing not night from day, eating not till I was well-nigh torn in pieces with hunger, neither drinking till driven thereto by excess of thirst, for fear my victual should fail me before my death; and my bread and water diminished, till I had but a little left, albeit I ate but a morsel every day or two and drank but a mouthful. One day, as I sat thus, pondering my case and bethinking me how I should do, when my store was exhausted, the stone that covered the opening was suddenly raised, and the light streamed down upon me. Quoth I, "I wonder what is to do!" Then I espied folk standing about the mouth of the pit, who presently let down a dead man and a live woman, weeping and bemoaning herself, and with her the usual pittance of bread and water. I saw her, but she saw me not; and they closed up the opening and went away. Then I took the thigh-bone of a dead man and going up to the woman, smote her on the crown of the head, and she fell down in a swoon. I smote her a second and a third time, till she was dead, when I laid hands on her bread and water and found on her great plenty of jewels and ornaments and rich apparel. I carried the victual to my niche in the side of the cavern and ate and drank of it sparingly, no more than sufficed to keep the life in me, lest it come speedily to an end and I perish of hunger and thirst.

I abode thus a great while, killing all the live folk they let down into the cavern and taking their provision of meat and drink, till, one day, as I slept, I was awakened by something routing among the bodies in a corner of the cave, and said, "What can this be?" So I sprang up and seizing the thigh-bone aforesaid, made for the noise. As soon as the thing was ware of

me, it fled from me into the inward of the cavern, and behold, it was a wild beast. However, I followed it to the further end, till I saw afar off a tiny point of light, like a star, now appearing and now disappearing. So I made for it, and as I drew near, it grew larger and brighter, till I was certified that it was a crevice in the rock, leading to the open country; and I said to myself, "There must be some reason for this opening; either it is the mouth of a second pit, such as that by which they let me down, or else it is a [natural] fissure in the rock." So I bethought me awhile and nearing the light, found that it came from a breach in the sea-wall of the mountain, which the wild beasts had made, that they might enter and feed upon the dead bodies. When I saw this, my spirits revived and hope came back to me and I made sure of life, after having looked for nothing but death. So I went on, as in a dream, and making shift to scramble through the breach, found myself on the slope of a high mountain, overlooking the salt sea and cutting off all access thereto from the island, so that none could come at that part of the beach from the city.

I praised God and thanked Him, rejoicing greatly in the prospect of deliverance; then I returned to the cavern and brought out all the food and water I had saved up and donned some of the dead folk's clothes over my own; after which I gathered together all the collars and necklaces of pearls and jewels and trinkets of gold and silver set with precious stones and other ornaments and valuables I could find upon the corpses, and making them into bales with the grave-clothes and raiment of the dead, carried them out to the sea-shore, where I established myself, purposing to wait there till it should please God the Most High to send me deliverance by means of some passing ship. I visited the cavern daily and as often as I found folk buried alive there, I killed them and took their victual and valuables.

Thus I abode awhile till, one day, as I sat on the beach, pondering my case, I caught sight of a ship passing in the midst of the surging sea, swollen with clashing billows. So I took a piece of a shroud I had with me and tying it to a staff, ran along the sea-shore, making signals therewith to the people in the ship, till they espied me and hearing my shouts, sent a boat to fetch me off. When it drew near, the crew called out to me, saying, "Who art thou and how camest thou in this place, where never saw we any in our lives?" I answered that I was a merchant, who had been wrecked and saved myself on one of the planks of the ship, with some of my goods, and that, by the blessing of God and my own strength and skill, I had succeeded after severe toil in landing with my gear in that place, where I waited for some one to pass and take me off. So they took me and the bales I had made of the jewels and valuables from the cavern, tied up in clothes and shrouds, and rowed back with me to the ship, where the captain said to me, "How camest thou to yonder place? All my life I have sailed these seas and passed to and fro by this mountain; yet never saw I here any living thing save wild

beasts and birds." I repeated to him the story I had told the sailors, but acquainted him with nothing of that which had befallen me in the city and the cavern, lest there should be any of the islanders in the ship. Then I took out some of the best of the jewels and ornaments and offered them to the captain, saying, "O my lord, thou hast been the means of my delivery; so take this from me in requital of thy good offices." But he refused to accept it, saying, "When we find a shipwrecked man on the sea-shore or on an island, we take him up and feed him, and if he be naked, we clothe him; nor take we aught from him, nay, when we reach a port of safety, we set him ashore with a present of our own money and entreat him kindly and charitably, for the love of God the Most High." So I prayed that his life might be long and rejoiced in my escape, trusting to be delivered from my stress.

Then we pursued our voyage and sailed from island to island and sea to sea, till, by God's grace, we arrived in safety at Bassora, where I tarried a few days, then went on to Bagdad and foregathered with my friends and family, who rejoiced in my happy return and gave me joy of my safety. I laid up in my storehouses all the goods I had brought with me, and gave alms and largesse and clothed the widow and the orphan. Then I gave myself up to pleasure and enjoyment, returning to my old merry way of life; but, whenever I call to mind my sojourn in the cavern among the dead, I am like to lose my reason. This, then, is the story of my fourth voyage.

[Nights 550–555]

THE LOVERS OF THE BANU UDHRAH

THE Khalif Harun ar-Rashid was very wakeful one night and said to me, "See which of the poets is at the door tonight." So I went out and finding Jamil ibn Ma'amar al-Udhri in the antechamber, said to him, "The Commander of the Faithful calls for thee." Quoth he, "I hear and obey," and going in with me, saluted the Khalif, who returned his greeting and bade him sit down. Then he said to him, "O Jamil, hast thou any new stories to tell us?" "Yes, O Commander of the Faithful," answered he. "Whether wouldst thou liefer hear, that which I have seen with mine eyes or that which I have [but] heard tell?" "Tell me something thou hast actually seen," said the Khalif. Quoth Jamil, "It is well, O Commander of the Faithful; incline thy heart to me and lend me thine ears." The Khalif took a cushion of red brocade, embroidered with gold and stuffed with ostrich-feathers, and laying it under his thighs, propped up his elbows thereon; then he said to Jamil, "Now for thy tale, O Jamil!"

"Know, O Commander of the Faithful," answered he, "that I was once desperately enamored of a certain girl and used to pay her frequent visits, for

that she was my desire and delight of all the things of this world. After a while, her people removed with her, by reason of scarcity of pasture, and I abode some time without seeing her, till I grew restless for desire and longed for her sight and my soul urged me to journey to her. One night, I could hold out no longer; so I rose and saddling my she-camel, bound on my turban and donned my oldest clothes. Then I girt myself with my sword and slinging my spear behind me, mounted and rode forth in quest of her. I fared on diligently till, one night, it was pitch dark and exceeding black and I heard on all sides the roaring of lions and howling of wolves and the cries of the wild beasts; whereat my reason was troubled and my heart sank within me; but for all that I ceased not to press on, descending into valleys and climbing mountains, whilst my tongue ceased not to call on the name of God the Most High.

"As I went along thus, sleep overtook me and the camel carried me aside out of my road, till, presently, something smote me on the head, and I woke, startled and alarmed, and found myself in a meadow, full of interlacing trees and streams and birds on the branches, warbling their various notes. So I alighted and taking my camel's halter in my hand, fared on softly with her, till I won clear of the trees and came out into the open country, where I adjusted her saddle and mounted again, not knowing where to go nor whither the fates should lead me; but, presently, peering into the desert, I espied a fire afar off. So I smote my camel and made toward the fire. When I drew near, I saw a tent pitched and thereby a spear stuck in the ground, with a pennon flying and horses tethered and camels feeding, and said in myself, 'Doubtless there hangs some grave matter by this tent, for I see none other than it in the desert.' So I went up to it and said, "Peace be upon you, O people of the tent, and the mercy of God and His blessings!' Whereupon there came forth to me a young man, nineteen years old, who was as the shining full moon, with valor written between his eyes, and answered, saying, 'And on thee be peace, O brother of the Arabs, and God's mercy and blessing! Methinks thou hast lost thy way?' 'Even so,' replied I. 'Direct me aright, God have mercy on thee!' 'O brother of the Arabs,' rejoined he, 'of a truth this our land is infested with lions and the night is exceeding dark and cold and dreary, and I fear lest the wild beasts tear thee in pieces; wherefore do thou alight and abide with me this night in ease and comfort, and tomorrow I will put thee in the right way.'

"Accordingly, I alighted and hobbled my camel with the end of her halter; then I put off my heavy upper clothes and sat down. Presently the young man took a sheep and slaughtered it and kindled a brisk fire; after which he went into the tent and bringing out fine salt and powdered spices, fell to cutting off pieces of the flesh of the sheep and roasting them over the fire and feeding me therewith, weeping one while and sighing another. Then he groaned heavily and wept sore and recited the following verses:

'Nothing is left him but a fluttering sproght, Ay, and an eye bereavèd of its light;
Nor in his members is a single joint But sickness there is constant day and night.
His tears flow ever and his heart burns aye; Yet for all this still silent is the wight.
His foes weep, pitying him; alas for those Who pity in th' exultant foe excite!'

"By this I knew that the youth was a distracted lover — for none knoweth passion save he who hath tasted the savor thereof — and said to myself, 'Shall I ask him?' But I bethought me and said, 'How shall I intrude on him with questioning, and I in his abode?' So I restrained myself and ate my sufficiency of the meat. When we had made an end of eating, the young man arose and entering the tent, brought out an elegant basin and ewer and a silken napkin, fringed with broidery of red gold, and a casting-bottle full of rose-water, mingled with musk. I marveled at his elegance and the daintiness of his fashion and said in myself, 'Never knew I of elegance in the desert.' Then we washed our hands and talked awhile, after which he went into the tent and making a partition between himself and me with a piece of red brocade, said to me, 'Enter, O chief of the Arabs, and take thy rest; for thou hast suffered toil and travel galore this night and in this thy journey.' So I entered and finding a bed of green brocade, pulled off my clothes and passed a night such as I had never passed in my life.

"I lay, pondering the young man's case, till it was dark night and all eyes slept, when I was aroused by the sound of a low voice, never heard I a softer or sweeter. I raised the curtain and saw, by the young man's side, a damsel, never beheld I a fairer of face, and they were both weeping and complaining, one to the other, of the pangs of passion and desire and of the excess of their longing for each other's sight. 'By Allah,' quoth I, 'I wonder who this can be! When I entered this tent, there was none therein but this young man. Doubtless this damsel is of the daughters of the Jinn and is enamored of this youth; so they have secluded themselves with one another in this place.' Then I considered her attentively and behold, she was a mortal and an Arab girl, whose face, when she unveiled it, put to shame the shining sun, and the tent was illumined by the light of her countenance. When I was assured that she was his mistress, I bethought me of a lover's jealousy; so I let fall the curtain and covering my face, fell asleep. As soon as it was day, I arose and donning my clothes, made the ablution and prayed such prayers as were due from me. Then I said to my host, 'O brother of the Arabs, wilt thou add to thy favors by directing me into the right road?' 'At thy leisure, O chief of the Arabs,' answered he. 'The time of a guest's stay is three days, and I am not one to let thee go before that time.'

"So I abode with him three days, and on the fourth day, as we sat talking, I asked him of his name and lineage. Quoth he, 'As for my lineage, I am of the Banu Udhrah; my name is such an one, son of such an one and my father's brother is called such an one.' And behold, O Commander of the Faithful, he was the son of my father's brother and of the noblest house of the Banu Udhrah. 'O my cousin,' said I, 'what moved thee to leave thy fair estate and that of thy fathers and thy slaves and handmaids and seclude thyself alone in this desert?' When he heard my words, his eyes filled with tears and he replied, saying, 'Know, O my cousin, that I was passionately enamored of the daughter of my father's brother and distracted for love of her; so I sought her in marriage of her father, but he refused and married her to a man of the Banu Udhrah, who went in to her and carried her to his abiding-place this last year. When she became thus removed from me and I was prevented from looking on her, the pangs of passion and excess of love-longing and desire drove me to forsake my people and friends and fortune and take up my abode in this desert, where I have grown used to my solitude.' 'Where are their dwellings?' asked I. And he said, 'They are hard by, on the top of yonder hill; and every night, at the dead time when all eyes sleep, she steals secretly out of the camp, unseen of any, and I satisfy my desire of her converse and she of mine. So I abide thus, solacing myself with her [company] a part of the night, till God accomplish that which is to be; either I shall compass my desire, in spite of the envious, or God will determine for me, and He is the best of those that determine.'

"When I knew his case, O Commander of the Faithful, I was concerned for him and perplexed by reason of [my] jealousy [for his welfare]; so I said to him, 'O my cousin, wilt thou that I counsel thee a plan, wherein, if it please God, thou shalt find a source of amendment and the way of advisement and success and whereby God shall do away from thee that thou dreadest?' 'Say on, O my cousin,' answered he. Quoth I, 'When it is night and the girl cometh, set her on my camel; for she is swift of going, and mount thou thy courser, whilst I mount one of these she-camels. So will we fare on with her all night and by the morrow, we shall have traversed deserts and plains, and thou wilt have attained thy desire and won the beloved of thy heart. God's earth is wide, and by Allah, I will succour thee with heart and wealth and sword, as long as I live!' 'O cousin,' answered he, 'wait till I take counsel with her, for she is prudent and quick-witted and hath insight into affairs.'

"When the night darkened and the hour of her coming arrived, and he awaiting her at the appointed season, she delayed beyond her usual time, and I saw him go forth the door of the tent and opening his mouth, inhale the wafts of air that came from her quarter, as if to snuff her odor, and he repeated the following verses:

'Wind of the East, thou waftest a gentle air to me, From out the loved one's country, the place where sojourns she.
O wind, thou bear'st a token from her I hold so dear: Canst thou not give me tidings when will her coming be?'

"Then he entered the tent and sat awhile, weeping; after which he said to me, 'O my cousin, some mischance must have betided the daughter of my uncle, to hinder her from coming to me this night. But abide where thou art, till I bring thee news.' And he took his sword and buckler and was absent awhile of the night, after which he returned, carrying something, and called to me. So I hastened to him and he said, 'O my cousin, knowst thou what hath happened?' 'No, by Allah!' answered I. Quoth he, 'Verily, I am smitten with mourning for my cousin this night; for she was coming to me, as of wont, when a lion met her in the way and rent her, and there remaineth of her but what thou seest.' So saying, he threw down what he had in his hand, and behold, it was the damsel's turban and what was left of her bones. Then he wept sore and casting down his shield, took a bag and went forth again, saying, 'Stir not hence, till I return to thee, if it please God the Most High.'

"He was absent awhile and presently returned, bearing in his hand a lion's head, which he threw on the ground and called for water. So I brought him water, with which he washed the lion's mouth and fell to kissing it and weeping: and he mourned for her passing sore and recited the following verses:

'O lion, that thyself indeed didst on perdition throw, Perished hast thou and for her loss hast filled my heart with woe.
Thou hast bereaved me of my love and eke the cold earth's womb Hast made her dwelling till the day that calls up high and low.
To Fate, that with the loss of her afflicteth me, quoth I, "Now God forbid that one to take her place to me thou show!"'

"Then said he to me, 'O cousin, I conjure thee by Allah and the rights of kindred and sympathy betwixt us, keep my charge. Thou wilt presently see me dead before thee, whereupon do thou wash me and shroud me and these that remain of my cousin's bones in this mantle and bury us both in one grave and write thereon these verses:

"Upon the earth a life we lived of solace and delight; In land and house foregathered we full many a day and night.
But fortune and the shifts of time did rend our loves apart And now within its bosom strait the shroud doth us unite."'

"Then he wept sore and entering the tent, was absent awhile, after which he came forth, groaning and crying out. Then he gave one sob and departed

this world. When I saw that he was indeed dead, it was grievous to me and so sore was my sorrow for him that I had well-nigh followed him for excess of lamentation over him. Then I laid him out and did as he had enjoined me, shrouding the damsel's remains with him in one garment and burying them in one grave. I abode by their grave three days, after which I departed and continued to pay frequent visits to the place for two years. This then is their story, O Commander of the Faithful."

[Nights 688–691]

Translations by John Payne

THE QUR'AN

THE Qur'an — or, as the word is sometimes written, Kur'an, Koran, and, with the article, Alcoran, etc. — is the sacred text on which is built all the vast structure of the Muhammadan religion and faith. The name is derived from a verb meaning "to chant, to recite, or to read aloud," especially as an act of Divine service, the term and the idea alike being borrowed by Muhammad from the preceding revealed religions of Judaism and Christianity, both of which made liturgical reading of their Scriptures a prominent part of public worship. A single composition or chapter is called a Qur'an (x. 16), as is the whole body of revelation, while in one instance (xv. 91) the appellation is made to cover all books divinely inspired, including the Old and New Testaments as well as that of Muhammad.

The Qur'an is, perhaps, more widely read than any other book in the world excepting the Bible. It is the textbook in all Muhammadan schools, and every Muslim knows large parts of it by heart, while the devout read it through once a month. Portions of it are included in the five daily prayers, and the recitation of the whole is a meritorious work frequently performed at solemn or festival anniversaries. What Arabic science there is, has the Qur'an as its object; and the ambition of every devout Muslim student is to apprehend the divine philosophy which it is supposed to contain.

There is no reasonable doubt that the Qur'an is the work of Muhammad, or that its parts were published by him at intervals during the more than twenty years of his activity as prophet. It is not clear that all were immediately put on record, but he encouraged his followers to commit them to heart. Some, however, were written down on whatever material came to hand; for we are told that when a collection of the whole was made, the parts were found "on leaves of the palm, on white stones and the shoulder-blades of sheep and camels, and in the breasts of men." This essential work of collec-

tion was done, soon after the Prophet's death, by his amanuensis, Zaid ibn Thabit, at the command of the Caliph Abu Bakr. Within a few years, however, divergent copies were circulated, and the Caliph Othman accordingly ordered a standard text to be made by three learned men to which other copies were required to conform. This received text has been transmitted without substantial variation to our own time, and probably represents correctly the work of Muhammad, especially as no insinuation against its accuracy was ever uttered by the surviving comrades of the Prophet.

The Qur'an consists of chapters, each of which is called a Sura, and they vary in length from a couple of lines to many pages. There is reason to think that the longer ones were made by putting together compositions originally published at different times. In these chapters, unity of thought or plan is difficult to discover. The only principle of arrangement for the book as a whole was to put the longest Suras first and the shortest last: this from the second Sura on — the first place was given to the brief prayer called the Fatiha ["Opening, Commencement"]. This sequence, however, though observed in all manuscripts and printed editions, and followed by all translators with the exception of J. M. Rodwell, who sought to make his version chronological, totally obscures the historical order and — what is still more unfortunate — the development of the Prophet's thought; for, generally speaking, the longer Suras are late, just as the shorter ones are early in date.

Muhammad disclaimed the title of poet, yet even his earliest utterances have a certain rhythmic form, the verses being short, with three or four accented syllables. All the verses of a single revelation rhyme, and a change in the rhyme indicates a transition to a new composition. The later chapters are also in rhyme; but as the verses are much longer, the poetic effect is lost.

The fragmentary character of the Suras, and the lack of plan in the arrangement of the Qur'an as a whole, throw great obstacles in the way of the reader. Moreover, as is the case in many early books, much is obscurely expressed because the author expected to supply something by his own action in delivery. It is of prime importance, therefore, to bring the various revelations into connection with the life of Muhammad, and some help is given us here by the Traditions, though for the most part we are dependent on internal evidence. It is evident at first glance that the shorter Suras are rhapsodic in character: gushes of emotion, coming from a man under religious excitement. The longer chapters, on the other hand, are prosaic, the result of reflection, frequently commonplace or trivial. With this general criterion, and with the help of tradition, we can roughly distinguish three periods of composition.

1. Those Suras which constitute the earliest group come last, as we have already noted, in the arrangement of the received text. In them Muhammad appears as a preacher of new truth: himself much impressed by the doctrine of the unity of God, he professes it fervently while protesting against the

idolatry of his countrymen; and in the intensity of his emotion, he strengthens his asseverations by oaths of strange import, as in the following (Sura c; Rodwell's translation): —

> By the snorting chargers!
> And those that dash off sparks of fire!
> And those that scour to the attack at morn!
> And stir therein the dust aloft;
> And cleave therein their midway through a host!
> Truly, Man is to his Lord ungrateful.
> And of this he is himself a witness;
> And truly, he is vehement in the love of this world's good.
> Ah! knoweth he not, that when that which is in the graves
> shall be laid bare,
> And that which is in men's breasts shall be brought forth,
> Verily their Lord shall on that day be informed concerning them?

As the close of this Sura indicates, the coming Judgment is a prominent thought of the Prophet at this period, alluded to in nearly every chapter and described in language closely approaching the Biblical pictures of "the Day of the Lord." The earth will shake violently and deliver up its dead; the mountains will be reduced to dust, or become like wool; the moon will be rent in twain; men and demons will be summoned to an account. After this, the good will be welcomed to gardens in which flow perennial streams, while the wicked will be consigned to the flame. These predictions form the staple of the revelations of this period, as any one will readily convince himself by reading from the seventy-third Sura onward through the book; but repetitions show no great fertility of imagination on the part of the author.

2. As Muhammad continued to preach, he discovered that his mere announcement was not taken seriously by his hearers. They refused to give up their false gods, and they scoffed at the idea of a Judgment. He found it necessary to argue with them and to instruct them. His argument was simply a more extended description of the character of God, with an appeal to his power as shown in nature. An example is the following (xiii, 10–16; Rodwell's translation): —

> Knower of the Hidden and the Manifest! the Great! the Most High!
> Alike to Him is that person among you who concealeth his words, and he that telleth them abroad: he who hideth him in the night, and he who cometh forth in the day.
> Each hath a succession [of Angels] before him and behind him, who watch over him by God's behest. . . .

He it is who maketh the lightning to shine unto you; for fear and hope: and Who bringeth up the laden clouds.

And the thunder uttereth His praise, and the Angels also, for awe of Him: and He sendeth His bolts and smiteth with them whom He will while they are wrangling about God! Mighty is He in prowess.

Prayer is His of right: but these [deities] to whom they pray beside Him give them no answer, otherwise than as he is answered who stretcheth forth his hands to the water that it may reach his mouth, when it cannot reach it! The prayer of the Infidels only wandereth [and is lost].

And unto God doth all in the Heavens and on the Earth bow down in worship, willingly or by constraint: their very shadows also morn and even!

In this same connection we find the argument from nature, where God is described as sending down the rain which fills the streams; and in general we may say that the power and goodness of God in creation and providence are favorite themes.

For the historical material which he uses in this period, Muhammad depends mainly on the Bible, though he does not refuse stories from other sources, notably Arabic tradition, Talmudic legends, and apocryphal books of the New Testament; but whatever he takes he molds to his own purpose so palpably that we do not need to read between the lines. He has a scheme of history, according to which every epoch has had a prophet to preach the unity of God. The prophet has made a few converts, but the mass of his people have been unbelieving, the result being a Divine judgment upon the people, in which all perish except the prophet and his followers. Noah and Moses are favorite characters, because they can be fitted so easily into this scheme, and so is Abraham, because he was the first of the true believers, while the destruction of Sodom and of the Arab tribes (of which tradition tells) readily enforces the same lesson. Whatever the narrative may be, we hear the voice of Muhammad warning and rebuking — whether the ostensible person be Noah or Abraham or Moses. There is nowhere any interest in history for its own sake, except perhaps in the story of Joseph, where it almost seems as if the beauty of the Biblical narrative had made the Prophet forget his main purpose.

It is impossible to quote here from this material, which has little interest from the literary point of view both because of the prominence of the purpose and because of its repetitions. Not only are the same stories repeated, but they are interlarded with stereotyped phrases which cover the author's barrenness of thought, or relieve his embarrassment in the matter of rhyme.

3. With the emigration to Medina, Muhammad's circumstances were entirely changed. Whereas he had been the proscribed preacher of a persecuted sect, he now became the civil ruler as well as the religious leader of a devoted band of followers. Conditions in the community were such that they

soon made him an autocrat over a growing State, and his thoughts necessarily turned to matters of public policy. He knew no distinction between State and Church, so that the Qur'an embodied the decrees of the civil ruler as well as the oracles of the revealer of truth. Hence the third period shows a predominance of legislative matter. The division of booty, the treatment of captives and renegades, the penalties for wrongs inflicted by believers on each other, measures to be taken for the common defense — all these receive attention. The lesson of the victory at Badr is set forth for the encouragement of believers, and the mortification of the defeat at Uhud is employed to teach the danger of disobedience. Even the personal affairs of the Prophet are treated in the Qur'an, and God is made to rebuke the Bedouins for rude conduct, to scold Muhammad's wives for their quarrels, to exculpate Ayesha when assailed by slander, and to give the Prophet a dispensation from the law imposed on other Muslims. All this is of great interest for the historian and for the student of comparative law; but it has no place in literature.

The Arabs affirm that the style of the Qur'an is perfection itself, and Muhammad himself challenged men and demons to produce anything like it. As an article of faith, this cannot be shaken by criticism. And it must be admitted that from its position as the Book of God, the Qur'an has been a model for Arabic authors, its importance in this respect being parallel to that of Luther's Bible or to that of the English Authorized Version. It fixed a standard and is, therefore, a classic. It must always be borne in mind, moreover, that its influence on the Muhammadan world is due in considerable part to the cadence and rhyme of the Arabic original, but these it is impossible to reproduce in English unless the result is to be a mere paraphrase rather than a translation. Sir Richard F. Burton has essayed, however, to imitate the first Sura as follows (very slightly modified so as to distinguish rhymes in *m* and *n* by *t* and *d* respectively): —

"In the Name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!
Praise be to Allah, Lord of the [three] worlds [made].
The Merciful, the Compassionate,
The King of the Day of Fate [arrayed].
Thee [alone] do we worship, and of Thee [alone] do we ask aid.
Guide us to the path that is straight —
The path of those to whom Thy love is great,
Not those on whom is hate,
Nor they that [far] have strayed."

The foreigner may hesitate to contradict the consensus of Arabic opinion; but he can hardly fail to see that, judged by the best models of the world's

literature, the Qur'an has many shortcomings. The compositions are without plan; there is rarely an ordered sequence of thought; the author often labors to express what he has to say; stock phrases are used to relieve the lack of fluency; and monotonous repetitions of the same story testify to lack of invention. There are passages of great beauty and force, but they make up only a small part of the whole. Muhammad was not a master of style.

HENRY PRESERVED SMITH

SELECTIONS FROM THE QUR'AN

THE CHAPTER OF THE NIGHT

IN the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
By the night when it veils!
And the day when it is displayed!
And by what created male and female!
Verily, your efforts are diverse!
But as for him who gives alms and fears God,
And believes in the best,
We will send him easily to ease!
But as for him who is niggardly,
And longs for wealth,
And calls the good a lie,
We will send him easily to difficulty!
And his wealth shall not avail him
When he falls down [into hell]!
Verily it is for us to guide;
And verily, ours are the hereafter and the former life!
And I have warned you of a fire that flames!
None shall broil thereon but the most wretched, who says it is a lie and turns his back.
But the pious shall be kept away from it — he who gives his wealth in alms, and who gives no favor to any one for the sake of reward, but only craving the face of his Lord the most High; in the end he shall be well pleased!

THE CHAPTER OF THE DAWN

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
By the dawn and ten nights!
And the single and the double!
And the night when it travels on!
Is there in that an oath for a man of common-sense?

Hast thou not seen how thy Lord did with Ad? — with Iram of the columns? the like of which has not been created in the land?

And Thamud when they hewed the stones in the valley?

And Pharaoh of the stakes?

Who were outrageous in the land, and did multiply wickedness therein, and thy Lord poured out upon them the scourge of torment.

Verily, thy Lord is on a watch-tower! and as for man, whenever his Lord tries him and honors him and grants him favor, then he says, "My Lord has honored me"; but whenever He tries him and doles out to him his subsistence, then he says, "My Lord despises me!"

Nay, but ye do not honor the orphan, nor do ye urge each other to feed the poor, and ye devouring the inheritance [of the weak] with a general devouring, and ye love wealth with a complete love!

Nay, when the earth is crushed to pieces, and thy Lord comes with the angels, rank on rank, and hell is brought on that day — on that day shall man be reminded! but how shall he have a reminder?

He will say, "Would that I had something forward for my life!"

But on that day no one shall be tormented with a torment like his, and no one shall be bound with bonds like his!

O thou comforted soul! return unto thy Lord well pleased and well pleased with!

And enter amongst my servants and enter my Paradise!

THE CHAPTER OF THE MOST HIGH

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Celebrate the name of thy Lord most High, Who created and fashioned, and Who decreed and guided, and Who brings forth the pasture, and then makes it dusky stubble!

We shall make thee recite, and thou shalt not forget, save what God pleases. Verily, He knows the open and what is concealed; and we will send thee easily to ease: wherefore remind, for verily the reminder is useful.

But he who fears will be mindful: but the wretch will avoid it; he will broil on the great fire, and then therein shall neither die nor live!

Prosperous is he who purifies himself and remembers the name of his Lord and prays!

Nay, but yet prefer the life of this world, while the hereafter is better and more lasting.

Verily, this was in the books of yore — the books of Abraham and Moses.

THE CHAPTER OF THE CLEAVING ASUNDER

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

When the heaven is cleft asunder,

And when the stars are scattered,
And when the seas gush together,
And when the tombs are turned upside down,
The soul shall know what it has sent on or kept back!

O man! what has seduced thee concerning thy generous Lord, Who created thee and fashioned thee, and gave thee symmetry, and in what form He pleased composed thee?

Nay, but ye call the judgment a lie! but over you are guardians set—noble, writing down! they know what ye do!

Verily, the righteous are in pleasure, and verily, the wicked are in hell: they shall broil therein upon the Judgment Day; nor shall they be absent therefrom!

And what shall make thee know what is Judgment Day? Again, what shall make thee know what is the Judgment Day? a day when no soul shall control aught for another; and the bidding on that day belongs to God!

THE CHAPTER OF THOSE SENT

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
By those sent in a series!
And by those who speed swiftly!
And by the dispensers abroad!
And by the separators apart!
And by those who instil the reminder, as an excuse or warning!
Verily, what ye are threatened with will surely happen!
And when the stars shall be erased!
And when the heaven shall be cleft!
And when the mountains be winnowed.
And when the Apostles shall have a time appointed for them!
For what day is the appointment made?
For the day of decision! and what shall make thee know what the decision is?
Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!
Have we not destroyed those of yore, and then followed them up with those of the latter day? Thus do we with sinners.
Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!
Did we not create you from contemptible water, and place it in a sure depository unto a certain decreed term? for we are able, and well able too!
Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!
Have we not made for them the earth to hold the living and the dead? and set thereon firm mountains reared aloft? and given you to drink water in streams?
Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

Go off to that which ye did call a lie! Go off to the shadow of three columns, that shall not shade or avail against the flame!

Verily, it throws off sparks like towers — as though they were yellow camels!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

This is the day when they may not speak — when they are not permitted to excuse themselves!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

This is the day of decision! We have assembled you with those of yore: if ye have any stratagem, employ it now!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

Verily, the pious are amid shades and springs and fruit such as they love. — "Eat and drink with good digestion, for that which ye have done!"

Verily, thus we do reward those who do well.

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

"Eat and enjoy yourselves for a little: verily, ye are sinners!"

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

And when it is said to them, Bow down, they bow not down.

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

And in what new discourse after it will they believe?

THE CHAPTER OF THE JINN

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Say, "I have been inspired that there listened a company of the Jinn, and they said, 'We have heard a marvelous Qur'an that guides to the right direction; and we believe therein, and we join no one with our Lord, for verily, He — may the majesty of our Lord be exalted! — has taken to himself no consort nor son.

"'And verily, a fool amongst us spake against God wide of the mark!

"'And we thought that men and Jinn would never speak a lie against God.

"'And there are persons amongst men who seek for refuge with persons amongst the Jinn; but they increase them in their perverseness. And they thought, as ye thought, that God would not raise up any one from the dead.

"'But we touched the heavens and found them filled with a mighty guard and shooting stars; and we did sit in certain seats thereof to listen; but whoso of us listens now finds a shooting star for him on guard.

"'And verily, we know not whether evil be meant for those who are in the earth, or if their Lord means right by them.

"'And of us are some who are pious, and of us are some who are otherwise: we are in separate bands.

"'And we thought that we could not frustrate God in the earth, and could not frustrate him by flight.

" 'But verily, when we heard the guidance we believed the rein, and he who believes in his Lord shall fear neither diminution nor loss.

" 'And verily, of us are some who are Muslims, and of us some are trespassers: but those of us who are Muslims, they strive after right direction; and as for the trespassers, they are fuel for hell.

" 'And if they will go right upon the way, we will irrigate them with copious water to try them thereby; and whoso turns from the remembrance of his Lord, He will drive him to severe torment.' "

And [say] that the mosques are God's, and that ye should not call any one with God, and that when God's servant stood up to pray, they called out to him and well-nigh crowded upon him. Say, " I only call upon my Lord, and I join no one with Him."

Say, " Verily, I cannot control for you either harm or right direction."

Say, " Verily, as for me none can protect me against God, nor do I find any refuge beside Him — except delivering the message from God and his errands; and whoso rebels against God and His Apostle, verily for him is the fire of hell for them to dwell therein for ever and for aye! "

Until when they see what they are threatened with, then shall they surely know who is most weak at helping and fewest in numbers!

Say, " I know not if what ye are threatened with be nigh, or if my Lord will set it for a term. He knows the unseen, and He lets no one know His unseen save such people as He is well pleased with; for verily, He sends marching before him and behind him a guard! " That He may know that they have delivered the errands of the Lord; for He compasses what they have, and reckons everything by number.

THE CHAPTER OF THE KINGDOM

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Blessed be He in Whose hand is the kingdom, for He is mighty over all!

Who created death and life, to try you, which of you does best; for He is the mighty, the forgiving!

Who created seven heavens in stories: thou canst not see any discordance in the creation of the Merciful!

Why, look again! canst thou see a flaw? Then look twice! — thy look shall return to thee driven back and dulled!

And we have adorned the lower heaven with lamps, and set them to pelt the devils with; and we have prepared for them the torment of the blaze!

And for those who disbelieve in their Lord is the torment of hell, and an evil journey shall it be!

When they shall be cast therein they shall hear its braying as it boils — it will well-nigh burst for rage!

Whenever a troop of them is thrown in, its treasurers shall ask them, "Did not a warner come to you?"

They shall say, "Yea! a warner came to us, and we called him a liar, and said, 'God has not sent down aught: ye are but in great error.'"

And they shall say, "Had we but listened or had sense, we had not been amongst the fellows of the blaze!"

And they will confess their sins; but "Avaunt to the fellows of the blaze!"

Verily, those who fear their Lord in secret, for them is forgiveness and great hire!

Speak ye secretly or openly, verily, He knows the nature of men's breasts!

Ay! He knows who created! for He is the subtle, the well-aware!

He it is who made the earth flat for you: so walk in the spacious sides thereof and eat of His provision; for unto Him the resurrection is!

Are ye sure that He who is in heaven will not cleave the earth with you, and that it then shall quake?

Or are ye sure that He who is in heaven will not send against you a heavy sand-storm, and that ye shall know how the warning was?

But those before them did call the Apostles liars, and what a change it was!

Or have they not looked at the birds above them expanding their wings or closing them? — none holds them in except the Merciful One; for He on everything doth look.

Or who is this who will be a host for you, to help you against the Merciful? — the misbelievers are only a delusion!

Or who is this who will provide you if he hold back his provision?

Nay, but they persist in perverseness and aversion!

Is he who walks upon his face more guided than he who walks upright upon a straight path?

Say, "It is He who produced you and made for you hearing and sight and hearts" — little it is that ye give thanks.

Say, "It is He who sowed you in the earth, and unto Him ye shall be gathered!"

They say, "When shall this treat be, if ye do speak the truth?"

Say, "The knowledge is only with God; and I am but a plain warner!"

And when they see it nigh, sorry shall be the faces of those who misbelieve; and it shall be said, "This is that for which you used to call!"

Say, "Have ye considered whether God destroy me and those with me, or whether we obtain mercy; yet who will protect the misbelievers from grievous torment?"

Say, "He is the Merciful; we believe in Him, and upon Him do we rely: and ye shall shortly know who it is that is in obvious error!"

Say, "Have ye considered if your waters on the morrow should have sunk, who is to bring you flowing water?"

THE CHAPTER OF THE ANT

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

T. S.[1] Those are the signs of the Qur'an and the perspicuous Book; a guidance and glad tidings to the believers, who are steadfast at prayer, and give alms, and of the hereafter are sure: verily, those who believe not in the hereafter we have made seemly for them in works, and they shall wander blindly on! These are they who shall have an evil torment, and they in the hereafter shall be those who must lose. Verily, thou dost meet with this Qur'an from the wise, the knowing One!

When Moses said to his people, "Verily, I perceive a fire, I will bring you therefrom news; or I will bring you a burning brand: haply ye may be warned." But when he came to it, he was called to, "Blessed be He Who is in the fire, and He Who is about it! and celebrated be the praises of God, the Lord of the worlds! O Moses! verily I am God, the mighty wise: throw down thy staff!" and when he saw it quivering, as though it were a snake, he turned back fleeing and did not return. "O Moses! fear not: verily, as for Me — apostles fear not with Me; save only those who have done wrong and then substitute good for evil: for verily, I am forgiving, merciful! but put thy hand in thy bosom, it shall come forth white without hurt; — one of nine signs of Pharaoh and his people: verily, they are a people who act abominably."

And when our signs came to them visibly, they said, "This is obvious sorcery!" and they gainsaid them, though their souls made sure of them, unjustly, haughtily; but behold what was the end of the evil-doers!

And we gave David and Solomon knowledge; and they both said, "Praise belongs to God, Who hath preferred us over many of his servants who believe!"

And Solomon was David's heir; and said, "O ye folk! we have been taught the speech of birds, and we have been given everything: verily, this is an obvious grace!"

And assembled for Solomon were his hosts of the Jinn and men and birds, and they were marshaled; until they came upon the valley of the ants. Said an ant, "O ye ants! go into your dwellings, that Solomon and his hosts crush you not while they do not perceive."

And he smiled, laughing at her speech, and said, "O Lord! excite me to be thankful for Thy favor, wherewith Thou hast favored me and my parents, and to do righteousness which may please Thee; and make me enter into Thy mercy amongst Thy righteous servants!"

And he reviewed the birds, and said, "How is it I see not the hoopoe? is

[1] The meaning of the letters, or combinations of letters, prefixed to many Suras, as in this instance, is quite unknown.

he then amongst the absent? I will surely torment him with a severe torment; or I will surely slaughter him; or he shall bring me obvious authority."

And he tarried not long, and said, "I have compassed what ye compassed not; for I bring you from Saba a sure information: verily, I found a woman ruling over them, and she was given all things, and she had a mighty throne; and I found her and her people adoring the sun instead of God, for Satan had made seemly to them their works, and turned them from the path, so that they are not guided. Will they not adore God, Who brings forth the secrets of the heavens, and knows what they hide and what they manifest? God, there is no god but He, the Lord of the mighty throne."

Said he, "We will see whether thou hast told the truth, or whether thou art of those who lie. Go with this my letter and throw it before them; then turn back away from them, and see what they return."

Said she, "O ye chiefs! verily, a noble letter has been thrown before me. It is from Solomon, and verily it is, 'In the name of the merciful and compassionate God. Do not rise up against me, but come to me resigned!'" She said, "O ye chiefs! pronounce sentence for me in my affair. I never decide an affair until ye testify for me."

They said, "We are endowed with strength, and endowed with keen violence: but the bidding is thine; see then what it is that thou wilt bid."

She said, "Verily, kings when they enter a city despoil it, and make mighty ones of its people the meanest; thus it is they do! So verily I am going to send them a gift, and will wait to see with what the messenger will return."

And when he came to Solomon, he said, "Do ye proffer me wealth, when what God has given me is better than what He has given you? nay, ye in your gifts rejoice! return to them, for we will surely come to them with hosts which they cannot confront; and we will surely drive them out therefrom mean and made small!"

Said he, "O chiefs! which of you will bring me her throne before they come to me resigned?"

Said a demon of the Jinn, "I will bring thee it before thou canst rise up from thy place, for I therein am strong and faithful."

He who had the knowledge of the book said, "I will bring it to thee before thy glance can turn." And when he saw it settled down beside him, he said, "This is of my Lord's grace, and He may try me whether I am grateful or ungrateful; and he who is grateful is only grateful for his own soul, and he who is ungrateful — verily, my Lord is rich and generous."

Said he, "Disguise for her the throne; let us see whether she is guided, or whether she is of those who are not guided." And when she came it was said, "Was thy throne like this?" She said, "It might be it"; and we were given knowledge before her, but we were resigned.

But that which she served beside God turned her away: verily, she was of the unbelieving people. And it was said to her, "Enter the court"; and when she saw it, she reckoned it to be an abyss of water, and she uncovered her

legs. Said he, "Verily, it is a court paved with glass!" Said she, "My Lord! verily, I have wronged myself, but I am resigned with Solomon to God and the Lord of the worlds!"

And we sent unto Thamud their brother Salih, "Serve God"; but behold, they were two parties who contended!

Said he, "O my people! why do ye hasten on evil acts before good deeds? why do ye not ask forgiveness of God? haply ye may obtain mercy." They said, "We have taken an augury concerning thee and those who are with thee." Said he, "Your augury is in God's hands; nay, but ye are a people who are tried!"

And where there were in the city nine persons who despoiled land and did not right: Said they, "Swear to each other by God, we will surely fall upon him by night and on his people; then we will surely say unto his next of kin, 'We witnessed not the destruction of his people, and we do surely tell the truth.'" And they plotted a plot, and we plotted a plot, that we destroyed them and their people altogether!

Thus are their homes overturned, for they were unjust; verily, in that is a sign to people who do know!

But we saved thus who believed and did fear.

And Lot when he said to his people, "Do ye approach an abominable sin while ye can see? do ye indeed approach men lustfully rather than women? nay, ye are a people who are ignorant." But the answer of his people was only to say, "Drive out Lot's family from your city! verily, they are a folk who would keep pure."

But we saved him and his family except his wife; her we destined to be of those who lingered: and we rained down upon them rain, and evil was the rain to those who were warned.

Say, "Praise belongs to God; and peace be upon His servants whom He has chosen! Is God best, or what they associate with Him?" He Who created the heavens and the earth; and sends down upon you from the heaven water: and we cause to grow therewith gardens fraught with beauty; ye could not cause the trees thereof to grow! Is there a god with God? Nay, but they are people who make peers with Him! He Who made the earth, settled and placed amongst it rivers; and placed upon it firm mountains; and placed between the two seas a barrier: is there a god with God? nay, but most of them know not! He Who answers the distressed when he calls upon Him and removes the evil; and makes you successors in the earth: is there a god with God? little is it that ye are mindful. He Who guides you in the darkness of the land and of the sea; and Who sends winds as glad tidings before His mercy: is there a god with God? exalted be God above what they associate with Him. He Who began the creation and then will make it return again; and Who provides you from the heaven and the earth: is there a god with God? so bring your proofs if you do speak the truth!

Say, "None in the heavens or the earth know the unseen save only God;

but they perceived not when they shall be raised! " — nay, but their knowledge attains to somewhat of the hereafter; nay, but they are in doubt concerning it! nay, but they are blind!

And those who disbelieved said, " What! when we have become dust and our fathers too, shall we indeed be brought forward? We were promised this, we and our fathers before us: this is nothing but old folks' tales! "

Say, " Journey on through the land and see how was the end of the sinners! and grieve not for them, and be not straitened at what they plot."

They say, " When shall this threat be if ye do tell the truth? " Say, " It may be that there is pressing close behind you a part of what ye would hasten on! " But verily, thy Lord is full of grace to men, but most of them will not be thankful; and verily, thy Lord knows what their breasts conceal and what they manifest; and there is no secret thing in the heaven or earth, save that it is in the perspicuous book!

Verily, this Qur'an relates to the people of Israel most of that whereon they do dispute; and verily, it is a guidance and a mercy to the believers. Verily, thy Lord decides between them by His judgment, for He is mighty, knowing. Rely thou then upon God: verily, thou art standing upon obvious truth. Verily, thou canst not make the dead hear, and thou canst not make the deaf to hear the call when they turn their back on thee; nor art thou a guide to the blind, out of their error: thou canst only make to hear such as believe in our signs, and such as are resigned.

And when the sentence falls upon them, we will bring forth a beast out of the earth that shall speak to them [and say] that " Men of our signs would not be sure."

And the day when we will gather from every nation a troop who said our signs were lies; and they shall be marshaled until they come, and He will say, " Did ye say My signs were lies, when ye had compassed no knowledge thereof? or what is it that ye were doing? " and the sentence shall fall upon them for what they did wrong, and they shall not have speech.

Did they not see that we have made the night for them to rest in, and the day to see by? Verily, in that are signs to people who believe.

And the day when the trumpet shall be blown and all who are in the heavens and the earth shall be startled, save whom God pleases! and all shall come abjectly to Him. And thou shalt see the mountains, which thou dost deem solid, pass away like the passing of the clouds; — the work of God Who orders all things; verily, He is well aware of what ye do!

He who brings a good deed shall have better than it; and from the alarm of that day they shall be safe: but those who bring an evil deed shall be thrown down upon their faces in the fire. Shall ye be rewarded save for what ye have done?

I am bidden to serve the Lord of this country Who has made it sacred, and Whose are all things; and I am bidden to be of those who are resigned,

and to recite the Qur'an: and he who is guided, he is only guided for himself; and he who errs, say, "I am only one of those who warn!"

And say, "Praise be to God, He will show you His signs, and ye shall recognize them; for thy Lord is not heedless of what ye do!"

Translations by E. H. Palmer in 'The Sacred Books of the East'

'ANTAR

ARABIC literature was opened to English readers by Sale's translation of the 'Qur'an,' in 1734 and by English versions of the 'Arabian Nights' from 1712 onward, the latter being derived from Galland's translation of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' which began to appear, in French, in 1704. Next to nothing was generally known of Oriental literature from that time until the end of the eighteenth century, when the East India Company fostered the study of the classics of the Orient, and the first Napoleon opened Egypt, his *savants* marching in the center of the invading squares.

The flagship of the English fleet which blockaded Napoleon's army carried an Austro-German diplomat and scholar — Baron von Hammer-Purgstall — part of whose mission was to procure a complete manuscript of the 'Arabian Nights.' It was then supposed that these tales were the daily food of all Turks, Arabs, and Syrians, but to von Hammer's intense surprise, he learned that they were never recited in the coffee-houses of Constantinople, and that they were not to be found at all outside of Egypt. His dismay and disappointment were soon richly compensated, however, by the discovery of the Arabian romance of 'Antar,' the national classic, hitherto unknown in Europe. The entire work was soon collected, though it is of interminable length in the original, being often found in thirty or forty manuscript volumes in quarto, in seventy or eighty in octavo; and portions of it have been translated into English, German, and French.

The book purports to have been written more than a thousand years ago — in the golden prime of the Caliph Harun ar-Rashid (786–809) and of his sons and successors, Amin (809–813) and Ma'mun (813–834) — by the famous al-Asmai (born 741, died 831), but as a matter of fact it is a much later compilation, probably of the twelfth century. The main outlines of the hero's career are historical, though many particulars are derived from accounts of the lives of other Arabian heroes, such as Duraid, and are transferred bodily to the biography of 'Antar. They date back to the sixth century. Most of the details must be imaginary, but they are skilfully contrived by a writer who knew the life of the desert Arab at first hand. The verses (printed in italics in the selections here given) with which the volumes abound are in many cases undoubtedly 'Antar's. In any event, the book in its present form has been the de-

light of all Arabs for many centuries. Every wild Bedouin of the desert knew much of the tale by heart, and listened to it with quivering interest. His more cultivated brothers of the cities possessed one or many of its volumes; and every coffee-house in Aleppo, Bagdad, or Constantinople had a narrator who, night after night, recited it to rapt audiences.

The unanimous opinion of the East has always placed the romance of 'Antar' at the summit of such literature. As one of their authors well says: — "'The Thousand and One Nights' is for the amusement of women and children; 'Antar' is a book for men. From it they learn lessons of eloquence, of magnanimity, of generosity, and of statecraft." Even the prophet Muhammad, well-known foe to poetry and to poets, instructed his disciples to relate to their children the traditions concerning 'Antar, "for these will steel their hearts harder than stone."

The book belongs among the great national classics, like the 'Shah Namah' or the 'Nibelungen-Lied,' and has a direct relation to Western civilization as well. 'Antar was the father of knighthood; he was the *preux-chevalier,* the champion of the weak and oppressed, the protector of women, the impassioned lover-poet, the irresistible and magnanimous knight. European chivalry in marked degree is the child of the chivalry of his time, which traveled along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and passed with the Moors into Spain (710). Another current flowed from Arabia to meet and to modify the Greeks of Constantinople and the early Crusaders; and still another found its way from Persia into Palestine and Europe. These fertilized Provençal poetry, the French romance, the early Italian epic. The 'Shah Namah' of Firdausi, that model of a heroic poem, was written early in the eleventh century, and 'Antar' in its present form probably preceded the romances of chivalry so common in the twelfth century in Italy and France.

'Antarah ibn Shaddad al-'Absi ['Antar the Lion, the Son of Shaddad of the tribe of 'Abs], the historic 'Antar, was born about the middle of the sixth century of our era, and died about the year 615, forty-five years after the birth of the prophet Muhammad, and seven years before the Hijra — the Flight to Medina — with which the Muhammadan era begins. His father was a noble 'Absian knight and the romance makes him the son of an Abyssinian slave, who is finally discovered to be a powerful princess. His skin was black, and he was despised by his father and family, who set him to tend their camels. His extraordinary strength and valor and his remarkable poetic faculty soon made him a marked man in a community in which personal bravery failed of its full value if it were not celebrated in brilliant verse. His love for the beautiful 'Abla, the daughter of his uncle, was proved in hundreds of encounters and battles, by many adventurous excursions in search of fame and booty, and by thousands of verses in her honor.

The historic 'Antar is the author of one of the seven 'Mu'allakat,' or "suspended poems," and the 'Antar of the romance is constantly breaking into verse which is passionately admired by his followers. None of its beauties of

form are preserved in the translation; and, indeed, this is true of the prose forms also. It speaks volumes for the manly vigor of the original that it can be transferred to an alien tongue and yet preserve great qualities. To the Arab the work is a masterpiece both in form and content. Its prose is in balanced, rhythmic sentences ending in full or partial rhymes, this "cadence of the cooing dove" being pure music to an Eastern ear.

The story itself appeals to the Oriental's deepest feelings, passions, and ideals: —

"To realize the impetuous feelings of the Arab," says von Hammer, "you must have heard these tales narrated to a circle of Bedouins crowded about the orator of the desert. . . . It is a veritable drama, in which the spectators are the actors as well. If the hero is threatened with imminent danger, they shudder and cry aloud, 'No, no, no; Allah forbid! that cannot be!' If he is in the midst of tumult and battle, mowing down rank after rank of the enemy with his sword, they seize their own weapons and rise to fly to his rescue. If he falls into the snares of treachery, their foreheads contract with angry indignation and they exclaim, 'The curse of Allah be on the traitor!' If the hero at last sinks under the superior forces of the enemy, a long and ardent sigh escapes from their breasts, with the farewell blessing, 'Allah's compassion be with him — may he rest in peace.' . . . Descriptions of the beauties of nature, especially of the spring, are received with exclamations. Nothing equals the delight which sparkles in every eye when the narrator draws a picture of feminine beauty."

The primary duty of the early Arab was blood-revenge. An insult to himself, or an injury to the tribe, must be wiped out with the blood of the offender, and hence arose the multitude of tribal feuds. It was Muhammad who first checked the private feud by fixing "the price of blood" to be paid by the aggressor or by his tribe; but in the time of 'Antar revenge was still the foremost duty.

The service of his beloved by the early Arab was a passion completely different from the gallantry of the medieval knight of Europe. He sought for the complete possession of his chosen mistress, and was eager to earn it by multitudes of heroic deeds; but he could not have understood the chivalry of the Troubadours. Hospitality, however, was a point of honor to both the Occidental and the Oriental knight. As to the noble Arabs of those days, when any one demanded their protection, no one ever inquired what was the matter; for if he did so, it would be said of him that he was afraid. An Arab poet has thus described them: —

> They rise when one calls out to them, and
> they haste before asking any questions;
> they aid him against his enemies
> that seek his life, and they return
> honored to their families.

The Arab was the knight of the tent and the desert. His deeds were immediately known to his fellows, discussed and weighed in every household of his tribe, whereas the Christian knight of the Middle Ages, living isolated in his stronghold, was less immediately affected by the opinions of his class. Tribal allegiance was developed in the first case, independence in the second.

Scholars tell us that the romance of 'Antar' is of the highest value for faithful pictures of the times before the advent of Muhammad, which are confirmed by all that remains of the poetry of "the days of ignorance." To the general reader its charm lies in its bold and simple stories of adventure; in its childlike enjoyment of the beauty of Nature; in its portrayal of the elemental passions of ambition, pride, love, hate, revenge. 'Antar was a poet, a lover, a warrior, a born leader. From a keeper of camels he rose to be the protector of the tribe of 'Abs and the pattern of chivalry, by virtue of great natural powers and in the face of every obstacle. He won possession of his 'Abla and gave her the dower of a queen, by adventures the like of which were never known before. There were neither Afrits nor Jinn to come to his aid, as in the 'Thousand Nights and a Night.' 'Antar' is the epic of success crowning human valor.

To choose specimens from 'Antar' is like selecting from 'Robinson Crusoe.' In the romance, the hero's adventures go on and on, and his character develops before one's eyes. It may be that the leisure of the desert is needed fully to appreciate this master-work.

EDWARD S. HOLDEN

THE VALOR OF 'ANTAR

NOW 'Antar was becoming a big boy, and grew up, and used to accompany his mother, Zabiba, to the pastures, and he watched the cattle; and this he continued to do till he increased in stature. He used to walk and run about to harden himself, till at length his muscles were strengthened, his frame altogether more robust, his bones more firm and solid, and his speech correct. His days were passed in roaming about the mountain-sides; and thus he continued till he attained his tenth year.

[He now kills a wolf which had attacked his father's flocks, and breaks into verse to celebrate his victory:]

O thou wolf, eager for death, I have left thee wallowing in dust, and spoiled of life; thou wouldst have the run of my flocks, but I have left thee dyed with blood; thou wouldst disperse my sheep, and thou knowest I am a lion that never fears. This is the way I treat thee, thou dog of the desert. Hast thou ever before seen battle and wars?

[His next adventure brought him to the notice of the chief of the tribe — King Zuhair. A slave of Prince Shaś insulted a poor, feeble woman who was tending her sheep; but 'Antar "dashed him against the ground. And his length and breadth were all one mass." This deed won for 'Antar the hatred of Prince Shas, the friendship of the gentle Prince Malik, and the praise of the king, their father. "This valiant fellow," said the king, "has defended the honor of women."]

From that day both King Zuhair and his son Malik conceived a great affection for 'Antar, and as 'Antar returned home, the women all collected around him to ask him what had happened; among them were his aunts and his cousin, whose name was 'Abla. Now 'Abla was younger than 'Antar, and a merry lass. She was lovely as the moon at its full; and perfectly beautiful and elegant. . . . One day he entered the house of his uncle Malik and found his aunt combing his cousin 'Abla's hair, which flowed down her back, dark as the shades of night. 'Antar was quite surprised; he was greatly agitated, and could pay no attention to anything; he was anxious and thoughtful, and his anguish daily became more oppressive.

[Meeting her at a feast, he addressed her in verse: —]

The lovely virgin has struck my heart with the arrow of a glance, for which there is no cure. Sometimes she wishes for a feast in the sandhills, like a fawn whose eyes are full of magic. She moves; I should say it was the branch of the tamarisk that waves its branches to the southern breeze. She approaches; I should say it was the frightened fawn, when a calamity alarms it in the waste.

When 'Abla heard from 'Antar this description of her charms, she was in astonishment. But 'Antar continued in this state for days and nights, his love and anguish ever increasing.

['Antar resolves to be either tossed upon the spear-heads or numbered among the noble; and he wanders into the plain of lions.]

As soon as 'Antar found himself in it, he said to himself, "Perhaps I shall now find a lion, and I will slay him." Then, behold a lion appeared in the middle of the valley; he stalked about and roared aloud; wide were his nostrils, and fire flashed from his eyes; the whole valley trembled at every gnash of his fangs — he was a calamity, and his claws more dreadful than the deadliest catastrophe — thunder pealed as he roared — vast was his strength, and his force dreadful — broad were his paws, and his head immense. Just at that moment Shaddad and his brothers came up. They saw 'Antar address the lion, and heard the verses that he repeated; he sprang forward like a hailstorm, and hissed at him like a black serpent — he met the lion as he sprang and outroared his bellow; then, giving a dreadful shriek, he seized hold of his mouth

with his hand, and wrenched it open to his shoulders, and he shouted aloud — the valley and the country round echoed back the war.

[Those who were watching were astonished at his prowess, and began to fear ʿAntar. The horsemen now set off to attack the tribe of Tamim, leaving the slaves to guard the women.]

ʿAntar was in transports on seeing ʿAbla appear with the other women. She was indeed like an amorous fawn; and when ʿAntar was attending her, he was overwhelmed in the ocean of his love, and became the slave of her sable tresses. They sat down to eat, and the wine-cups went merrily round. It was the spring of the year, when the whole land shone in all its glory; the vines hung luxuriantly in the arbors; the flowers shed around ambrosial fragrance; every hillock sparkled in the beauty of its colors; the birds in responsive melody sang sweetly from each bush, and harmony issued from their throats; the ground was covered with flowers and herbs; while the nightingales filled the air with their softest notes.

[While the maidens were singing and sporting, lo! on a sudden appeared a cloud of dust walling the horizon, and a vast clamor arose. A troop of horses and their riders, some seventy in number, rushed forth to seize the women, and made them prisoners. ʿAntar instantly rescued ʿAbla from her captors and engaged the enemy.]

He rushed forward to meet them, and harder than flint was his heart, and in his attack was their fate and destiny. He returned home, taking with him five-and-twenty horses, and all the women and children. Now the hatred of Samiʿah (his stepmother) was converted into love and tenderness, and he became dearer to her than sleep.

[He had thenceforward a powerful ally in her, a fervent friend in Prince Malik, a wily counselor in his brother Shibub. And ʿAntar made great progress in ʿAbla's heart, from the verses that he spoke in her praise; such verses as these: —]

I love thee with the love of a noble-born hero; and I am content with thy imaginary phantom. Thou art my sovereign in my very blood; and my mistress; and in thee is all my confidence.

[ʿAntar's astonishing valor gained him the praise of the noble ʿAbsian knights, and he was emboldened to ask his father Shaddad to acknowledge him for his son, that he might become a chief among the Arabs. Shaddad, enraged, drew his sword and rushed upon ʿAntar to kill him, but was prevented by Samiʿah. ʿAntar, in the greatest agony of spirit, was ashamed that the day should dawn on him after this refusal, or that he should remain any longer in the country. He mounted his horse, put on his armor, and traveled on till he was far from the tents, and he knew not whither he was going.]

ʿAntar had proceeded some way, when lo! a knight rushed out from the ravines in the rocks, mounted on a dark-colored colt, beautiful and compact, and of a race much prized among the Arabs; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin; when he neighed he seemed as if about to speak, and his ears were like quills; his sire was Wasil and his dam Hamama. When ʿAntar cast his eye upon the horse, and observed his speed and his paces, he felt that no horse could surpass him, so his whole heart and soul longed for him. And when the knight perceived that ʿAntar was making toward him, he spurred his horse and it fled beneath him; for this was a renowned horseman called Harith, the son of ʿUbad, and he was a valiant hero.

[By various devices ʿAntar became possessed of the noble horse, Abjar, whose equal no prince or emperor could boast of. His mettle was soon tried in an affray with the tribe of Maʿan, headed by the warrior Nakid, who was ferocious as a lion.]

When Nakid saw the battle of ʿAntar, and how alone he stood against five thousand, and was making them drink of the cup of death and perdition, he was overwhelmed with astonishment at his deeds. "Thou valiant slave," he cried, "how powerful is thine arm — how strong thy wrist!" And he rushed down upon ʿAntar. And ʿAntar presented himself before him, for he was all anxiety to meet him. "O thou base-born!" cried Nakid. But ʿAntar permitted him not to finish his speech, before he assaulted him with the assault of a lion, and roared at him; he was horrified and paralyzed at the sight of ʿAntar. ʿAntar attacked him, thus scared and petrified, and struck him with his sword on the head, and cleft him down the back; and he fell, cut in twain, from the horse, and he was split in two as if by a balance; and as ʿAntar dealt the blow he cried out, "Oh, by ʿAbs! oh! by ʿAdnan! I am ever the lover of ʿAbla." No sooner did the tribe of Maʿan behold ʿAntar's blow, than every one was seized with fear and dismay. The whole five thousand made an attack like the attack of a single man; but ʿAntar received them as the parched ground receives the first of the rain. His eyeballs were fiery red, and foam issued from his lips; whenever he smote he cleft the head; every warrior he assailed, he annihilated; he tore a rider from the back of his horse, he heaved him on high, and whirling him in the air he struck down another with him, and the two instantly expired. "By thine eyes, ʿAbla," he cried, "today will I destroy all this race." Thus he proceeded until he terrified the warriors, and hurled them into woe and disgrace, hewing off their arms and their joints.

[At the moment of ʿAntar's victory his friends arrive to see his triumph. On his way back with them he celebrates his love for ʿAbla in verses.]

When the breezes blow from Mount Saʿadi, their freshness calms the fire of my love and transports. . . . Her throat complains of the darkness of her necklaces. Alas! the effects of that throat and that necklace! Will fortune

ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure my heart of the sorrows of love? If my eye could see her baggage camels, and her family, I would rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I will kiss the earth where thou art; mayhap the fire of my love and ecstasy may be quenched. . . . I am the well-known 'Antar, the chief of his tribe, and I shall die; but when I am gone, histories shall tell of me.

[From that day forth 'Antar was named Abu 'l-Favaris, that is to say, the father of horsemen. His sword, Dhami — the trenchant — was forged from a meteor that fell from the sky; it was two cubits long and two spans wide. If it were presented to Nushirvan, King of Persia, he would exalt the giver with favors; or if it were given to the Emperor of Europe, one would be enriched with treasures of gold and silver.]

As soon as Ghaidak saw the tribe of 'Abs, and 'Antar the destroyer of horsemen, his heart was overjoyed and he cried out, "This is a glorious morning; today will I take my revenge." So he assailed the tribe of 'Abs and 'Adnan, and his people attacked behind him like a cloud when it pours forth water and rains. And the Knight of 'Abs assaulted them likewise, anxious to try his sword, the famous Dhami. And 'Antar fought with Ghaidak, and wearied him, and shouted at him, and filled him with horror; then assailed him so that stirrup grated stirrup; and he struck him on the head with Dhami. He cleft his visor and wadding, and his sword played away between the eyes, passing through his shoulders down to the back of the horse, even down to the ground; and he and his horse made four pieces; and to the strictest observer, it would appear that he had divided them with scales. And God prospered 'Antar in all that he did, so that he slew all he aimed at, and overthrew all he touched.

"Nobility," said 'Antar, "among liberal men, is the thrust of the spear, the blow of the sword, and patience beneath the battle-dust. I am the physician of the tribe of 'Abs in sickness, their protector in disgrace, the defender of their wives when they are in trouble, their horseman when they are in glory, and their sword when they rush to arms."

[This was 'Antar's speech to Munzar, King of the Arabs, when he was in search of 'Abla's dowry. He found it in the land of Irak, where the magnificent Chosroes was ready to reward him even to the half of his kingdom for his victory over the champion of the Emperor of Europe.]

"All this grandeur, and all these gifts," said 'Antar, "have no value to me, no charm in my eyes. Love of my native land is the fixed passion of my soul."

"Do not imagine," said Chosroes, "that we have been able duly to recompense you. What we have given you is perishable, as everything human is, but your praises and your poems will endure forever."

['Antar's wars made him a Nocturnal Calamity to the foes of his tribe. He

was its protector and the champion of its women, " for 'Antar was particularly solicitous in the cause of women." His generosity knew no bounds. " 'Antar immediately presented the whole of the spoil to his father and his uncles; and all the tribe of 'Abs were astonished at his noble conduct and filial love." His hospitality was universal; his magnanimity without limit. " Do not bear malice, O Shibub. Renounce it; for no good ever came of malice. Violence is infamous; its result is ever uncertain, and no one can act justly when actuated by hatred. Let my heart support every evil, and let my patience endure till I have subdued all my foes." Time after time he won new dowries for 'Abla, even bringing the treasures of Persia to her feet. Treacheries without count divided him from his promised bride. Over and over again he rescued her from the hands of the enemy; and not only her, but her father and her hostile kinsmen.

At last 'Antar makes his wedding feasts.]

" I wish to make at 'Abla's wedding five separate feasts; I will feed the birds and the beasts, the men and the women, the girls and the boys, and not a single person shall remain in the whole country but shall eat at 'Abla's marriage festival."

'Antar was at the summit of his happiness and delight, congratulating himself on his good fortune and perfect felicity, all trouble and anxiety being now banished from his heart. Praise be to God, the dispenser of all grief from the hearts of virtuous men.

[The three hundred and sixty tribes of the Arabs were invited to the feast, and on the eighth day the assembled chiefs presented their gifts — horses, armor, slaves, perfumes, gold, velvet, camels. The number of slaves 'Antar received that day was five-and-twenty hundred, to each of whom he gave a damsel, a horse, and weapons. And they all mounted when he rode out, and halted when he halted.]

Now when all the Arab chiefs had presented their offerings, each according to his circumstances, 'Antar rose, and called out to Muki 'l-Vahsh: — " O Knight of Syria," said he, " let all the he and she camels, high-priced horses, and all the various rarities I have received this day, be a present from me to you. But the perfumes of ambergris and fragrant musk belong to my cousin 'Abla; and the slaves shall form my army and troops." And the Arab chiefs marveled at his generosity. . . .

And now 'Abla was clothed in the most magnificent garments, and superb necklaces; they placed the coronet of Chosroes on her head, and tiaras round her forehead. They lighted brilliant and scented candles before her — the perfumes were scattered — the torches blazed — and 'Abla came forth in state. All present gave a shout; while the malicious and ill-natured cried aloud, " What a pity that one so beautiful and fair should be wedded to one so black! "

Translated by Terrick Hamilton

IRANIAN LITERATURE

THE literature of Persia falls into three main divisions: ancient, medieval, and modern. The first of these consists of the sacred texts of the Avesta and of the inscriptions of the Achæmenian kings, most notably Darius the Great, and begins at least as early as the fifth century B.C. The second was inaugurated by the Sassanian dynasty in the third century of our era, and lasted some six hundred years; and the third extends from the ninth century to the present time.

The literature which has survived from the two older periods is but a fragment of what once existed. We know that this is true of the Avesta, probably composed in the northern part of what is now called Persia, for tradition is most explicit on the matter; and it must have been equally true of the literature of Persia proper, that is to say, the ancient area of Persis, now known as Fars. Ezra and Esther mention "books of the records of the chronicles," as do Greek authors; and a Greek historian tells us that hymns were chanted in honor of the great deity Mithra, whose worship was destined to spread over the Roman Empire as far as Hadrian's Wall in Britain.

In the Old Persian inscriptions one could expect little of literary merit, for such documents, as a rule, are of more interest to the historian and the philologist than to any one else; and the same statement holds true of the great mass of Middle Persian literature. The major part of this deals solely with religious problems connected with Zoroastrianism, and its few non-religious writings, like the 'Deeds of Artashir,' are the reverse of literary in character. Since 1890, however, explorations in Central Asia have revealed a vast amount of literature hitherto unknown. This is in many languages and treats of many themes; and much of it still awaits decipherment and publication. Some of it deals with the religious system known as Manichaeism, whose principal tenet was that of struggle between the principles of Good and Evil. This religion was widespread in Iran and Central Asia, as well as in parts of the Roman Empire; and in various forms it lingered on in Europe till the Crusade against the Albigenses finally crushed it. Manichaeism created for itself a considerable literature, including liturgies, hymns, and prayers, some of which are metrical in structure. One of these poems, a fragment on cosmogony, may be translated as follows, in its original meter: —

Seven planets he hath fastened,
Dragons twain hath bound and fettered,
Bound them to yon Lowest Heaven

High above, that when he calleth,
They revolve; hath set above them
Angels twain, both male and female,
Brought them [the Angels] further to the Border,
Up to Light, the Highest Heaven;
And from Air, Light, Fire, and Water
He hath purified the mixture.
Ships of Light twain — one the Sun's is —
Shaped of Fire and Light; five Ramparts
(Formed) from Æther, Air, Light, Water,
And from Fire; and Portals twelvefold,
Houses fivefold, triple Thrones, and
Angels five within Fire's Rampart
Garn'ring souls; and for the Moon-God
Eke a Ship of Air and Water;
Yea, five Ramparts (formed) of Æther,
Air and Light and Fire and Water;
Fourteen Portals, and five Houses;
Triple Thrones, and Angels fivefold
Garn'ring souls in Water's Rampart
He hath made and ranged in order.

With the Modern Persian period one comes into a milieu very unlike the two before it. The Arab Conquest of Iran had wrought a profound change, not merely political and religious, but literary as well. Whether the repressive measures of the Arab conqueror were as stern toward the Zoroastrian conquered as strict Muhammadanism would seem to dictate has been doubted; but even in subjection the Iranian mentality retained its own individuality. The real blow fell in the thirteenth century, when the Tatar invasions inflicted injuries upon Persia from which she has never fully recovered.

One of the aspects of Persian literature which attracts the interest of Occidental readers is its current of mysticism. Persia has always been more than a little open to suspicion as to strict Muhammadan orthodoxy, and it is plausibly suggested that this attitude may be due, at least in part, to an instinctive revolt of the Aryan mind against the Semitic bent of thought. In peculiar degree this land has been the favorite home of the mystic philosophy known as Sufiism, which sees in wine the mighty power of Love Divine, in the loved one God Most High, in the mole on the beloved's cheek God's Unity, and the like. In part it is doubtless genuine mysticism, to which only the narrow "rationalist" would deny true spiritual worth; in part it thinly veils very real wine and a very human love; in part it is a mixture of both in all possible degrees. Each passage open simultaneously to mystic and to material inter-

pretation must be judged under all the conditions governing its author; and even then, decision is many times impossible.

Another point to be borne in mind in reading Persian literature is that form is regarded as more important than content: far better to say an old thing in a new way than a new thing in an old way. Only a limited number of themes could safely be treated under a despotic Oriental monarchy and under the restrictions imposed by the narrow teachings of Muhammadanism. Politics could not be touched, save to laud the ruler; religion and philosophy could be discussed only within the confines of Islam; economics, sociology, and the like were, of course, unknown; the natural sciences were in their infancy; only such subjects as geography, history, and fiction were really unhampered. Hand in hand with the limitation of themes naturally went an intensification of literary cultivation which often degenerated, unhappily but inevitably, into "fine writing," and the vocabulary was frequently so filled with Arabic words that little but the syntax, grammatical forms, and most ordinary terms remained Persian.

Nor can it be denied that to the Occidental reader Persian literature seems interminably prolix. Much of this is doubtless due to the greater complexity and smaller leisure of life in the West; but it can scarcely be denied that the Persians have an almost fatal facility in writing. After the first feeling of adventure into a new country has worn off, moreover, the Occidental can hardly avoid a sense of monotony because of the constant repetitions of the same theme; and the love poetry in particular, with its sentimentality, ultimately produces an impression of cloying sweetness. To all these must be added the difficulties arising from the mass of purely Oriental allusions found throughout. Natural and proper as these are, wide reading in Persian and Arabic literature is necessary to comprehend them.

Yet there is another side to the picture. No translation, however admirable, can replace the original in any language; and this is especially true of poetry, where so much depends on the rhythm and sound of the verse. Truly to appreciate Persian poetry — or any poetry, for that matter — one must know it in its own tongue and its own land, chanted, not merely read, by its own people. To do otherwise is but to know the rose and the nightingale only from the printed page or from pictures, or from the tales of travelers who in far wanderings have seen and heard strange beauty.

Of the vast bulk of Persian poetry comparatively little — though that the best — has been translated; and much exists only in manuscripts or in Oriental lithographs that are none too easy to obtain. Here historical and romantic epics, exemplified by Firdausi, Nizami, and Jami; didactic and mystic poetry, as written by Sa'di, Omar Khayyam, and Jalal ad-Din Rumi; and the lyric, as set forth by Hafiz, are the most important types. There is also much Persian prose — the anecdotes of Sa'di, for example; treatises on religion, philosophy, ethics, history, geography, grammar, and medicine; there are even ency-

clopedias of sorts. Many romances, tales, fables, allegories, and the like, also enrich the prose literature; but very little of this has been translated, though considerable parts of it would probably prove of interest to more than the somewhat small circle of professed Orientalists.

Finally, one should note that Persian literature has been by no means restricted to Persia itself. Much of it was composed outside the Iranian Plateau, especially in India; and it has exercised a deep influence on the literature of Turkey, as well as on the songs of Afghanistan and Baluchistan.

LOUIS H. GRAY

THE BRANDING-GROUND

By Farrukhi, died in 1037 or 1038

SINCE the meadow hides its face in satin shot with greens and blues,
And the mountains wrap their brows in silver veils of seven hues,
Earth is teeming like the musk-pod with aromas rich and rare,
Foliage bright as parrot's plumage doth the graceful willow wear.
Yestere'en the midnight breezes brought the tidings of the spring:
"Welcome, O ye northern gales, for this glad promise which ye bring!"
Up its sleeve the wind, meseemeth, pounded musk hath stored away,
While the garden fills its lap with shining dolls, as though for play.
On the branches of syringa necklaces of pearls we see,
Ruby ear-rings of Badakhshan sparkle on the Judas-tree.
Since the branches of the rose-bush carmine cups and beakers bore
Human-like five-fingered hands reach downwards from the sycamore.
Gardens all chameleon-coated, branches with chameleon whorls,
Pearly-lustrous pools around us, clouds above us raining pearls!
On the gleaming plain this coat of many colors doth appear
Like a robe of honor granted in the Court of our Amir.
For our Prince's Camp of Branding stirreth in these joyful days,
So that all this age of ours in joyful wonder stands a-gaze.
Green within the green you see, like stars within the firmament;
Like a fort within a fortress spreads the army, tent on tent.
Every tent contains a lover resting in his sweetheart's arms,
Every patch of grass revealeth to a friend a favorite's charms.
Harps are sounding midst the verdure, minstrels sing their lays divine,
Tents resound with clink of glasses as the pages pour the wine.
Kisses, claspings from the lovers; coy reproaches from the fair;
Wine-born slumbers for the sleepers, while the minstrels wake the air.
Branding-fires, like suns ablaze, are kindled at the spacious gate

Leading to the state-pavilion of our Prince so fortunate.
Leap the flames like gleaming lances draped with yellow-lined brocade,
Hotter than a young man's passion, yellower than gold assayed.
Branding-irons like coral branches ruby-tinted glow amain
In the fire, as in the ripe pomegranate glows the crimson grain.
Rank on rank of active boys, whose watchful eyes no slumber know;
Steeds which still await the branding, rank on rank and row on row.
On his horse, the river-forder, roams our genial Prince afar,
Ready to his hand the lassoo, like a young Isfandiyar.
Like the locks of pretty children see it how it curls and bends,
Yet be sure its hold is stronger than the covenant of friends.
Bu 'l-Muzaffar Shah, the Upright, circled by a noble band,
King and conqueror of cities, brave defender of the land.
Serpent-coiled in skilful hands his whirling noose fresh forms doth take,
Like unto the rod of Moses metamorphosed to a snake.
Whosoever hath been captured by that noose and circling line,
On the face and flank and shoulder ever bears the Royal sign.
But, though on one side he brandeth, gives he also rich rewards,
Leads his poets with a bridle, binds his guests as though with cords.

Translated by Edward G. Browne

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REGRETS TOO LATE

By Rudagi, about 880–954

WHEN dead thou shalt behold me
My lips forever sealed,
Reft of its life this body,
Passion ne'er more revealed,
Then by my cold bier sit thou,
And say with a caress,
"Alas, 'twas *I* who slew thee!
Heart-broken, I confess."

THE KING — AND DEATH

By Mahmud of Ghazna, reigned 998–1030.

OUT of fear for my conquering sword and my mace that cleaves strongholds amain,
The earth is subdued by my might, as the body subdued by the brain.
Though in glory and power supreme, I am never contented to rest,
So from land unto land have I roamed, in ambition's high conquering quest.
Oftentimes I gave place to my fancy that I was a somebody great,
In mine eyes have I now come to see king and pauper in equal estate.
If perchance thou should'st dig from two graves two skulls of the moldering dead,
Who knows which was crown of the king, and which was the hireling's head?
With one blow of my powerful fist I have thousands of strongholds laid low,
With one stamp of my foot have I scattered multitudinous ranks of the foe.
But when Death cometh now to assail me, naught availeth the way one has trod,
'Tis the *Lord* that alone is abiding, and the King above Kings, it is *God!*

Translations by A. V. Williams Jackson

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LOVE'S PARTING

By Minuchihri, died 1041.

OTENTSMAN, haste, and strike the tent, I pray!
The caravan's already under way;
The drummer sounds already the first drum;
Their loads the drivers on the camels lay.
The evening-prayer is nigh, and lo! tonight
The sun and moon opposed do stand at bay,
Save that the moon climbs upwards through the sky,
While sinks the sun o'er Babel's mountains gray,
Like to two scales of golden balance, when
One pan doth upwards and one downwards weigh.
"O silver cypress! Little did I think
To see so swiftly pass our trysting-day!

We are all heedless, but the moon and sun
Are heedful things, whose purposes ne'er stray.
My darling, wend thee hence, and weep no more,
For fruitless are the hopes of lovers aye.
With parting Time is pregnant; know ye not
Needs must the pregnant bring to birth one day?"
When thus my love beheld my state, her eyes
Rained tears like drops which fall when lightnings play.
That she crushed pepper held within her hand
And cast it in her eyes thou wouldest say.
Drooping and trembling unto me she came
Like throat-cut bird, whose life-blood ebbs away,
Around my neck like sword-belt flung her arms,
And on my breast like belt depending lay.
"O cruel," cried she; "by my soul I swear
My envious foes rejoice through thee this day!
Wilt thou, what time the caravan returns,
Return therewith, or still in exile stay?
Perfect I deemed thee once in all thy deeds,
But now in love imperfect, wel-a-way!"

Translated by Edward G. Browne

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THE CAUSE OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT NISHAPUR

By Fasihi Khvafi, fifteenth century

THROUGH the shakes and the knocks of the earthquake shocks it is upside down and awry,
So that 'neath the Fish is Arcturus sunk, while the Fish is raised to the sky.
That fury and force have run their course, and its buildings are overthrown,
And riven and ruined are whole and part, and the parts asunder strown.
Not in worship, I ween, are its chapels seen with spires on the ground low lying,
While the minarets stoop or bend in a loop, but not at the bedesmen's crying.
The libraries all are upside down, and the colleges all forsaken,

And the Friday Mosque in ruins is laid, and the pulpits are shattered and shaken.
Yet do not suppose that this ruin arose from the town's ill destiny,
But ask of me if thou fain wouldst see the wherefore of this and the why.
'Twas because the Lord had such high regard for this old and famous place
That He turned His gaze on its fashions and ways with the eyes of favor and grace,
And such was the awe which His glance inspired, and His Light's effulgent rays
That with shaking feet to earth it fell for fear of that awful blaze.
For did not the Mountain of Sinai once fall down and crumble away
Where Moses stood, and the Face of God to behold with his eyes did pray?

Translated by Edward G. Browne

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FROM THE 'DIVAN' OF NASIR-I-KHUSRU

GOD'S gracious Word in truth is an Ocean of speech, I ween,
Teeming with gems and jewels, and pearls of luminous sheen.
Bitter to outward seeming, like the Sea, is the Scripture's page,
But precious as pearls of price is the Inward Sense to the sage.
Down in the depths of the Ocean are gems and pearls galore;
Seek then a skilful diver, and bid farewell to the shore.
Wherefore hath God bestowed in the depths of the Ocean's brine
All these pearls of price, and jewels so rare and fine?
Wherefore if not for the Prophet, who made the Inward Sense
The portion of Wisdom's children, but the Letter a Rock of Offense?
A handful of salt-stained clay hath the Diver offered to thee
Because in thine heart he beheld but envy and enmity.
Strive from the Outward Form to the Inward Sense to win
Like a man, nor rest content like an ass with a senseless din.

Be ever fearful of trouble when all seems fair and clear,
For the easy is soon made grievous by the swift-transforming sphere.
Forth will it drive, remorseless, when it deemeth the time at hand,
The King from his Court and Castle, the lord from his house and land.

Ne'er was exemption granted, since the Spheres began to run,
From the shadow of dark eclipses to the radiant Moon and Sun.
Whate'er seems cheap and humble and low of the things of earth
Reckon it dear and precious, for Time shall lend it worth.
Seek for the mean in all things, nor strive to fulfil your gain,
For the Moon when the full it reacheth is already about to wane.

. . . . . .

Though the heady wine of success should all men drug and deceive,
Pass thou by and leave them, as the sober the drunkards leave.
For the sake of the gaudy plumage which the flying peacocks wear,
See how their death is compassed by many a springe and snare!

. . . . . .

Thy body to thee is a fetter, and the world a prison-cell:
To reckon as home this prison and chains do you deem it well?
Thy soul is weak in wisdom, and naked of works beside:
Seek for the strength of wisdom: thy nakedness strive to hide.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

By Sana'i, died about 1150

NOT far from Ghur once stood a city tall
Whose denizens were sightless one and all.
A certain Sultan once, when passing nigh,
Had pitched his camp upon the plain hard by,
Wherein, to prove his splendor, rank, and state,
Was kept an elephant most huge and great.
Then in the townsmen's minds arose desire
To know the nature of this creature dire.
Blind delegates by blind electorate
Were therefore chosen to investigate
The beast, and each, by feeling trunk or limb,
Strove to acquire an image clear of him.
Thus each conceived a visionary whole,
And to the phantom clung with heart and soul.
When to the city they were come again,
The eager townsmen flocked to them amain.
Each one of them — wrong and misguided all —
Was eager his impressions to recall.
Asked to describe the creature's size and shape,
They spoke, while round about them, all agape,

Stamping impatiently, their comrades swarm
To hear about the monster's shape and form.
Now, for his knowledge each inquiring wight
Must trust to touch, being devoid of sight,
So he who'd only felt the creature's ear,
On being asked, "How doth its heart appear?"
"Mighty and terrible," at once replied,
"Like to a carpet, hard and flat and wide."
Then he who on its trunk had laid his hand
Broke in: "Nay, nay! I better understand!
'Tis like a water-pipe, I tell you true,
Hollow, yet deadly and destructive too";
While he who'd had but leisure to explore
The sturdy limbs which the great beast upbore,
Exclaimed, "No, no! To all men be it known
'Tis like a column tapered to a cone!"
Each had but known one part, and no man all;
Hence into deadly error each did fall.
No way to know the All man's heart can find:
Can knowledge e'er accompany the blind?
Fancies and phantoms vain as these, alack!
What else can you expect from fool in sack?
Naught of Almighty God can creatures learn,
Nor e'en the wise such mysteries discern.

Translations by Edward G. Browne

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QUATRAINS

Hanzala Badghisi, about 850

IF lordship in a lion's jaws should hang,
Go, run the risk, and seize it from his fang;
Thine shall be greatness, glory, rank, and place,
Or else, like heroes, thine be death to face.

Firuz al-Mashriki, about 890

A bird the arrow is — "What marvel!" thou wilt say —
A bird that maketh ever some living thing its prey.
A gift the eagle gave it — from her own quills a plume,
Wherewith it straightway bringeth *her* nestlings to their doom.

Shahid Balkhi, died about 950

If grief had smoke, as hath the blazing fire,
The world would be for aye in darkness blind;
Travel the world from end to end entire,
A wise man wholly happy thou'lt not find.

'Tis with learning and wealth like narcissus and rose,
At the same time and place neither one of them grows;
For, where there is learning — well, wealth is not there,
And where there is wealth — little learning's to spare.

Translations by A. V. Williams Jackson

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Abu 'l-Khair, 967–1049

Sir, blame me not if wine I drink, or spend
My life in striving Wine and Love to blend;
When sober, I with rivals sit; but when
Beside myself, I am beside the Friend.

Said I, "To whom belongs thy Beauty!" He
Replied, "Since I alone exist, to Me;
Lover, Beloved, and Love am I in one,
Beauty, and Mirror, and the Eyes which see!"

When me at length Thy Love's Embrace shall claim
To glance at Paradise I'd deem it shame,
While to a Thee-less Heaven were I called,
Such Heaven and Hell to me would seem the same.

O God, I crave Thy Grace for hapless me!
For hapless me enough Thy Clemency!
Each some protector, some defender claims;
But I, poor friendless I, have none but Thee!

Translated by Edward G. Browne

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Kamal ad-Din Isfahani, died 1237

My love for thee, O thou the World's Desire,
Doth fill with anguish sweet my longing soul;
About my broken heart thy tresses roll,
And bind it whole again with bands of fire.

When Wisdom sees thy face, her calmness flies;
The Cypress sees thee, and its rival knows.
The Morning Breeze o'er fair rose-gardens blows,
Breathes thy sweet perfume, and in envy dies.

In hopeless longing all men to thy door
Draw nigh, then turn away with anguished hearts—
Yet love thee still! Oh, strange thy subtle arts,
That keep them all thy slaves for evermore.

O love, thy hair! thy locks of night and musk!
The very wind therein doth lose his way,
While in the perfumed darkness he would stray;
And my heart, too, is lost in scented dusk.

Thy crescent brows irradiate the night;—
Love, of thy lips and tresses give thou me—
Thy breast is like the restless, heaving sea;
Thine eyes are stars of sorrow and delight.

The veil that hides the brightness of thine eyes
Is as the cloud that wraps the moon's soft sheen;
Thy brows are bows, thy glances arrows keen,
Wherewith to make my wounded heart thy prize.

And yet thy love is hollow as a shell
Until thine eyes shall have been dimmed by tears,
Until thy heart shall have been torn by fears—
Oh, then, then only, shalt thou love me well.

Yet grieve not that I grieve, Soul of the Sea—
What is my heart that thou shouldst comfort it
With wine or song, with smile or dance or wit?
Dust of thy threshold is enough for me.

I said unto my heart: "Thou leavest me;
No more hast thou thy home within my breast."
My heart replied: "With her is life and rest.
I may no longer tarry here with thee."

In my life's reckoning to show some gain,
E'en empty pleasures miserly I count—
Alas! alas! small is their whole amount
Measured against the awful sum of Pain.

Translated by Ethel Watts Mumford and Louis H. Gray

HOW TO SUCCEED

'Ubaid Zakani, died about 1371

A CERTAIN gipsy reproached his son, saying, "You do nothing and spend your life in idleness. How often must I tell you that you should learn to turn somersaults, make dogs jump through hoops, or walk on the tight-rope, so that you may derive some profit from life. If you won't listen to me, by Heaven, I will send you to college to learn their moth-eaten science and to become a learned man, so that all your life you may continue in abasement, poverty, and ill fortune, and be unable to earn a single barleycorn anywhere."

Translated by Edward G. Browne

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FROM THE 'ANVAR-I-SUHAILI,' OR 'LIGHTS OF CANOPUS'

THEY have related that in ancient times there was a king fond of hunting. He was ever giving reins to the courser of his desire in the pursuit of game, and was always casting the lasso of gladness over the neck of sport. Now this king had a hawk, who at a single flight could bring down the Simurgh from the peak of Kaf, and in terror of whose claws the constellation Aquila kept himself close in the green nest of the sky.

VERSE

When that bold falcon stretched his pinions wide,
Heaven's bosom then was pierced through with dread;
When to the sky with upward flight he hied,
The eagle of the spheres his feathers shed.

And the king had a prodigious fondness for this hawk, and always cared for it with his own hands. It happened that one day the monarch, holding the hawk on his hand, had gone to the chase. A stag leapt up before him, and he galloped after it with the utmost eagerness. But he did not succeed in coming up with it, and became separated from his retinue and servants; and though some of them followed him, the king rode so hotly that the morning breeze — which in the twinkling of the eye encircles the world — could not have reached the dust he raised, nor could the north wind, in spite of its velocity, attain to the dust of his horse's hoofs.

COUPLET

Unmeasured has thy swiftness been:
So swift, no trace of thee is seen!

Meantime the fire of his thirst was kindled, and the intense desire to drink overcame the king. He galloped his steed in every direction, and traversed the desert and the waste in search of water, until he reached the skirt of a mountain, and beheld that from its summit limpid water was trickling. The king drew forth a cup which he had in his quiver, and riding under the mountain filled the cup with that water, which fell drop by drop; and was about to take a draught, when the hawk made a blow with his wing and spilled all the water in the goblet. The king was vexed at that action, but held the cup a second time under the rock until it was brim-full. He then raised it to his lips again, and again the hawk made a movement and overthrew the cup.

HEMISTICH

Brought to the lip, they then forbid the draught.

The king, rendered impatient by thirst, dashed the hawk on the ground and killed it. Shortly after, a stirrup-holder of the king came up, and saw the hawk dead and the king athirst. He then undid a water-vessel from his saddle-cord, and washed the cup clean, and was about to give the king to drink. The latter bade him ascend the mountain, as he had the strongest inclination for the pure water which trickled from the rock, and could not wait to collect it in the cup, drop by drop; and therefore he desired the attendant to fill a cup with it and come down. The stirrup-holder ascended the mountain and beheld a spring like the eye of hard-hearted misers, giving out a drop at a time with a hundred stintings; and a huge serpent lay dead on the margin of the fountain; and as the heat of the sun had taken effect upon it, the poisonous saliva mixed with the water of that mountain, and it trickled drop by drop down the rock. The stirrup-holder was overcome with horror, and came down from the mountain bewildered, and represented the state of the case, and gave the king a cup of cold water from his ewer. The latter raised the cup to his lips, and his eyes overflowed with tears.

COUPLET

A little water then he drank: the burnings of his heart were stopped;
The fluid that his lips imbibed, back from his flooding eyelids dropped.

The attendant asked the reason of his weeping. The king drew a cold sigh from his anguished heart, and said: —

COUPLET

"So deep my grief that I to none can tell the secret of my woes;
And yet my tale is such that I must still my lips perforce unclose."

He then related in full the story of the hawk and the spilling of the water in the cup; and said, "I grieve for the death of the hawk, and bemoan my own deed in that without inquiry I have deprived a creature so dear to me of life." The attendant replied, "This hawk protected thee from a great peril, and has established a claim to the gratitude of all the people of this country. It would have been better if the king had not been precipitate in slaying it, and had quenched the fire of wrath with the water of mildness, and had turned back the reins of the courser of his passions with the vigor of endurance, and had not transgressed the monition of the wise, who have said: —

COUPLET

"Do not the courser of thyself so strain,
That thou canst not at will draw in the rein."

The king replied, "I repent of this unseemly action, but my repentance is now unavailing, and the wound of this sorrow cannot be healed by any salve; and as long as I live I shall retain on my bosom the sear of this regret, and lacerate the visage of my feelings with the nail of remorse.

HEMISTICH

"What can I do? The deed was mine; for self-made ills there is no cure."

Translated by Edward B. Eastwick

THE AVESTA

THE Avesta, or Zend-Avesta, is the sacred book of Zoroaster, the religious reformer of ancient Iran, who was born, according to native tradition, in 660 B.C. and died in 583. The Avesta is the spiritual guide of the modern Parsis; but the exact meaning of the name is not certain, though it may perhaps signify "law," "text," or, more doubtfully, "wisdom," "revelation." The frequent modern designation of the book as Zend-Avesta is quite inaccurate; if used at all, it should rather be Avesta-Zend, like "Bible and Commentary," since *zand* means "explanation," "commentary," and *Avesta u Zand* is employed in some Persian allusions to the Zoroastrian books to denote the text of the Avesta accompanied by its Pahlavi (Middle Persian) gloss and interpretation.

The story of the recovery of the Avesta, or, rather, its discovery, by the enthusiastic young French scholar Anquetil du Perron reads like a romance, with his departure for India in 1754, his experiences with the *dasturs* (or Zoroastrian priests) during his seven years' residence among them, and his various difficulties and annoyances, setbacks and successes. In 1771 he published the first translation of these ancient texts in a European language, thus making a new contribution to the riches of the West from the treasures of the East; and the field thus thrown open, though worked imperfectly at first, has since yielded abundant harvests.

With the growth of our knowledge of the language of these sacred texts, we have now a clear idea also of the history of Zoroastrian literature and of the changes and chances through which with varying fortunes it has

passed. The original Zoroastrian Avesta, according to tradition, was in itself of vast dimensions. Pliny, in his 'Natural History,' speaks of two million verses of Zoroaster; to which may be added the Persian assertion that the original copy was written upon twelve thousand parchments, with gold-illuminated letters, and was deposited in the library at Persepolis. But what was the fate of this archetype? Parsi tradition has an answer. Alexander the Great — "the accursed Iskandar," as he is called — was responsible for its destruction. At the request of the beautiful Thais, so the story goes, he allowed the palace of Persepolis to be burned, and the precious treasure perished in the flames. Whatever view we may take of the different versions of this story, one thing cannot be denied: the invasion of Alexander and the subjugation of Iran was indirectly or directly the cause of a certain religious decadence which followed the disruption of the Persian Empire, and to it was due the fact that a great part of the scriptures was forgotten or fell into disuse. Persian tradition lays at the doors of the Greeks the loss of another copy of the original ancient texts, which is said to have been thrown into the river at Samarkand; but it does not account for copies of the prophet's works which, Semitic writers assert, were translated into nearly a dozen different languages. One of these versions may have been Greek, for it is generally acknowledged that in the fourth century B.C. the philosopher Theopompus spent much time in giving in his own tongue the contents of the Magian books.

Tradition is unanimous on at least one point: that the original Avesta comprised twenty-one *Nasks,* or books, a statement which there is no good reason to doubt. The same tradition which was acquainted with the general character of these Nasks professes also to tell exactly how many of them survived the inroad of Alexander; for although the sacred text itself was destroyed, its contents were lost only in part, thanks to the retentive memory of the priests. These remnants met with many vicissitudes in the five centuries that intervened between the conquest of Alexander and the great restoration of Zoroastrianism in the third century of our era, under the Sassanian dynasty. At this period all obtainable Zoroastrian scriptures were collected and codified, and a detailed notice was made of the contents of each of the original Nasks compared with the portions then surviving. The original Avesta was, it would appear, a sort of encyclopedic work; not of religion alone, but of useful knowledge relating to law, to the arts, sciences, professions, and everyday life. If we may judge from the existing table of contents of these Nasks, the zealous Sassanians, even at the time of collecting (A.D. 226–380), were able to restore only a fragment of the archetype, perhaps a fourth part of the original Avesta. Nor was this remnant destined to escape misfortune. The Muhammadan invasion, in the seventh century of our era, added a final and crushing blow. Much of the religion that might otherwise have been handed down to us, despite "the accursed Iskandar's" conquest, now perished through

the sword of the Qur'an, though its loss is in part compensated by the Pahlavi religious literature of Sassanian days.

Fragmentary and disjointed as are the remnants of the Avesta, we are fortunate in possessing even this moiety, whose compass is about one tenth that of the Bible. A grouping of the existing texts is here presented: — 1. Yasna (including Gathas); 2. Visperad; 3. Yashts; 4. Minor Texts; 5. Vendidad; 6. Fragments.

Even these texts no single manuscript in our time contains complete, so that the present collection is made by combining various Avestan codexes. In spite of the great antiquity of the literature, all the existing manuscripts are comparatively young; none is older than the thirteenth century of our own era, while the direct history of only one or two can be followed back to about the tenth century. This mere external circumstance has, of course, no bearing on the actual early age of the Zoroastrian scriptures. It must be kept in mind that Zoroaster lived at least six centuries before the birth of Christ.

Among the six divisions of our present Avesta, the Yasna, Visperad, and Vendidad are closely connected. They are employed in the daily ritual, and are accompanied by a version or interpretation in the Pahlavi language, which also serves as a commentary. The three divisions are often found combined into a prayer-book, called Vendidad-Sadah ["Vendidad Pure"]; *i. e.*, Avesta text without the Pahlavi rendering. The chapters in this case are arranged with special reference to liturgical usage.

Some idea of the character of the Avesta as it now exists may be derived from the following sketch of its contents and from the illustrative selections presented: —

1. *Yasna* ["sacrifice, worship"], the chief liturgical section, consists mainly of ascriptions of praise and of prayer, and comprises seventy-two chapters which fall into three nearly equal parts. The middle, or oldest part, is the section of Gathas described below.

The meaning of the word *yasna* gives in itself some conception of the nature of the texts. The Yasna chapters were recited at the sacrifice; a sacrifice that consisted not in blood-oblations, but in an offering of praise and thanksgiving, accompanied by ritual observances. The white-robed priest, girt with the sacred cord and wearing a veil, the *paitidana,* before his lips in the presence of the holy fire, begins the service by an invocation of Ahura Mazda (Ormazd) and the heavenly hierarchy; he then consecrates the *zaothra* water, the *myazda* or oblation, and the *baresma* or bundle of sacred twigs. He and his assistant now prepare the *haoma* (the *soma* of the Hindus), or juice of a sacred plant, the drinking of which formed part of the religious rite. At the ninth chapter, the rhythmical chanting of the praises of Haoma is begun. This deified being, a personification of the consecrated drink, is supposed to have appeared before the prophet himself, and to have described to him the blessings which the *haoma* bestows upon its pious worshiper. The

lines are metrical, as they commonly are in the older parts of the Avesta, and the rhythm recalls the Kalevala verse of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' A specimen is here presented in translation: —

At the time of morning-worship
Haoma came to Zoroaster,
Who the sacred Fire was serving
And the holy Psalms intoning.

"What man art thou (asked the Prophet),
Who of all the world material
Art the fairest I have e'er seen
In my life, bright and immortal?"

The Image of the Sacred Plant responds, and bids the priest prepare the holy extract.

Haoma then to me gave answer,
Haoma righteous, death-destroying: —
"Zoroaster, I am Haoma,
Righteous Haoma, death-destroying.
Do thou gather me, Spitama,
And prepare me as a potion;
Praise me, aye as shall hereafter
In their praise the Saviours praise me."

Zoroaster again inquires, wishing to know of the pious men of old who worshiped Haoma and obtained blessings for their religious zeal. Among these, Haoma tells him, was King Yima, whose reign was the time of the Golden Age; those were the happy days when a father looked as young as his children.

In the reign of princely Yima,
Heat there was not, cold there was not,
Neither age nor death existed,
Nor disease the work of Demons;

Son and father walked together
Fifteen years old, each in figure,
Long as Vivanghvat's son Yima,
The good shepherd, ruled as sovereign.

For two chapters more, Haoma is extolled. Then follows the Avestan Creed (Yasna xii), a prose chapter that was repeated by those who joined in the

early Zoroastrian faith, forsook the old marauding and nomadic habits that still characterize the modern Kurds, and adopted an agricultural life, devoting themselves peaceably to cattle-raising, irrigation, and cultivation of the fields. The greater part of the Yasna is of a liturgic nature, and need not here be further described. Special mention, however, must be made of the middle section, composed of "the Five Gathas" ["hymns, psalms"], a division containing the seventeen sacred songs, sayings, sermons, or teachings of Zoroaster himself. These Gathas form the oldest part of the entire canon of the Avesta. In them we see the prophet of the new faith speaking with deepest fervor; we feel the thrill of ardor that characterizes a new and struggling religious band; we are warmed by the burning zeal of the preacher of a militant creed. Now, however, comes a cry of despondency, a moment of faint-heartedness at the present triumph of evil, at the success of the wicked and the misery of the righteous; but this gives way to a burst of hopefulness, the clarion note of a prophet filled with the promise of ultimate victory, the triumph of good over evil. The end of the world cannot be far off; the final overthrow of Ahriman (Anra Mainyu) by Ormazd (Ahura Mazda) is assured; the establishment of a new order of things is certain; at the founding of this "kingdom" the resurrection of the dead will take place and the life eternal will be entered upon.

The third Gatha (Yasna xxx), may be chosen by way of illustration. Here Zoroaster preaches the doctrine of dualism, the warfare of good and evil in the world, and exhorts the faithful to choose aright and to combat Satan. The archangels Good Thought (Vohu Manah), Righteousness (Asha), Kingdom (Khshathra), appear as the helpers of Man (Maretan); for whose soul, as in the old English morality play, the Demons (Daevas) are contending. Allusions to the resurrection and final judgment, and to the new dispensation, are easily recognized in the spirited words of the prophet. A prose rendering of this hymn is here attempted; the verse order, however, is preserved, though without rhythm.

Now shall I speak of things which ye who seek them shall bear in mind,
Namely, the praises of Ahura Mazda and the worship of Good Thought,
And the joy of [*lit.* through] Righteousness which is manifested through Light.

Hearken with your ears to what is best; with clear understanding perceive it,
Awakening to our advising every man, personally, of the distinction
Between the two creeds, before the Great Event [*i. e.*, the Resurrection].

Now, Two Spirits primeval there were — twins which became known through their activity,

To wit, the Good and the Evil, in thought, word, and deed.
The wise have rightly distinguished between these two; not so the unwise.

And, now, when these Two Spirits first came together, they established
Life and destruction, and ordained how the world hereafter shall be,
To wit, the Worst World [Hell] for the wicked, but the Best Thought [Heaven] for the righteous.

The Wicked One [Ahriman] of these Two Spirits chose to do evil,
The Holiest Spirit [Ormazd] — who wears the solid heavens as a robe — chose Righteousness [Asha],
And [so also those] who zealously gratified Ormazd by virtuous deeds.

Not rightly did the Demons distinguish these Two Spirits; for Delusion came
Upon them, as they were deliberating, so that they chose the Worst Thought [Hell].
And away they rushed to Wrath [the Fiend] in order to corrupt the life of Man [Maretan].

And to him [*i. e.*, to Gaya Maretan] came Khshathra [Kingdom], Vohu Manah [Good Thought], and Asha [Righteousness],
And Armaiti [Archangel of Earth] gave [to him] bodily endurance unceasingly;
Of these, Thy [creatures], when Thou camest with Thy creations, he [*i. e.*, Gaya Maretan] was the first.

But when the retribution of the sinful shall come to pass,
Then shall Good Thought distribute Thy Kingdom,
Shall fulfil it for those who shall deliver Satan [Druj] into the hand of Righteousness [Asha].

And so may we be such as make the world renewed,
And may Ahura Mazda and Righteousness lend their aid,
That our thoughts may there be [set] where Faith is abiding.

For at the [final] Dispensation, the blow of annihilation to Satan shall come to pass;
But those who participate in a good report [in the Life Record] shall meet together
In the happy home of Good Thought, and of Mazda, and of Righteousness.

If, O ye men, ye mark these doctrines which Mazda gave,
And [mark] the weal and the woe — namely, the long torment of the wicked,
And the welfare of the righteous — then in accordance with these [doctrines] there will be happiness hereafter.

The *Visperad* ["all masters"] is a short collection of prosaic invocations and laudations of sacred things, its twenty-four sections being a supplement to the Yasna. Whatever interest this division of the Avesta possesses lies entirely on the side of the ritual, and not in the field of literature.

The *Yashts* ["praises"] form a poetical book of twenty-one hymns in which the angels of the religion, "the worshipful ones" [*Yazatas, Izads*], and the heroes of former days are glorified. Much of the material of the Yashts is evidently drawn from pre-Zoroastrian sagas which have been remodeled and adopted, worked over and modified, and incorporated into the canon of the reformed religion. There is a mythological and legendary atmosphere about the Yashts, and Firdausi's 'Shah Namah' serves to throw light on many of the events portrayed in them, and explains allusions that would otherwise be obscure. All the longer Yashts are in verse, and some of them have poetic merit. Chiefly to be mentioned among the longer ones are: first, the one in praise of Ardvi Sura Anahita, or the stream celestial (Yt. v); second, the Yasht which exalts the star Tishtrya (probably Sirius, the Dog-Star), and his victory over the demon of drought (Yt. viii); then the one devoted to the Fravashis, or glorified souls of the righteous (Yt. xiii), as well as the Yasht in honor of Verethraghna, the incarnation of Victory (Yt. xiv). Selections from the others, Yt. x and Yt. xix, which are among the noblest, are here given.

The former of these is dedicated to the great divinity Mithra, the genius who presides over light, truth, and the sun (Yt. x, 13).

Mithra, the celestial angel,
Foremost climbeth Mount Haraiti [Alburz]
In advance o' the sun immortal,
Which is drawn by fleeting coursers.
He, the first, in gold adornment
Grasps the beauteous lofty summits;
Thence beneficent he glanceth
Over all the Aryan home-land,
Where the valiant chiefs in battle
Range their troops in countless numbers.

As the god of light and of truth and as one of the judges of the dead, he rides out in lordly array to the battle and takes an active part in the conflict,

wreaking vengeance upon those who at any time in their life have spoken falsely, belied their oath, or broken their pledge. His war-chariot and panoply are described in mingled lines of verse and prose, which may thus be rendered (Yt. x 128–132): —

By the side of Mithra's chariot,
Mithra, lord of the wide pastures,
Stand a thousand bows well-fashioned
(The bow has a string of cowgut).

By his chariot also are standing a thousand vulture-feathered, gold-notched, lead-poised, well-fashioned arrows (the barb is of iron); likewise a thousand spears well-fashioned and sharp-piercing, and a thousand steel battle-axes, two-edged and well-fashioned; also a thousand bronze clubs well-fashioned.

And by Mithra's chariot also
Stands a mace, fair and well-striking,
With a hundred knobs and edges,
Dashing forward, felling heroes;
Out of golden bronze 'tis molded.

The second illustrative extract may be taken from Yasht xix, which magnifies in glowing strains the praises of the Kingly Glory (*kavaem hvareno*), a halo, radiance, or mark of divine right believed to be possessed by the kings and heroes of Iran in the long line of its early history. One who bore the glory was the mighty warrior Thraetaona (Faridun), the vanquisher of the serpent-monster Azhi Dahaka (Zahak), who was depopulating the world by his fearful banquet on the brains of two children every day. The victory was a glorious triumph for Thraetaona (Yt. xix, 37): —

He who slew Azhi Dahaka,
Three-jawed monster, triple-headed,
With six eyes and myriad senses,
Fiend demonic, full of power,
Evil to the world, and wicked.
This fiend full of power, the Devil
Anra Mainyu had created,
Fatal to the world material,
Deadly unto Asha's creatures.

Of equal puissance was another champion, the valiant Keresaspa, who dispatched a raging demon who, though not yet grown to man's estate, was threatening the world. The monster's boasting is thus given (Yt. xix, 43): —

I am yet naught but a stripling,
But what time I come to manhood
I shall make the earth my chariot
And shall make a wheel of heaven.
I shall drive the Holy Spirit
Down from out the shining heaven,
I shall rout the Evil Spirit
Up from out the dark abysm;
They as steeds shall draw my chariot,
God and Devil yoked together.

Passing over a collection of shorter petitions, praises, and blessings which may conveniently be grouped together as 'Minor Prayers,' we may turn to the Vendidad ["law against the demons"], in which, tradition asserts, we have a specimen of one of the original Nasks. This may be true, but even the superficial student will see that it is in any case only a fragment. Interesting as the Vendidad is to the student of early rites, observances, manners, and customs, it is a barren field for the student of literature, who will find in it little more than wearisome prescriptions. It need only be added that at the close of the colloquy between Zoroaster and Ormazd given in Vendidad vi will be found the origin of the modern Parsi "Towers of Silence."

Among the Avestan Fragments, attention may finally be called to one which we must be glad has not been lost. It is an old metrical bit (Fragment iv, 1–3), in praise of the Airyama Ishya Prayer (Yasht liv, 1), which will be intoned by the Saviour and his companions at the end of the world, when the resurrection will take place, and at the sound of which the dead will rise from their graves and evil will be banished from the world. Here Ormazd himself says to Zoroaster: —

The Airyama Ihsya prayer, I tell thee,
Upright, holy Zoroaster,
Is the greatest of all prayers.
Verily among all prayers
It is this one which I gifted
With revivifying powers.

This prayer shall the Saoshyants, Saviours,
Chant, and at the chanting of it
I shall rule over my creatures,
I who am Ahura Mazda.
Ahriman shall have no power,
Anra Mainyu, o'er my creatures,
He (the fiend) of foul religion.

Ahriman in earth shall hide him,
In the earth the demons hide them.
Once again the dead shall rise up,
And within their lifeless bodies
Incorporate life shall be restored.

Inadequate as brief extracts must be to represent the sacred books of a people, the citations here given will serve to show that the Avesta, still recited in solemn tones by the white-robed priests of Bombay, the modern representatives of Zoroaster, the Prophet of ancient days, and by their Iranian kinsmen in Persia, the original home of the faith, is a survival not without value to those who appreciate whatever has been preserved for us of the world's earlier literature.

A. V. Williams Jackson

AN APPEAL TO AHURA MAZDA, THE LORD, FOR KNOWLEDGE

THIS I ask Thee, tell me truly, Ahura — as to prayer, how it should be to one of you. O Mazda, might one like Thee teach it to his friend such as I am, and through friendly Right give us support, that Good Thought may come unto us.

This I ask Thee, tell me truly, Ahura — whether at the beginning of the Best Existence the recompenses shall bring blessedness to him that meets with them. Surely he, O Right, the holy one, who watches in his spirit the transgression of all, is himself the benefactor unto all that lives, O Mazda.

This I ask Thee, tell me truly, Ahura. Who is by generation the Father of Right, at the first? Who determined the path of the sun and stars? Who is it by whom the moon waxes and wanes again? This, O Mazda, and yet more, I am fain to know.

This I ask Thee, tell me truly, Ahura. Who upheld the earth beneath and the firmament from falling? Who the waters and the planets? Who yoked swiftness to winds and clouds? Who is, O Mazda, creator of Good Thought?

This I ask Thee, tell me truly, Ahura. What artist made light and darkness? What artist made sleep and waking? Who made morning, noon, and night, that call the understanding man to his duty?

This I ask Thee, tell me truly, Ahura — whether what I shall proclaim is verily the truth. Will Right with its actions give aid (at the last)? Will Piety? Will Good Thought announce from thee the Dominion? For whom hast thou made the pregnant cow that brings good luck?

This I ask Thee, tell me truly, Ahura. Who created together with Dominion the precious Piety? Who made by wisdom the son obedient to his father? I strive to recognize by these things Thee, O Mazda, creator of all things through the holy spirit.

Yasna xliv, 1–7

Translated by J. H. Moulton

THE ANGEL OF DIVINE OBEDIENCE

WE worship Sraosha [Obedience] the blessed, whom four racers draw in harness, white and shining, beautiful and powerful, quick to learn and fleet, obeying before speech, heeding orders from the mind, with their hoofs of horn gold-covered, fleeter than [our] horses, swifter than the winds, more rapid than the rain [-drops as they fall]; yea, fleeter than the clouds, or well-winged birds, or the well-shot arrow as it flies, which overtake these swift ones all, as they fly after them pursuing, but which are never overtaken when they flee, which plunge away from both the weapons [hurled on this side and on that] and draw Sraosha with them, the good Sraosha and the blessed; which from both the weapons [those on this side and on that] bear the good Obedience the blessed, plunging forward in their zeal, when he takes his course from India on the East and when he lights down in the West.

Yasna lvii, 27–29

TO THE FIRE

I OFFER my sacrifice and homage to thee, the Fire, as a good offering, and an offering with our hail of salvation, even as an offering of praise with benedictions, to thee, the Fire, O Ahura Mazda's son! Meet for sacrifice art thou, and worthy of [our] homage. And as meet for sacrifice, and thus worthy of our homage, may'st thou be in the houses of men [who worship Mazda]. Salvation be to this man who worships thee in verity and truth, with wood in hand and *baresma* [sacred twigs] ready, with flesh in hand and holding too the mortar. And mayst thou be [ever] fed with wood as the prescription orders. Yea, mayst thou have thy perfume justly, and thy sacred butter without fail, and thine andirons regularly placed. Be of full age as to thy nourishment, of the canon's age as to the measure of thy food. O Fire, Ahura Mazda's son! Be now aflame within this house; be ever without fail in flame; be all ashine within this house: for long time be thou thus to the furtherance of the heroic [renovation], to the completion of [all] progress, yea, even till the good heroic [millennial] time when that

renovation shall have become complete. Give me, O Fire, Ahura Mazda's son! a speedy glory, speedy nourishment and speedy booty and abundant glory, abundant nourishment, abundant booty, an expanded mind, and nimbleness of tongue and soul and understanding, even an understanding continually growing in its largeness, and that never wanders.

Yasna lxii, 1–4

Translations by L. H. Mills

THE GODDESS OF THE WATERS

OFFER up a sacrifice unto this spring of mine, Ardvi Sura Anahita (the exalted, mighty, and undefiled, image of the stream celestial), who stands carried forth in the shape of a maid, fair of body, most strong, tall-formed, high-girded, pure, nobly born of a glorious race, wearing a mantle fully embroidered with gold. Ever holding the *baresma* in her hand, according to the rules; she wears square golden ear-rings on her ears bored, and a golden necklace around her beautiful neck, she, the nobly born Ardvi Sura Anahita; and she girded her waist tightly, so that her breasts may be well shaped, that they may be tightly pressed. Upon her head Ardvi Sura Anahita bound a golden crown, with a hundred stars, with eight rays, a fine well-made crown, with fillets streaming down. She is clothed with garments of beaver, Ardvi Sura Anahita; with the skin of thirty beavers, of those that bear four young ones, that are the finest kind of beavers; for the skin of the beaver that lives in water is the finest colored of all skins, and when worked at the right time it shines to the eye with full sheen of silver and gold.

Yasht v, 126–129

GUARDIAN SPIRITS

WE worship the good, strong, beneficent Fravashis [guardian spirits] of the faithful; with helms of brass, with weapons of brass, with armor of brass; who struggle in the fights for victory in garments of light, arraying the battles and bringing them forwards to kill thousands of Daevas [demons]. When the wind blows from behind them and brings their breath unto men, then men know where blows the breath of victory: and they pay pious homage unto the good, strong, beneficent Fravashis of the faithful, with their hearts prepared and their arms

uplifted. Whichever side they have been first worshiped in the fullness of faith of a devoted heart, to that side turn the awful Fravashis of the faithful along with Mithra [angel of truth and light] and Rashnu [Justice] and the awful cursing thought of the wise and the victorious wind.

Yasht xiii, 45–47

AN ANCIENT SINDBAD

THE manly-hearted Keresaspa was the sturdiest of the men of strength, for Manly Courage clave unto him. We worship [this] Manly Courage, firm of foot, unsleeping, quick to rise, and fully awake, that clave unto Keresaspa [the hero], who killed the snake Srvara, the horse-devouring, man-devouring, yellow poisonous snake, over which yellow poison flowed a thumb's breadth thick. Upon him Keresaspa was cooking his food in a brass vessel, at the time of noon. The fiend felt the heat and darted away; he rushed from under the brass vessel and upset the boiling water: the manly-hearted Keresaspa fell back affrighted.

Yasht xix, 38–40

THE WISE MAN

VERILY I say it unto thee, O Spitama Zoroaster! the man who has a wife is far above him who lives in continence; he who keeps a house is far above him who has none; he who has children is far above the childless man; he who has riches is far above him who has none.

And of two men, he who fills himself with meat receives in him good spirit [Vohu Manah] much more than he who does not do so; the latter is all but dead; the former is above him by the worth of a sheep, by the worth of an ox, by the worth of a man.

It is this man that can strive against the onsets of death; that can strive against the well-darted arrow; that can strive against the winter fiend with thinnest garment on; that can strive against the wicked tyrant and smite him on the head; it is this man that can strive against the ungodly fasting Ashemaogha [the fiends and heretics who do not eat].

Vendidad iv, 47–49

INVOCATION TO RAIN

"COME, come on, O clouds, along the sky, through the air, down on the earth, by thousands of drops, by myriads of drops," thus say, O holy Zoroaster! "to destroy sickness altogether, to destroy death altogether, to destroy altogether the sickness made by the Jaini, to destroy altogether the death made by Jaini, to destroy altogether Gadha and Apagadha.

"If death come at eve, may healing come at daybreak!

"If death come at daybreak, may healing come at night!

"If death come at night, may healing come at dawn!

"Let showers shower down new waters, new earth, new trees, new health, and new healing powers."

Vendidad xxi, 2

A PRAYER FOR HEALING

AHURA MAZDA spake unto Spitama Zoroaster, saying, "I, Ahura Mazda, the Maker of all good things, when I made this mansion, the beautiful, the shining, seen afar [there may I go up, there may I arrive]!

Then the ruffian looked at me; the ruffian Anra Mainyu, the deadly, wrought against me nine diseases and ninety, and nine hundred, and nine thousand, and nine times ten thousand diseases. So mayest thou heal me, O Holy Word, thou most glorious one!

Unto thee will I give in return a thousand fleet, swift-running steeds; I offer thee up a sacrifice, O good Saoka, made by Mazda and holy.

Unto thee will I give in return a thousand fleet, high-humped camels; I offer thee up a sacrifice, O good Saoka, made by Mazda and holy.

Unto thee will I give in return a thousand brown faultless oxen; I offer thee up a sacrifice, O good Saoka, made by Mazda and holy.

Unto thee will I give in return a thousand young of all species of small cattle; I offer thee up a sacrifice, O good Saoka, made by Mazda and holy.

And I will bless thee with the fair blessing-spell of the righteous, the friendly blessing-spell of the righteous, that makes the empty swell to fullness and the full to overflowing, that comes to help him who was sickening, and makes the sick man sound again.

Vendidad xxii, 1–5

Translations by J. Darmesteter

FRAGMENT

ALL good thoughts, and all good words, and all good deeds are thought and spoken and done with intelligence; and all evil thoughts and words and deeds are thought and spoken and done with folly.

And let [the men who think and speak and do] all good thoughts and words and deeds inhabit Heaven [as their home]. And let those who think and speak and do evil thoughts and words and deeds abide in Hell. For to all who think good thoughts, speak good words, and do good deeds, Heaven, the best world, belongs. And this is evident and as of course.

Avesta, Fragment iii
Translated by L. H. Mills

FIRDAUSI

WITH the Muhammadan conquest of Persia in 651 a new era began for Iran, when Islam triumphed over the faith of Zoroaster. In many ways the situation was analogous to the Norman conquest of England, and for a time Arabic supremacy was scarcely questioned. Two centuries had hardly elapsed, however, before an Iranian renaissance began to be felt, and just as Chaucer followed the battle of Hastings by three hundred years, so Firdausi came at almost precisely the same lapse of time after the field of Nahavand, where the Crescent had finally triumphed over the Fire. As the author of the 'Shah Namah,' or 'Book of Kings,' Firdausi is the national poet of Persia; in him the Iranian epos culminated in the tenth century of our era; and with him modern Persian poetry may be said to begin. Yet as there were English poets before Chaucer, so Firdausi had his predecessors, though only the more important may here be mentioned. One of the earlier of these was Abbas of Merv (809), and another of greater fame was Rudagi (died in 954), who was reputed to have composed no less than a million verses. Firdausi's direct forerunner and inspirer in the epic strain, however, was Dakiki, who, because of his devotion to the old-time creed of Zoroaster, was cruelly murdered when he had sung but a thousand lines. Yet these verses have remained immortal, for Firdausi incorporated them into his work, perhaps with a certain amount of tact, since they describe the founding of the ancient faith, so that the poet thus escaped having personally to deal with the delicate question of Zoroastrianism in the midst of exceedingly zealous Muhammadans.

Firdausi is pre-eminently the heroic poet of Persia. He was born about 935, and his full name seems to have been Abu 'l-Kasim Hasan (Ahmad

or Mansur), the appellative Firdausi ["Paradisiac"], by which he is known to fame, having been bestowed upon him, according to some accounts, by his royal patron, Sultan Mahmud. Firdausi's native place was Tus in Khorasan, and he inherited by descent that Persian pride and love of country which the Arab conquest could not crush. By birth, therefore, he possessed more than ordinary qualifications for chanting the annals of ancient Iran; and he had undoubtedly made long and careful preparation for his task, equipping himself by research into the Pahlavi sources, whence he drew material for his poem. Statements in the 'Shah Namah' imply that he was nearly forty years of age when he made the real beginning of his monumental work. We likewise know, from personal references in the poem, that he had been married and had two children; and the death of his son is mourned in touching strains. One of the crowning events in his life was his entrance into the literary circle of the court of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna, who ruled from 998 to 1030. To him the great epic was finally dedicated, and the story of Firdausi's career may best be told in connection with his masterpiece.

The removal of Dakiki by an assassin's dagger had left open the way for an ambitious epic poet, and Firdausi was destined to be the fortunate aspirant. A romantic story tells of his coming to Mahmud's court. If we may believe this tale, when he first approached the Sultan, the three court poets, 'Unsuri, Farrukhi, and 'Asjadi wished no intruder into their favored circle, and accordingly sought to rid themselves of his unwelcome presence by putting him to shame. They suggested a trial of metrical skill in improvisation, and the first of the three chose a very difficult word (*jushan* — "cuirass") for which there was hardly a rhyme known — like the English *silver,* for which the only rhyme seems to be the dialectic *chilver* [woolly ewe], thinking that Firdausi would be unable to complete the quatrain. So 'Unsuri began: —

The glance of thy face rivals moonlight or silver;

Farrukhi matched this with: —

Thy cheek's downy bloom is as soft as the chilver;

'Asjadi continued the puzzling catchword by: —

Thy eyelashes pierce through the warrior's cuirass;

And Firdausi instantly added: —

As Giv's spear in combat did Pushan harass.

The readiness of this response and the historical allusion, which was unknown to the coterie until Firdausi proceeded in perfect verse to tell the story of the battle between the two heroes whom he had mentioned, won

generous admiration and applause from 'Unsuri, Farrukhi, and 'Asjadi. Charmed by Firdausi's poetic grace, and impressed by his power and his learning, they unhesitatingly recognized him as their compeer or superior, and proceeded in every way to advance him in favor with the Sultan. Unfortunately this pretty story is now regarded as mere fiction, although it conveys some idea of the general estimate in which Firdausi's genius was held. We also know that he lived long in the sunshine of the court, and was promised a gold piece for each line he composed. The liberality of Sultan Mahmud's favor called forth from Firdausi a splendid panegyric, that is only eclipsed by the scathing satire which the poet later poured out against his royal patron, when disappointed in old age of the promised reward that was to crown his epic.

Tradition narrates that Firdausi was a septuagenarian when he finished the last line of the sixty thousand rhyming couplets that make up the 'Shah Namah.' He now looked for the recompense of his life's work, but jealous intrigue against him had not been idle during his long residence at court, and the Grand Vizier appears to have induced the Sultan to send Firdausi sixty thousand silver dirhems, instead of the promised gold. The poet is said to have been in the bath when the elephant laden with the money-bags arrived; and when he discovered the deception, he rejected the gift with scorn, divided the silver into three portions, and presented one to the bath steward, the second to the elephant-driver, and the third to the man who brought him a glass of cordial. He then wrote the famous satire upon Mahmud, and fled from the city for his life. For ten years the aged singer was an exile and would have been a wanderer but for the friendly protection extended to him by a prince of Irak, who apparently tried, though without success, to reconcile the Sultan and the poet. Enjoying the solace of this prince's shelter, Firdausi composed his last work, the 'Yusuf and Zulaikha,' a romantic poem nearly as long as the Iliad, on Joseph and the passionate love of Potiphar's wife for him.

Firdausi was now advanced to his eightieth year, and he seems to have longed to visit his native town of Tus once more. A sad story is preserved of his death of a broken heart, though it is also told that Mahmud relented and sent to Tus a magnificent caravan conveying gifts and robes for the aged singer, and bearing likewise the sixty thousand gold pieces that had once been promised. But the time for earthly honors had passed, and the treasure-laden camel-train met at the city gate the funeral cortège that was bearing the poet's body to the grave. Firdausi's death occurred in 1020, and his tomb at Tus is still a place of pilgrimage.

The story of the 'Shah Namah' may be described in briefest words as the history of the empire of Iran from its rise in legendary antiquity and during the golden reign of King Jamshid, through its glorious ascendancy under the majesty of the Kayanian rulers, down to the days of Zoroaster, and thence

onward to the invasion of Persia by Alexander the Great, after which it follows the various fortunes and changes of Persian sovereignty until its downfall and ruin before the Muhammandans and Islam. Firdausi naturally treats his subject as a poetic chronicler, not as a historian; but there is history in the poem, and he has given a certain unity to his long epic by keeping sight of the aim that he had in view, which was to exalt the fallen glory of Iran. The epic is written in a style befitting the theme. A word must also be bestowed upon his romantic 'Yusuf and Zulaikha.' This poem was in great measure the work of his old age, for it was written after he was seventy; but in the episode of Joseph and Potiphar's wife the luxuriousness of color, the richness of imagery, the lavish exuberance, and the passion might in some degree allow of comparison with Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' or with Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander.'

A. V. Williams Jackson

THE BEAUTIFUL RUDABAH DISCLOSES HER LOVE FOR ZAL

From the 'Shah Namah'

[After a time Rudabah resolves to reveal her passion to her attendants.]

THEN she said to her prudent slaves: —
"I will discover what I have hitherto concealed;
Ye are each of you the depositaries of my secrets,
My attendants, and the partners of my griefs.
I am agitated with love like the raging ocean,
Whose billows are heaved to the sky.
My once bright heart is filled with the love of Zal;
My sleep is broken with thoughts of him.
My soul is perpetually filled with my passion;
Night and day my thoughts dwell upon his countenance.
Not one except yourselves knoweth my secret;
Ye my affectionate and faithful servants,
What remedy now can ye devise for my ease?
What will ye do for me? What promise will ye give me?
Some remedy ye must devise,
To free my heart and soul from this unhappiness."

Astonishment seized the slaves,
That dishonor should come nigh the daughter of kings.
In the anxiety of their hearts they started from their seats,

And all gave answer with one voice: —
" O crown of the ladies of the earth!
Maiden pre-eminent amongst the pre-eminent!
Whose praise is spread abroad from Hindustan to China;
The resplendent ring in the circle of the harem;
Whose stature surpasseth every cypress in the garden;
Whose cheek rivaleth the luster of the Pleiades;
Whose picture is sent by the ruler of Kanuj
Even to the distant monarchs of the West —
Have you ceased to be modest in your own eyes?
Have you lost all reverence for your father,
That whom his own parent cast from his bosom,
Him you will receive into yours?
A man who was nurtured by a bird in the mountains!
A man who was a byword amongst the people!
You with your roseate countenance and musky tresses,
Seek a man whose hair is already white with age!
You who have filled the world with admiration,
Whose portrait hangeth in every palace,
And whose beauty, and ringlets, and stature, are such
That you might draw down a husband from the skies! "

[To this remonstrance she makes indignant answer:]

When Rudabah heard their reply,
Her heart blazed up like fire before the wind.
She raised her voice in anger against them;
Her face flushed, but she cast down her eyes.
After a time, grief and anger mingled in her countenance,
And knitting her brows with passion, she exclaimed: —
" O unadvised and worthless counselors,
It was not becoming in me to ask your advice!
Were my eye dazzled by a star,
How could it rejoice to gaze even upon the moon?
He who is formed of worthless clay will not regard the rose,
Although the rose is in nature more estimable than clay!
I wish not for Cæsar, nor Emperor of China,
Nor for any one of the tiara-crowned monarchs of Iran;
The son of Sam, Zal, alone is my equal,
With his lion-like limbs and arms and shoulders.
You may call him, as you please, an old man or a young;
To me he is in the room of heart and of soul.
Except him, never shall any one have a place in my heart;

Mention not to me any one except him.
Him hath my love chosen unseen,
Yea, hath chosen him only from description.
For him is my affection, not for face or hair;
And I have sought his love in the way of honor."

[Her vehemence overcomes the reluctance of the slaves, and one of them promises, if possible, to contrive an interview.]

"May hundreds of thousands such as we are be a sacrifice for thee;
May the wisdom of the creation be thy worthy portion;
May thy dark narcissus-eye be ever full of modesty;
May thy cheek be ever tinged with bashfulness!
If it be necessary to learn the art of the magician,
To sew up the eyes with the bands of enchantment,
We will fly till we surpass the enchanter's bird,
We will run like the deer in search of a remedy.
Perchance we may draw the King nigh unto his moon,
And place him securely at thy side."

The vermeil lip of Rudabah was filled with smiles;
She turned her saffron-tinged countenance toward the slave, and said: —
"If thou shalt bring this matter to a happy issue,
Thou hast planted for thyself a stately and fruitful tree,
Which every day shall bear rubies for its fruit,
And shall pour that fruit into thy lap."

[The story proceeds to tell how the slaves fulfil their promise. They go forth, and find Zal practising with the bow. Busying themselves in gathering roses, they attract his attention. He shoots an arrow in that direction, and sends his quiver-bearer to bring it back. The slaves inquire who the hero is who draws the bow with so much strength and skill. The boy answers scornfully, "Do they not know that it is Zal, the most renowned warrior in the world?" In reply, they vaunt the superior attractions of Rudabah. The boy reports their account of her to Zal, who goes to speak to them, receives from them a warm description of her charms, and presses them to procure for him the means of obtaining an interview. This incident is well imagined: it is Zal who is made to ask for the meeting, and the honor of Rudabah is not compromised. The slaves return to their mistress and report upon their mission, eulogizing the goodly qualities of the hero. Her ironical answer to their former depreciation is animated and natural.]

Then said the elegant cypress-formed lady to her maidens: —
"Other than this were once your words and your counsel!

Is this then the Zal, the nursling of a bird?
This the old man, white-haired and withered?
Now his cheek is ruddy as the flower of the arghavan;
His stature is tall, his face beautiful, his presence lordly!
Ye have exalted my charms before him;
Ye have spoken, and made me a bargain! "
She said, and her lips were full of smiles;
But her cheek crimsoned like the bloom of pomegranate.

[The interview takes place in a private pavilion of the Princess; and the account of it is marked with more than one touch of truth and beauty.]

When from a distance the son of the valiant Sam
Became visible to the illustrious maiden,
She opened her gem-like lips and exclaimed: —
" Welcome, thou brave and happy youth!
The blessing of the Creator of the world be upon thee!
On him who is the father of a son like thee!
May Destiny ever favor thy wishes!
May the vault of heaven be the ground thou walkest on!
The dark night is turned into day by thy countenance;
The world is soul-enlivened by the fragrance of thy presence!
Thou has traveled hither on foot from thy palace;
Thou hast pained, to behold me, thy royal footsteps! "

When the hero heard the voice from the battlement,
He looked up and beheld a face resplendent as the sun,
Irradiating the terrace like a flashing jewel,
And brightening the ground like a flaming ruby.

Then he replied: — " O thou who sheddest the mild radiance of the moon,
The blessing of Heaven, and mine, be upon thee!
How many nights hath cold Arcturus beholden me,
Uttering my cry to God, the Pure,
And beseeching the Lord of the universe
That He would vouchsafe to unveil thy countenance before me!
Now I am made joyful in hearing thy voice,
In listening to thy rich and gracious accents.
But seek, I pray thee, some way to thy presence;
For what converse can we hold, I on the ground and thou on the terrace? "

The Peri-faced maiden heard the words of the hero;
Quickly she unbound her auburn locks,

Coil upon coil and serpent upon serpent;
And she stooped and dropped down the tresses from the battlement,
And cried: — "O hero, child of heroes,
Take now these tresses; they belong to thee,
And I have cherished them that they might prove an aid to my beloved."
And Zal gazed upward at the lovely maiden,
And stood amazed at the beauty of her hair and of her countenance;
He covered the musky ringlets with his kisses,
And his bride heard the kisses from above;
Then he exclaimed: — "That would not be right —
May the bright sun never shine on such a day!
It were to lay my hand on the life of one already distracted;
It were to plunge the arrow-point into my own wounded bosom."
Then he took his noose from his boy, and made a running knot,
And threw it, and caught it on the battlement,
And held his breath, and at one bound
Sprang from the ground, and reached the summit.

As soon as the hero stood upon the terrace,
The Peri-faced maiden ran to greet him,
And took the hand of the hero in her own,
And they went like those who were overcome with wine.

Then he descended from the lofty gallery,
His hand in the hand of the tall Princess.
And came to the door of the gold-painted pavilion,
And entered that royal assembly,
Which blazed with light like the bowers of Paradise;
And the slaves stood like houris before them:
And Zal gazed in astonishment
On her face, and her hair, and her stately form, and on all that splendor.
And Zal was seated in royal pomp
Opposite that mildly radiant beauty;
And Rudabah could not rest from looking towards him,
And gazing upon him with all her eyes;
On that arm and shoulder, and that splendid figure,
On the brightness of that soul-enlightening countenance;
So that the more and more she looked,
The more and more was her heart inflamed.

Then he kissed and embraced her, renewing his vows —
Can the lion help pursuing the wild ass? —

And said: — " O sweet and graceful silver-bosomed maiden,
It may not be that, both of noble lineage,
We should do aught unbecoming our birth;
For from Sam Nariman I received an admonition
To do no unworthy deed, lest evil should come of it;
For better is the seemly than the unseemly,
That which is lawful than that which is forbidden;
And I fear that Manuchihar, when he shall hear of this affair,
Will not be inclined to give it his approval:
I fear too that Sam will exclaim against it,
And will boil over with passion, and lay his hand upon me.
Yet though soul and body are precious to all men,
Life I will resign, and clothe myself with a shroud —
And this I swear by the righteous God —
Ere I will break the faith which I have pledged thee.
I will bow myself before Him, and offer my adoration,
And supplicate Him as those who worship Him in truth,
That He will cleanse the heart of Sam, King of the earth,
From opposition, and rage, and rancor.
Perhaps the Creator of the world may listen to my prayer,
And thou mayest yet be publicly proclaimed my wife."
And Rudabah said: — " And I also, in the presence of the righteous God,
Take the same pledge, and swear to thee my faith;
And He who created the world be witness to my words,
That no one but the hero of the world,
The throned, the crowned, the far-famed Zal,
Will I ever permit to be sovereign over me."

The gray dawn began to show itself,
And the drum to be heard from the royal pavilion;
Then Zal bade adieu to the fair one.
His soul was darkened, and his bosom on fire,
And the eyes of both were filled with tears;
And they lifted up their voices against the sun: —
" O glory of the universe, why come so quick?
Couldst thou not wait one little moment? "

Then Zal cast his noose on a pinnacle,
And descended from those happy battlements,
As the sun was rising redly above the mountains,
And the bands of warriors were gathering in their ranks.

THE DEATH OF DARA [DARIUS]

From the 'Shah Namah'

THE viziers came to Iskandar [Alexander the Great] and said:
"O King, crowned with victories and knowledge,
We have just slain thine enemy.
Come to an end is his diadem and the throne of princes."
When Janusipar had thus spoken, Iskandar said to Mahyar: —
"The enemy ye have cast down — where is he? Show me the nearest road thither."
They went before him, and the King of the Greeks followed,
His heart and his eyes filled with tears of blood.
When he came near he saw that the face of Dara
Was pale as the flower of the fenugreek,
And his breast clotted with gore.
Having commanded that they should quit their horses
And keep guard over the two ministers,
Swift as the wind Iskandar dismounted from his charger,
And placed on his thigh the head of the wounded man.
He looked to see whether Dara was still in a condition to speak,
Passed both his hands over his face,
Withdrew the royal diadem from his head,
Unclasped the warlike breastplate from his breast,
And rained down a flood of tears from his eyes when he saw the wounded body,
And the physician far away.
"May it go well with thee," he exclaimed,
"And let the heart of the malevolent tremble!
Raise thyself and seat thyself on this golden cushion,
And if thou hast strength enough, place thyself in the saddle.
I will bring physicians from Greece and India;
I will shed tears of blood for thy sufferings;
I will restore to thee thy kingdom and thy throne,
And we will depart as soon as thou art better.
When yester-evening the old men told me what had happened,
My heart swelled with blood, my lips uttered cries.
We are of one branch, one root, one body-garment:
Why, through our ambition, should we extirpate our race?"
When Dara heard, with a weak voice he replied: —
"May wisdom be thy companion forever!

I believe that from thy God, the just, the holy,
Thou wilt receive a recompense for these thy words.
But for what thou hast said, that Persia shall be mine,
Thine be the throne and the crown of the brave —
Nearer to me is death than a throne;
My fortune is turned upside down; my throne is at an end.
Such is the determination of the lofty sphere;
Its delights are sorrows, and its profit is ruin.
Take heed that thou say not, in the pride of thy valor,
'I have been superior to this renowned army.'
Know that good and evil are alike from God,
And give Him the praise that thyself art still alive.
I am myself a sufficient example of this,
And my history is a commentary upon it for every one.
For what greatness was mine, and sovereignty, and treasure!
And to no one hath suffering ever come through me.
What arms and armies, too, were mine!
And what quantities of horses, and thrones, and diadems!
What children and relatives —
Relatives whose hearts were stamped with my mark.
The earth and the age were as slaves before me.
So was it as long as fortune was my friend;
But now I am severed from all my happiness,
And am fallen into the hands of murderers.
I am in despair about my children and my kinsmen;
The world is become black, and my eyes are darkened.
No one of my relatives cometh to my assistance;
I have no hope but in the great Provider, and that is enough.
Behold me, wounded and stretched upon the ground!
Fate hath ensnared me in the net of destruction.
This is the way of the changeful sphere
With every one, whether he be king or warrior.
In the end all greatness passeth away;
It is a chase in which man is the quarry and Death is the hunter."
Iskandar rained tears of anguish from his eyes over the wounded King,
As he lay stretched on the ground.
When Dara perceived that the grief was from his heart,
And saw the torrent of tears which flowed from his pale cheek,
He said to him: — " All this is of no avail.
From the fire no portion is mine but the smoke;
This is my gift from the All-giver,
And all that remaineth of my once brilliant fortune.

Now give me thine ear from first to last;
Receive what I say, and execute it with judgment."
Iskandár replied: — "It is for thee to command;
Say what thou wilt, thou hast my promise."
Rapidly Dara unbound his tongue;
Point by point he gave instructions about everything: —
"First, illustrious prince, fear thou God, the righteous Maker,
Who made heaven and earth and time; Who created the weak and the strong:
Watch over my children, and my kindred, and my beloved veiled women;
Ask of me in marriage my chaste daughter, and make her happy in thy palace;
To whom her mother gave the name of Rushanak,
And in her made the world contented and joyful.
Thou wilt never from my child hear a word of chiding,
Nor will her worst enemy utter a calumny against her.
As she is the daughter of a line of kings,
So in prudence she is the crown of women.
Perhaps she will bring thee an illustrious son,
Who will revive the name of Isfandyar,
Will stir up the fire of Zoroaster,
Take in his hand the Zendavesta;
Will observe the auguries and feast of Sadah, and that of the New Year,
Renew the splendor of the fire-temples of Hormuzd,
The Sun, the Moon, and Mithra;
Will wash his face and his soul in the waters of wisdom,
Re-establish the customs of Lohrasp,
Restore the Kayanian rites of Gushtasp;
Will treat the great as great and the little as little,
Rekindle religion, and be fortunate."

Iskandar answered: — "O good-hearted and righteous King,
I accept thy injunctions and thy testament;
I will remain in this country only to execute them.
I will perform thy excellent intentions;
I will make thy intelligence my guide."

The master of the world seized the hand of Iskandar,
And wept and lamented bitterly;
He placed the palm of it on his lips, and said to him: — "Be God thy refuge!
I leave thee my throne, and return to the dust;
My soul I leave to God the holy."

He spoke, and his soul quitted his body,
And all who were about him wept bitterly.

Iskandar rent all his garments,
And scattered dust on the crown of the Kayanians.
He built a tomb for him agreeably to the customs of his country,
And suitable to his faith and the splendor of his rank.
They washed the blood from his body with precious rose-water,
Since the time of the eternal sleep had arrived.
They wrapped it in brocade of Rum,
Its surface covered with jewels on a ground of gold.
They hid it under a coating of camphor,
And after that no one saw the face of Dara any more.
In the tomb they placed for him a dais of gold,
And on his head a crown of musk.
They laid him in a coffin of gold,
And rained over him from their eyelids a shower of blood.
When they raised the coffin from the ground,
They bore it, turn by turn;
Iskandar went before it on foot,
And the grandees followed behind, shedding tears of anguish.
So they proceeded to the sepulcher of Dara,
And placed the coffin on the dais, performing all the ceremony due to kings;
And when they had completed the magnificent monument,
They erected gibbets before it, and executed the murderers.

Translations by Samuel Robinson

THE WARRIOR SAM DESCRIBES HIS VICTORY OVER A DRAGON

From the 'Shah Namah'

"THE dragon seemed a lofty mountain,
And trailed upon the ground its hairlike lassos.
Its tongue was like a tree-trunk charred; its jaws
Were open and were lying in my path.
Its eyes were like two cisterns full of blood.
It bellowed when it saw me, and came on
In fury, seeming all afire, O Shah!
Within. — The world 'gan swim before mine eyes,
A black reek went up to the murky clouds,
Earth's surface shook beneath the bellowing,
The venom seemed to be a sea of Chin.

Then like a gallant warrior I roared
Against that dragon, as a lion roareth,
And tarried not, but fitted to my bow
A poplar arrow, tipped with adamant,
And shot it at the dragon's jaws, to pin
The tongue against the throat. The tongue lolled pinned;
The dragon was astound.
Again I shot,
Again I pierced the mouth; — the creature writhed.
I shot a third shaft right adown its jaws;
Its heart's blood spouted seething.
When it closed
And pressed me hard, I took mine ox-head mace,
And, in the strength of God, the Lord of all,
Urged on mine elephantine steed and smote
The dragon's head. Thou wouldst have said that heaven
Rained mountains down thereon.
I smashed the skull,
As it had been a mighty elephant's,
And venom poured forth like the river Nile.
So struck I that the dragon rose no more,
While earth was leveled to the hills with brains,
Kashaf was flowing like a stream of gall,
And all was peace."

Translated by A. G. and E. Warner

FIRDAUSI'S SATIRE ON MAHMUD

From the 'Shah Namah'

KNOW, tyrant as thou art, this earthly state
Is not eternal, but of transient date;
Fear God, then, and afflict not humankind;
To merit Heaven, be thou to Heaven resigned.
Afflict not even the ant: though weak and small,
It breathes and lives, and life is sweet to all.
Knowing my temper, firm and stern and bold,
Didst thou not, tyrant, tremble to behold
My sword blood-dropping? Hadst thou not the sense
To shrink from giving man like me offense?

What could impel thee to an act so base?
What, but to earn and prove thy own disgrace?
Why was I sentenced to be trod upon
And crushed to death by elephants, by one
Whose power I scorn? Couldst thou presume that I
Would be appalled by thee, whom I defy?
I am the lion, I inured to blood,
And make the impious and the base my food;
And I could grind thy limbs, and spread them far
As Nile's dark waters their rich treasures bear.
Fear thee! I fear not man, but God alone;
I only bow to His almighty throne.
Inspired by Him, my ready numbers flow;
Guarded by Him, I dread no earthly foe.
Thus in the pride of song I pass my days,
Offering to Heaven my gratitude and praise.

From every trace of sense and feeling free,
When thou art dead, what will become of thee?
If thou shouldst tear me limb from limb, and cast
My dust and ashes to the angry blast,
Firdausi still would live, since on thy name,
Mahmud, I did not rest my hopes of fame
In the bright page of my heroic song,
But on the God of heaven, to Whom belong
Boundless thanksgivings, and on him whose love
Supports the faithful in the realms above,
The mighty Prophet! None who e'er reposed
On him, existence without hope has closed.

And thou wouldst hurl me underneath the tread
Of the wild elephant, till I were dead!
Dead! by that insult roused I should become
An elephant in power, and seal thy doom —
Mahmud! if fear of man hath never awed
Thy heart, at least fear thy creator God.
Full many a warrior of illustrious worth,
Full many of humble, of imperial birth —
Tur, Salim, Jamshid, Minuchihr the brave,
Have died; for nothing had the power to save
These mighty monarchs from the common doom;
They died, but blest in memory still they bloom.

Thus kings too perish — none on earth remain,
Since all things human see the dust again.
Oh, had thy father graced a kingly throne,
Thy mother been for royal virtues known,
A different fate the poet then had shared —
Honors and wealth had been his just reward;
But how remote from thee a glorious line!
No high, ennobling ancestry is thine;
From a vile stock thy bold career began —
A blacksmith was thy sire, of Isfahan.
Alas! from vice can goodness ever spring?
Is mercy hoped for in a tyrant king?
Can water wash the Ethiopian white?
Can we remove the darkness from the night?
The tree to which a bitter fruit is given
Would still be bitter in the bowers of heaven;
And a bad heart keeps on its vicious course —
Or if it changes, changes for the worse;
Whilst streams of milk, where Eden's flow'rets blow,
Acquire more honeyed sweetness as they flow.
The reckless king who grinds the poor like thee
Must ever be consigned to infamy!

Now mark Firdausi's strain; his Book of Kings
Will ever soar upon triumphant wings.
All who have listened to its various lore
Rejoice; the wise grow wiser than before;
Heroes of other times, of ancient days,
Forever flourish in my sounding lays:
Have I not sung of Ka'us, Tus and Giv;
Of matchless Rustam, faithful still and true.
Of the great Demon-binder, who could throw
His kamund to the heavens, and seize his foe!
Of Hoshang, Faridun, and Sam Suwar,
Lohrasp, Kai-khusrau, and Isfandiyar;
Gushtasp, Arjasp, and him of mighty name —
Gudarz, with eighty sons of martial fame!

The toil of thirty years is now complete,
Record sublime of many a warlike feat,
Written 'midst toil and trouble; but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain

A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads,
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,
And now, deceived and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!

Translated by J. Atkinson

A LYRIC FRAGMENT

WERE it mine to repose for one night on thy bosom,
My head, thus exalted, would reach to the skies;
In Mercury's fingers the pen I would shatter;
The crown of the Sun I would grasp as my prize.
O'er the ninth sphere of heaven my soul would be flying
And Saturn's proud head 'neath my feet would be lying,
Yet I'd pity poor lovers sore wounded and dying,
Were thy beauty mine own, or thy lips, or thine eyes.

Translated by Edward G. Browne

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OMAR KHAYYAM

ON a reed-grown marshy plain at the foot of the Alburz Mountains stands an ancient city of Khorassan. It existed before the days of Alexander the Great, who is said to have destroyed it; and it was later rebuilt by Shapur, for whom it may have been named. Here blooms the rose; fields of tulips droop their heavy heads; the violet and narcissus, the jessamine and eglantine and lily, of which the Persian poets have sung so eloquently, scent the air with their perfumes. Here, from time immemorial, the soft languorous night has listened to the amorous chanting of the bulbul and the monotonous complaint of the ringdove, dear to lovers. This city and the villages scattered about in its vicinity were famous by reason of the poets who there first saw the light. Nishapur itself was the birthplace of the great poet and astronomer Omar, called Khayyam or the Tent-Maker, whose full name

was Ghias ad-Din Abu 'l-Fath Omar Ibn Ibrahim al-Khayyam. The date of his birth is not exactly known; but there is a tradition that he died in the year 1123 of our era (517 A.H.), and that he finished his school education in 1042.

When Omar was a youth, Nishapur boasted the presence of one of the greatest and wisest men of Khorassan, the Imam Mu'affik, who had the reputation of being such a perfect teacher that "every one who studied the Qur'an and the traditions of the prophets under him would assuredly attain to honor and happiness." In his school Omar was instructed in Mussulman lore, and there, according to a somewhat dubious tradition, he made the acquaintance of two young men who equally with himself won the fame promised the Imam's faithful pupils. One of these was Nizam al-Mulk, who became Vizier to two successive Shahs; the second was Hassan-i-Sabbah, afterward founder of the Iranian Ismailites, the terrible Shaikh of the Assassins; and the three agreed to share with one another whatever blessings fortune might bring them. Accordingly, when Nizam al-Mulk was appointed Vizier to Shah Alp Arslan, Omar Khayyam appeared before him; but instead of accepting preferment at court he said, "The greatest favor which you can do me is to let me live in retirement, where under your protection I may occupy myself in amassing the riches of learning and in praying for your long life."

Accordingly Nizam al-Mulk assigned Omar a yearly pension of 1200 gold miskals and allowed him to retire to his native city, where he devoted himself especially to the study of mathematics and astronomy. On the succession of Malik Shah he was appointed Astronomer Royal at Merv, in which capacity he compiled some astronomical tables called 'Zij-i-Malikshahi.' He was one of the eight learned men employed to revise the ancient Persian calendar; and he was also the author of eight other works in Arabic, notably a treatise on algebra and a study of 'The Difficulties of Euclid's Definitions.' The general impression which he made upon his time is thus reflected in al-Kifti's 'History of the Philosophers,' composed about a century after the astronomer-poet's death: —

"Omar al-Khayyam, Imam of Khorassan, and the greatest scholar of his time, was versed in all the learning of the Greeks. He was wont to exhort men to seek the One Author of all by purifying the bodily actions to secure the sanctification of the soul. He also used to recommend the study of politics as laid down in Greek authors. The later Sufis have caught at the apparent sense of part of his poems and accommodated them to their own canon, making them a subject of discussion in their assemblies and conventicles, but the esoteric sense consists in axioms of natural religion and principles of universal obligation. When the men of his time anathematized his doctrines, and drew forth his opinions from the concealment in which he had veiled them, he went in fear of his life, and placed a check on the sallies of his tongue and his pen. He made the pilgrimage, but it was from accident rather than piety, still betraying his unorthodox views. On his arrival at Bagdad, the men who prose-

cuted the same ancient studies as he, flocked to meet him; but he shut the door in their faces, as one who had renounced those studies and cultivated them no longer. On his return to his native city he made a practice of attending the morning and evening prayers, and of disguising his private opinions; but for all that they were no secret. In astronomy and in philosophy he was without a rival, and his eminence in those sciences would have passed into a proverb had he only possessed self-control."

Contentedly living in his beautiful city of Nishapur, where the roses which he loved so passionately wafted their fragrance across his terrace, occupied with those lofty questions which come home with doubly powerful insistence to an astronomer, he looked at the world with curiously quizzical eyes. Occasionally, as a recreation perhaps, he would compose an exquisite little quatrain or Rubai'y, the conventional form of which called for the first two lines and the last to rhyme, the rhymes being in many cases triple, quadruple, or even quintuple, while the third line was generally left blank, though there are instances of the same rhyme occurring in all four lines. These Rubaiyat are each entirely distinct and unconnected; and in the manuscripts they are always given in alphabetical order, arranged in accordance with the letter that ends the rhyme.

Edward Fitzgerald ingeniously "tesselated" a selection of these quatrains into a sort of Persian mosaic, making of them a loosely connected elegy, and thus gave extraordinary emphasis to one aspect of Omar Khayyam's many-sided genius. It is safe to say that Omar himself had no such consistent scheme of pessimism. If one may judge at all from the manuscripts, he was a creature of many varying moods. At one time his audacious impiety is colossal: —

> On that dread day, when wrath shall rend the sky,
> And darkness dim the bright stars' galaxy,
> I'll seize the Loved One by his skirt, and cry,
> "Why hast thou doomed these guiltless ones to die?"

At another time he is full of hope; the future life seems to gleam on his inner sight: —

> Death's terrors spring from baseless fantasy,
> Death yields the tree of immortality;
> Since 'Isa [Jesus] breathed new life into my soul,
> Eternal death has washed its hands of me.

At another he is a fatalist: —

> When Allah mixt my clay, he knew full well
> My future acts, and could each one foretell;
> Without his will no act of mine was wrought:
> Is it then just to punish me in hell?

'Twas writ at first, whatever was to be,
By pen unheeding bliss or misery,
  Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all:
To murmur or resist is vanity.

In his liberality toward other creeds he stands at the very antipodes of the narrow-minded Muslim of his day, or of ours: —

Hearts with the light of love illumined well,
Whether in mosque or synagogue they dwell,
  Have *their* names written in the book of love,
Unvext by hopes of heaven or fears of hell.

They say, when the last trump shall sound its knell
Our Friend will sternly judge and doom to hell.
  Can aught but good from perfect goodness come?
Compose your trembling hearts, 'twill all be well.

Omar loved to indulge in sophistries and paradoxes; to mystify and confuse. How can one tell whether he was at heart a cynic or an Epicurean? Was the wine-cup which he exalts in so many stanzas a tavern beaker, or a symbol of the Divine? Was the " cypress-slender minister of wine " an earthly maiden with whom he sported in idle dalliance by the side of the babbling brook while the nightingales chanted around, or was the expression a mystic type of the soul?

What is man in his eyes? At one moment he is the very summary of creation, the " bowl of Jamshid " in which the whole universe is reflected as in a mirror; at another he is a puppet, he is as a drop of water swallowed up in the vast ocean, a bubble sparkling with iridescent hues for a brief instant and then vanishing forever. His ideas of God are no less contradictory. On the one hand, God is approachable: He is the friend of man, infinitely merciful, too kind to doom man to a hell which man has no reason to fear because he is a sinner — for if he were not a sinner, where would Mercy be? Allah is gracious; but if the poor sinner must earn His grace by works, then no grace is it indeed. But, on the other hand, God is responsible for the sin in the world: God rolls that merciless " wheel of Fate " which so inexorably crushes the king on his throne and the ant on the anthill. What complaints he utters about that rolling orb!

The wheel on high, still busied with despite,
Will ne'er unloose a wretch from his sad plight;
  But when it lights upon a smitten heart,
Straightway essays another blow to smite.

Dark wheel! how many lovers hast thou slain
Like Mahmud and Ayaz, O inhumane!
Come, let us drink! thou grantest not two lives;
When one is spent, we find it not again.

This bitter fatalism soon translates itself into practical acceptance of all the good things of earth: —

In the sweet Spring a grassy bank I sought,
And thither wine and a fair Huri brought;
And though the people called me graceless dog,
Gave not to Paradise another thought.

Life void of wine and minstrels with their lutes,
And the soft murmurings of Irakian flutes,
Were nothing worth: I scan the world and see,
Save pleasure, life yields only bitter fruits.

O soul! lay up all earthly goods in store;
Thy mead with pleasure's flowerets spangle o'er;
And know 'tis all as dew that decks the flowers
For one short night, and then is seen no more!

Like tulips in the spring your cups lift up,
And with a tulip-cheeked companion sup
With joy your wine, or e'er this azure wheel
With some unlooked-for blast upset your cup.

To the faithful in Paradise the Prophet promises multiplied joys: feasts of many courses, rivers running with wine and milk, and exquisite Huris, star-eyed maidens with bodies made of musk or saffron; but Omar says if these things are to be in the world to come, then surely it is right to enjoy their counterparts on earth; he comes forth from the tavern to mock at the hypocritical sages who in reality envy him his freedom.

But was the grave astronomer the wine-bibber and voluptuary that he paints himself? Must we not read into his praise of the wine-cup and the narcissus-eyed Cup-bearer with his or her slender cypress-form Oriental images meant to convey a deep esoteric meaning? Are not his more serious verses safer tests of his real thought?

Whilom, ere youth's conceit had waned, methought
Answers to all life's problems I had wrought;
But now, grown old and wise, too late I see
My life is spent, and all my lore is naught.

Let him rejoice who has a loaf of bread,
A little nest wherein to lay his head,
  Is slave to none, and no man slaves for him —
In truth his lot is wondrous well bestead.

Sooner with half a loaf contented be,
And water from a broken crock, like me,
  Than lord it over one poor fellow-man,
Or to another bow the vassal knee.

But in contemplating all these poems, the question comes, How many were really written by Omar himself? The manuscripts of his Rubaiyat are comparatively few in number, and there is no critical or even semi-canonical text. The oldest available manuscript, written in 1460 A.D., and now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, contains 158 quatrains; Whinfield's edition and version (from which the stanzas quoted in this sketch are taken) has 500; John Payne has translated 845; and in all no less than 1200 are attributed to him in one place or another, many of these being ascribed to other poets as well. It is, then, practically impossible to say whether a given quatrain was actually written by him or not; the only test here seems to be the highly uncertain criterion of subjective and esthetic judgment.

In view of the wide popularity of Fitzgerald's version, through which alone the Tent-Maker has become known to the English-speaking world, a word should be said as to its relation to the Persian original. It is not, strictly speaking, a translation at all, and is far surpassed in accuracy by Whinfield, Payne, and Heron-Allen, to cite only Englishmen who have rendered Omar into verse. Nevertheless, though Fitzgerald's famous work is often essentially a paraphrase, he has caught the spirit of his original marvelously well. It seems only just to add, however, that the Tent-Maker enjoys — largely through the glamour which Fitzgerald has cast about him — a far higher reputation as a poet and a thinker in the Occident than in the Orient. It is even questionable whether, by the standards of Persian verse, he was really a great poet; much of his work is no better, and no worse, than that of many other writers of quatrains. His name as a poet is scarcely known in Persia today, except as reflected from the West, and he is remembered in the East chiefly as an astronomer.

Why, then, his fame? The modernness of his spirit, his view of the world, half-pessimistic and half-defiant, his good humor and good cheer, his wit and good-fellowship, all make him appeal to a very wide circle of twentieth-century readers. They find in him echoings of their own doubts and questionings; they too look upon the universe as the plaything of a Fate which they cannot pretend to explain or change; and they too somehow complacently feel that the

Power above them " is a good fellow " who will not without cause damn them to the Prophet's Hell; while at the same time they recognize the claims of the perfect life: —

Well sings old Omar in more serious mood —
Or else some critic of the Mullah brood —
" In all this changing world whereat I gaze,
Save Goodness only there is nothing good."

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

SELECTED QUATRAINS FROM FITZGERALD'S VERSION

WAKE! for the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
" When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside? "

And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — " Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And once departed, may return no more."

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Seven-ringed Cup where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling:
The bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run —
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
  Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come:
  Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
  Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
  How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
  And Bahram, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
  That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
  Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
  About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
  And this was all the Harvest that I reaped —
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Into this universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water, willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate:
And many a Knot unraveled by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see;
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was — and then no more of THEE and ME.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without — "THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

Then to the lip of this poor earthen Urn
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn;
And Lip to Lip it murmured — "While you live,
Drink! — for once dead, you never shall return."

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answered, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kissed,
How many Kisses might it take — and give!

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay;
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmured — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign,
  And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
  And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
  Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
  The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

And fear not lest Existence, closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
  The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning? — Nay,
  'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn Tomorrow, and dead Yesterday.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
  Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the Grape!

The Grape, that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute;
  The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute;

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
  A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there?

Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain — *This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies:
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by-and-by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I Myself am Heaven and Hell:"

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed;
  And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
TOMORROW'S *Silence,* Triumph, or Despair:
  Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
  Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And e'en with Paradise devise the Snake;
  For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened — Man's forgiveness give — and take!

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan away,
  Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall:
  And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listened, perhaps, but never talked at all.

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
  And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
  And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make: —
  "They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot —
I think a Sufi pipkin — waxing hot —
"All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marred in making — Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

"Well," murmured one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry;
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My threadbare Penitence apieces tore.

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Remold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again —
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!

NIZAMI

NIZAMI'S name as a Persian poet is not so well known in the Occident as those of Firdausi, Hafiz, or Sa'di; but he is one of the foremost classic writers of Persian literature, and there is authority for regarding his genius as second only to that of Firdausi in the romantic epic style. A native of western Persia, and born in 1141, he is generally spoken of as Nizami of Ganjah, which seems to have been his home during most of his life, and where he died in his sixty-third year (A.D. 1203). He was brought up in an atmosphere of religious asceticism, but his life was brightened by the illumination which came with the poetic gift; and his talents won him court favor, though his choice was retirement and quiet meditation, and there was a certain halo of sanctity about his person.

Nizami's first production, the 'Makhzan al-Asrar,' or 'Storehouse of Mysteries,' was a work of religious didacticism, and its title shows the Sufi tinge of mystic speculation. His true poetic bent, however, became evident shortly afterward in the charming story of the romantic love of 'Khusrau and Shirin,' which is one of the most imaginative tales in literature, and which established its author's claim to renown at the age of forty. The subject is the old Sassanian tradition of King Khusrau's passion for the fair Armenian princess Shirin, who was also loved by the gifted young sculptor Farhad; the latter accomplished the almost superhuman feat of chiseling through mountains at the royal bidding, in hopes of winning the fair one's hand, but met his death in fulfilling the task imposed by his kingly rival. In Nizami's second romantic poem, 'Laila and Majnun,' we grieve at the sorrows of two lovers whose devotion stands in the Orient for the love of Petrarch and Laura, Isabella and Lorenzo; while likenesses to Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' have been suggested. The tragic fate of Laila and Majnun, the children of two rival Bedouin tribes, is a love tale of pre-Islamic times; for Nizami's subjects were never chosen from truly orthodox Muhammadan themes. His 'Seven Portraits' ['Haft Paikar'] is a series of romantic love stories of the seven favorite wives of King Bahram Gor, and leads back again to Sassanian days; while the 'Iskandar Namah,' or 'Book of Alexander,' is a combination of fiction and philosophy in epic style which makes the work one of special interest in connection with the romances which form a cycle, in various literatures, about the name of Alexander the Great. These five works are gathered into a collection known as the 'Five Treasures' ['Panj Ganj'], and Nizami also produced a 'Divan,' or collection of short poems, so that his literary fertility is seen to have been considerable.

A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

FROM NIZAMI'S 'LAILA AND MAJNUN'

[Laila and Majnun are children of rival tribes.]

SHAIKHS of each tribe have children there, and each
Studies whate'er the bearded sage can teach.
Thence his attainments Kais [Majnun] assiduous drew,
And scattered pearls from lips of ruby hue:
And there, of different tribe and gentle mien,
A lovely maid of tender years was seen;
Her mental powers an early bloom displayed;
Her peaceful form in simple garb arrayed;
Bright as the morn her cypress shape, and eyes
Dark as the stag's, were viewed with fond surprise:
And when her cheek this Arab moon revealed,
A thousand hearts were won; no pride, no shield,
Could check her beauty's power, resistless grown,
Given to enthrall and charm — but chiefly one.
Her richly flowing locks were black as night,
And Laila she was called — that heart's delight:
One single glance the nerves to frenzy wrought,
One single glance bewildered every thought;
And when o'er Kais [Majnun] affection's blushing rose
Diffused its sweetness, from him fled repose:
Tumultuous passion danced upon his brow;
He sought to woo her, but he knew not how,
He gazed upon her cheek, and as he gazed,
Love's flaming taper more intensely blazed.

Soon mutual pleasure warmed each other's heart;
Love conquered both — they never dreamt to part:
And while the rest were poring o'er their books,
They pensive mused, and read each other's looks;
While other schoolmates for distinction strove,
And thought of fame, they only thought of love;
While others various climes in books explored,
Both idly sat — adorer and adored.
Science for them had now no charms to boast;
Learning for them had all its virtues lost;
Their only taste was love, and love's sweet ties,
And writing ghazals to each other's eyes.

Yes, love triumphant came, engrossing all
The fond luxuriant thoughts of youth and maid;
And whilst subdued in that delicious thrall,
Smiles and bright tears upon their features played.
Then in soft converse did they pass the hours,
Their passion, like the season, fresh and fair;
Their opening path seemed decked with balmiest flowers,
Their melting words as soft as summer air.
Immersed in love so deep,
They hoped suspicion would be lulled asleep,
And none be conscious of their amorous state;
They hoped that none with prying eye,
And gossip tongue invidiously,
Might to the busy world its truth relate.
And thus possessed, they anxious thought
Their passion would be kept unknown;
Wishing to seem what they were not,
Though all observed their hearts were one.

[The lovers are separated.]

Laila had, with her kindred, been removed
Among the Nijid mountains, where
She cherished still the thoughts of him she loved,
And her affection thus more deeply proved
Amid that wild retreat. Kais [Majnun] sought her there,
Sought her in rosy bower and silent glade,
Where the tall palm-trees flung refreshing shade.
He called upon her name again;
Again he called — alas! in vain;
His voice unheard, though raised on every side;
Echo alone to his lament replied;
And Laila! Laila! rang around,
As if enamored of that magic sound.
Dejected and forlorn, fast falling dew
Glistened upon his cheeks of pallid hue;
Through grove and frowning glen he lonely strayed,
And with his griefs the rocks were vocal made.
Beautiful Laila! had she gone for ever?
Could he that thought support? oh, never, never!
Whilst deep emotion agonized his breast.

[Still Laila thinks only of her beloved Majnun.]

The gloomy veil of night withdrawn,
How sweetly looks the silvery dawn;
Rich blossoms laugh on every tree,
Like men of fortunate destiny,
Or the shining face of revelry.
The crimson tulip and golden rose
Their sweets to all the world disclose.
I mark the glittering pearly wave
The fountain's banks of emerald lave;
The birds in every arbor sing,
And the very raven hails the spring;
The partridge and the ring-dove raise
Their joyous notes of songs of praise;
But bulbuls, through the mountain-vale,
Like Majnun, chant a mournful tale.

The season of the rose has led
  Laila to her favorite bower;
Her cheeks the softest vermeil-red,
  Her eyes the modest sumbul flower.

She has left her father's painted hall,
  She has left the terrace where she kept
Her secret watch till evening fall,
  And where she oft till midnight wept.

  A golden fillet sparkling round
  Her brow, her raven tresses bound;
  And as she o'er the greensward tripped,
  A train of damsels ruby-lipped,
  Blooming like flowers of Samarkand,
  Obedient bowed to her command.
  She glittered like a moon among
  The beauties of the starry throng,
  With lovely forms as Houris bright,
  Or Peris glancing in the light;
  And now they reach an emerald spot,
  Beside a cool sequestered grot,
  And soft recline beneath the shade,
  By a delicious rose-bower made:

There, in soft converse, sport, and play,
The hours unnoted glide away;
But Laila to the bulbul tells
What secret grief her bosom swells,
And fancies, through the rustling leaves,
She from the garden-breeze receives
The breathings of her own true love,
Fond as the cooings of the dove.

. . . . . .

"O faithful friend, and lover true,
Still distant from thy Laila's view;
Still absent, still beyond her power
To bring thee to her fragrant bower:
O noble youth, still thou art mine,
And Laila, Laila, still is thine!"

[Majnun, frenzied and distracted, vainly seeks his Laila, whom her father has betrothed against her will to a man she can but hate. The unhappy girl is long imprisoned in a closely guarded tower, until unexpectedly one night the word is brought of the death of her enforced and loathed husband. The situation is depicted in an Oriental manner.]

How beautifully blue
The firmament! how bright
The moon is sailing through
The vast expanse tonight!

And at this lovely hour,
The lonely Laila weeps
Within her prison tower,
And her sad record keeps.

How many days, how many years,
Her sorrows she has borne!
A lingering age of sighs and tears —
A night that has no morn;
Yet in that guarded tower she lays her head,
Shut like a gem within its stony bed.
And who the warder of that place of sighs?
Her husband! he the dragon-watch supplies.

What words are those which meet her anxious ear?
Unusual sounds, unusual sights appear;
Lamps flickering round, and wailings sad and low,
Seem to proclaim some sudden burst of woe.
Beneath her casements rings a wild lament;
Death-notes disturb the night; the air is rent
With clamorous voices; every hope is fled:
He breathes no longer — Ibn Salim is dead!
The fever's rage had nipped him in his bloom;
He sank unloved, unpitied, to the tomb.
And Laila marks the moon: a cloud
Had stained its lucid face;
The mournful token of a shroud,
End of the humble and the proud,
The grave their resting-place.
And now to her the tale is told,
Her husband's hand and heart are cold.
And must she mourn the death of one
Whom she had loathed to look upon?
In customary garb arrayed,
Disheveled tresses, streaming eyes,
The heart remaining in disguise —
She seemed, distraction in her mien,
To feel her loss, if loss had been;
But all the burning tears she shed
Were for her own Majnun, and not the dead!

[In after life the two lovers meet but for a moment of enchanting rapture, and for an instant to interchange mutual vows of devotion; then the woe-worn Majnun and the unhappy Laila are separated forever, to be united only in death. Legend tells us how Laila's faithful page beheld a glorious vision of the lovers joined in Paradise.]

The minstrel's legend-chronicle,
Which on their woes delights to dwell,
Their matchless purity and faith,
And how their dust was mixed in death,
Tells how the sorrow-stricken Zaid
Saw, in a dream, the beauteous bride,
With Majnun seated side by side.
In meditation deep one night,
The other world flushed on his sight
With endless vistas of delight —

The world of spirits; as he lay,
Angels appeared in bright array,
Circles of glory round them gleaming,
Their eyes with holy rapture beaming;
He saw the ever-verdant bowers,
With golden fruit and blooming flowers;
The bulbul heard, their sweets among,
Warbling his rich mellifluous song;
The ring-doves' murmuring, and the swell
Of melody from harp and shell;
He saw within a rosy glade,
Beneath a palm's extensive shade,
A throne, amazing to behold,
Studded with glittering gems and gold;
Celestial carpets near it spread
Close where a lucid streamlet strayed:
Upon that throne, in blissful state,
The long-divided lovers sate,
Resplendent with seraphic light;
They held a cup, with diamonds bright;
Their lips by turns, with nectar wet,
In pure ambrosial kisses met;
Sometimes to each their thoughts revealing,
Each clasping each with tenderest feeling.

The dreamer who this vision saw
Demanded, with becoming awe,
What sacred names the happy pair
In Iram-bowers were wont to bear.
A voice replied: — "That sparkling moon
Is Laila still — her friend, Majnun;
Deprived in your frail world of bliss,
They reap their great reward in this!"

Translated by James Atkinson

SA'DI

SA'DI of Shiraz, the moral teacher and didactic poet — the "Nightingale of a Thousand Songs," as he has been termed in the Orient — is one of the Persian authors whose names are best known in the Occident. His "discourse is commingled with pleasantry and cheerful wit," as he says

of himself in his masterpiece, the 'Gulistan'; and he adds that "the pearls of salutary counsel are strung on the thread of diction, and the bitter medicine of advice is mingled with the honey of mirthful humor." These words admirably characterize his work; because good sense, high thought, religious feeling, human sympathy, and knowledge of man, combined with general naturalness and simplicity, mark his best productions.

Sa'di has neither the epic force nor the romantic strain of Firdausi or Nizami, nor the mystic elevation and abstract introspection of Jami and Jalal ad-Din Rumi, nor has he the lyric ecstasy for which Hafiz is renowned; but he possesses certain qualities that none of the others can claim. Flourishing at a period when Europe had yet to feel the quickening touch of the revival of learning, Sa'di stands in the East as a representative of higher aim and nobler purpose, as a character of generous open-heartedness and liberal-minded thought. In his long life devoted to study and travel, or spent in productive activity and repose, he gave the world the benefits of his vast wealth of sound wisdom, wholesome philosophy, broad ethics, good judgment, and common-sense. Enjoying the personal favor of potentates, he seems to have availed himself of the privileges which money confers chiefly for the purpose of bestowing gifts in charity or for advancing worthy causes; he religiously felt and practised what he preached — the doctrine of contentment and resignation.

Sa'di's life was of such unusual length that it could not but be eventful. He was born in 1184 at Shiraz, then the capital of Persia, and his father died while he was still a child. The boy then received the exalted patronage of the ruling Atabeg Sa'd bin Zangi of Fars; he was educated on a fellowship foundation at the Nizamiah College of Bagdad; for thirty years (1196–1226) he was an earnest student, imbibing the principles of Sufiism and gaining deep insight into the doctrines of the Moslem faith; and it was his good fortune to make no less than fourteen pilgrimages to the shrine of Mecca. The second period of his life, from the age of forty to seventy (1226–1256), was spent in travel, east and west, north and south, not only to the cities of Iran, but also to India, Asia Minor, and Africa, his fortunes including residence at Damascus, Baalbec, and Jerusalem, as well as capture by the Crusaders in Tripolis. Already a septuagenarian, he returned to his native city of Shiraz, and there spent the remaining third of his life (1256–1291), again enjoying courtly favor and devoting his time to producing the literary work which he had doubtless partly composed during his long preceding career.

In the world of letters, therefore, Sa'di presents the peculiar phenomenon of one whose writing seems to have been done late in life. The 'Bustan' ['Garden of Perfume'], finished in one year (1257), is written in verse, and comprises ten divisions, its themes being justice, government, beneficence and compassion, love, humility, good counsel, contentment, moral education

and self-control, gratitude, and repentance and devotion. The 'Gulistan' ['Rose-Garden'] was completed in the following year (1258); and this work, by which Sa'di's name is best known, has been familiar to Western students since the days when Gentius published a Latin version, entitled 'Rosarium Politicum,' at Amsterdam in 1651. The 'Gulistan' is written in prose, with intermingled verses, and comprises eight chapters. Like the 'Bustan' it is didactic in tendency, but is lighter and more clever; and is a perfect storehouse of instructive short stories with moral design, entertainingly presented, and abounding in apt maxims, aphorisms, and sententious sayings which make the work entertaining reading. Sa'di's productiveness, however, was not confined to the ethical and didactic field; he also cultivated the lyric strain, and composed a series of odes, dirges, elegies, and short poems which have warm feeling and a distinctly human touch. A "book of good counsel," 'Pandnamah,' bears Sa'di's name; but its authenticity is open to some doubt. Some jests of a lower order in poetical vein are said to be his; and he is also the author of several shorter prose treatises known as 'Risalah.' Besides his native Persian, he could compose in Arabic and was acquainted with Hindustani.

Sa'di was twice married; and his lament over the loss of a beloved son, who died before him, is preserved in the 'Bustan.' His own death occurred at a very advanced age in 1291 (or 1292) in his native city, where his tomb is still seen; and his name and fame have contributed to making Shiraz renowned in Persian literature.

A. V. Williams Jackson

A MEDITATION

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

IN the name of the Lord, Who created the soul; Who gave to the tongue words of wisdom;

The Lord, the Benevolent, the Sustainer, Who generously accepteth excuses and forgiveth sins;

The Mighty One, from Whose door whoever turneth away will find Might at no other door;

In Whose court the most exalted monarchs must humble themselves as suppliants;

Who is not quick to repress the arrogant, nor repulseth with violence those who sue for pardon;

Who, when He is angry for some evil deed, if thou turnest to Him again, writeth it amongst the things of the past;

Who, when He beholdeth the sin, covereth it with the veil of His mercy; in the ocean of Whose omniscience the universe is but a drop.

If a son is at variance with a father, thou wilt immediately behold the father in the glow of passion;

And if he doth not soon give him satisfaction, will drive him forth from his presence like a stranger.

If the slave doth not bestir himself actively at his work, his master will deem him but of little value;

Or if thou art not amiable amongst thy companions, thy companions will flee from thee to a mile's distance;

Or if a soldier deserteth his duty, his commander will speedily dismiss him from the service.

But He Who is Lord of the high and of the low shutteth not the door of His riches against even the rebellious.

The expanse of the earth is the table of His people; and to His free banquet, friend and foe are alike welcome.

If He hurried to involve Him in trouble, who would be secure from the hand of His power?

Independent in His essence of the judgment of any one of His creatures, His dominion is rich in the obedience of men and spirits.

Every thing and every person must bow down to His mandate: the sons of Adam, and the bird, and the ant, and the worm.

So broadly is the table of his bounty spread, that the vulture on the Caucasus receiveth his portion.

Benevolent and beneficent, and the dispenser of blessings, He is the Lord of Creation, and knoweth every secret.

This man He judgeth worthy of grandeur and a high destiny, for his kingdom is ancient, and his race is wealthy.

On the head of one He setteth the diadem of fortune; another He bringeth down from a throne to the dust.

On the head of one He placeth the crown of prosperity; another He clothes in the weeds of poverty.

For His friend [Abraham] He turned fire into a bed of roses,[1] and cast into the flames the host from the waters of the Nile.

If He did that, it was marked with His favor; and if He did this, it was signed with His order.

He throweth His veil over evil deeds, and hideth behind it His own benefits;

If He unsheath His sword of power in wrath, the very Cherubim are dumb with terror;

But if He giveth victuals from the table of His bounty, even the Evil One says: "I too shall have a portion."

In the court of His benignity and greatness the greatest must lay their greatness aside;

[1] According to the Qur'an (xxi, 53–70), Abraham's father and associates sought to burn him alive for refusing to worship their false gods.

But to such as are cast down He is nigh with His mercy, and He ever lendeth His ear to the prayer of the suppliant.

By His prescience He foreseeth what hath not yet been; in His goodness He provideth for what hath not yet been spoken.

By His power He is the keeper of the heights and the depths, and He is master of the Book of the Day of Account.

No one's back is strong enough to throw off obedience; nor is there room for any one to lay a finger on a letter.

The Ancient Benefactor is still ever beneficent; by decree upon decree He fashioned the beautiful image in the womb.

From east to west He set in motion sun and moon, and spread out the earth on the face of the waters.

And though it trembleth sometimes and dreadeth its ruin, He hath nailed down the roots of the mountains to its skirts.

He Who hath imprinted its form upon the waters gave to the pearl its Peri-like semblance.

He hid the ruby and the turquoise in the bosom of the stone, and hung the ruby-colored rose on the turquoise-tinted branches.

Of one globule He maketh a pearl-white lily, and fashioneth another into the lofty cypress.

From His knowledge not an atom lieth concealed; for the hidden and open are both to Him but one.

For the ant and for the serpent He hath alike provided its food; and for that which hath no hand, nor feet, nor strength.

At His decree non-existence hath been embellished with existence, for no one knoweth but He how to change nonentity into being.

So at one time He burieth an act in silence, and bringeth it forth again in the Plain of the Last Judgment.

The universe is agreed in the acknowledgment of His Deity, but is confounded when it attempteth to investigate His Essence.

Man cannot comprehend the extent of His majesty; the sight hath not penetrated to the limits of His excellence.

The wing of bird hath not soared to the summits of His knowledge, nor the hand of intelligence touched the skirts of His attributes.

In this whirlpool have been sunk a thousand vessels, of which not a single plank hath come to the shore.

How many a night have I sat completely lost, till I have exclaimed in terror: "Up, and be doing."

Of the kingdoms of the earth the knowledge is attainable; but the knowledge of Him with thy measure thou canst not attain.

The bounds of His knowledge thy intellect cannot reach; nor can thy thoughts fathom the depths of His attributes.

To equal Sohlan in eloquence is possible: but innumerable are they who have fallen exhausted in the race.

To urge thy steed over every ground is impossible; and there are occasions on which thou must throw away thy shield.

If the traveler is forbidden to penetrate to the secret place, he will find the door barred, and will have to return.

To many a one at this banquet is offered the goblet, who findeth it to be but a stupefying drug.

Let every one tremble who hath trusted himself to this ocean of blood, from which no one yet ever brought back his vessel.

One falcon soareth up, but with bandaged eyes; another returneth, but with singed eyes and feathers.

No one hath found his way to the treasure of Karun; [2] or if he hath found it, hath he brought anything back.

Seekest thou to survey this country? as well mayest thou begin by hamstringing the horse on which thou wouldst return.

Let each one look into the mirror of his own soul, and gradually it will acquire the same clearness.

Perhaps the odor of love will inebriate thee, and seeking for a compact with the Divine, thou mayest thyself become divine.

Proceed on the road of inquiry on foot, till thou reach the goal, and thence fly upwards on the pinions of affection.

Truth will rend in twain the veils of illusion; yea, even the veil which concealeth the glory of God.

But the courser of intellect can run no further. Astonishment tighteneth the reins, and exclaimeth, "STAND!"

HUMILITY

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

A YOUTH, intelligent and of good disposition, arrived by sea at a Grecian port.

They perceived that he was endowed with excellence, and judgment, and an inclination to asceticism, and placed him accordingly in a sacred building.

The Head of the devotees said to him one day: —

"Go and cast out the dirt and the rubbish from the mosque."

As soon as the young traveler heard the words he went forth, but no one discovered any sign of his return.

The Superior and the brethren laid a charge against him, saying: —

"This young devotee hath no aptness for his vocation."

[2] The Biblical Korah. "For we had given him such treasure that its keys would have burdened a company of men of strength" (Qur'an xxviii, 76).

The following day one of the society met him in the road, and said to him: —

"Thou hast showed an unseemly and perverse disposition. Didst thou not know, O self-opinionated boy, that it is through obedience men attain to honor?"

He began to weep, and replied: "O friend of my soul and enlightener of my heart, it is in earnestness and in sincerity that I have acted thus.

"I found in that sacred building neither dust nor defilement; only myself was polluted in that holy place.

"Therefore, immediately I drew back my foot, feeling that to withdraw *myself* was to cleanse the mosque from dirt and rubbish."

For the devotee there is only one path — to submit his body to humiliation.

Thine exaltation must come from choosing self-abasement; to reach the lofty roof there is no ladder save this.

KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

SULTAN TAKISH once committed a secret to his slaves, which they were enjoined to tell again to no one.

For a year it had not passed from his breast to his lips; it was published to all the world in a single day.

He commanded the executioner to sever with the sword their heads from their bodies without mercy.

One from their midst exclaimed: "Beware! slay not the slaves, for the fault is thine own.

"Why didst thou not dam up at once what at first was but a fountain? What availeth it to do so when it is become a torrent?"

Take heed that thou reveal not to any one the secret of thy heart, for he will divulge it to all the world.

Thy jewels thou mayst consign to the keeping of thy treasurer; but thy secret reserve for thine own keeping.

Whilst thou utterest not a word, thou hast thy hand upon it, when thou hast uttered it, it hath laid its hand upon thee.

Thou knowest that when the demon hath escaped from his cage, by no adjuration will he enter it again.

The word is an enchained demon in the pit of the heart; let it not escape to the tongue and the palate.

It is possible to open a way to the strong demon; to retake him by stratagem is not possible.

A child may untether "Lightning" [*i. e.*, Rustam's horse] but a hundred Rustams will not bring him to the halter again.

Take heed that thou say not that which, if it come to the crowd, may bring trouble to a single individual.

It was well said by his wife to an ignorant peasant: —

"Either talk sensibly or hold thy tongue."

HUMANITY

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

A MAN found in the desert a thirsty dog, which from want of drink was at its last gasp.

The worthy man made a bucket of his cap, and twisted his muslin sash into a rope;

Then he girded his waist and extended his arms for service, and gave to the feeble dog a sup of water.

The Prophet revealed of his future condition, that the Supreme Judge had for this act pardoned his sins.

Oh, if thou hast been a hard man, bethink thee; learn to be kind, and make beneficence thy business!

If a kindness done to a dog is not lost, how should that be which is done to a worthy man?

Do good as you find it offered to your hand; the Master of the Universe hath closed against no one the door for doing some good.

To give from your treasury a talent of gold is of less worth than a carat bestowed by the hand of labor.

Each one shall bear the burthen proportioned to his strength: the foot of a locust would be heavy for an ant.

SA'DI AND THE RING

From the 'Garden of Perfume'

I RECALL to my memory how, during the life of my father — may the rain of mercy every moment descend upon him! —

He bought for me in my childhood a tablet and a writing-book, and for my finger a golden seal-ring.

As it happened a peddler came to the door, and in exchange for a date carried off the ring from my hand;

For a little child cannot estimate the value of a seal-ring, and will easily part with it for anything sweet.

And thou too dost not estimate the value of a life, who throwest it away in luxurious indulgences.

In the Resurrection, when the righteous arrive at the lofty place, and are raised from the damp pit to the region of the Pleiades,

Will thy head not be bowed down in abasement, when all *thy* works shall be assembled before thee?

O brother, be ashamed now to do the deeds of the bad, that thou mayest not need to be ashamed in the face of the good.

On that day when inquest shall be made into deeds and words, and the body even of those who have striven after holiness shall tremble,

With what excuse for thy sins wilt thou hear *thy* summons, when the very Prophets will be overwhelmed with terror?

Translations by Samuel Robinson

SA'DI THE CAPTIVE GETS A WIFE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

HAVING become weary of the society of my friends at Damascus, I set out for the wilderness of Jerusalem, and associated with the brutes, until I was made prisoner by the Franks, who set me to work along with Jews at digging in the fosse of Tripolis; till one of the principal men of Aleppo, between whom and myself a former intimacy had subsisted, passed that way and recognized me, and said, "What state is this? and how are you living?" I replied: —

STANZA

"From men to mountain and to wild I fled,
Myself to heavenly converse to betake;
Conjecture now my state, that in a shed
Of savages I must my dwelling make."

COUPLET

Better to live in chains with those we love,
Than with the strange 'mid flow'rets gay to move.

He took compassion on my state, and with ten dinars redeemed me from the bondage of the Franks, and took me along with him to Aleppo. He had a

daughter, whom he united to me in the marriage knot, with a portion of a hundred dinars. As time went on, the girl turned out to be of a bad temper, quarrelsome and unruly. She began to give loose to her tongue, and to disturb my happiness, as they have said: —

DISTICHS

In a good man's house an evil wife
Is his hell above in this present life.
From a vixen wife protect us well;
Save us, O God! from the pains of hell.

At length she gave vent to reproaches, and said, "Art thou not he whom my father purchased from the Frank's prison for ten dinars?" I replied, "Yes! he redeemed me with ten dinars, and sold me into thy hands for a hundred."

DISTICHS

I've heard that once a man of high degree
From a wolf's teeth and claws a lamb set free.
That night its throat he severed with a knife;
When thus complained the lamb's departing life: —
"Thou from the wolf didst save me then; but now,
Too plainly I perceive the wolf art thou."

A VALUABLE VOICE

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A PERSON was performing gratis the office of summoner to prayer in the mosque of Sanjariyah, in a voice which disgusted those who heard him. The patron of the mosque was a prince who was just and amiable. He did not wish to pain the crier, and said, "O sir! there are Mu'azzins attached to this mosque to whom the office has descended from of old, each of whom has an allowance of five dinars, and I will give thee ten to go to another place." This was agreed upon, and he departed. After some time he returned to the prince and said, "O my lord! thou didst me injustice in sending me from this place for ten dinars. In the place whence I have come they offered me twenty dinars to go somewhere else, and I will not accept it." The prince laughed and said, "Take care not to accept it, for they will consent to give thee even fifty dinars."

COUPLET

No mattock can the clay remove from off the granite stone
So well as thy discordant voice can make the spirit moan.

Translations by E. B. Eastwick

THE PENALTY OF STUPIDITY

From the 'Rose-Garden'

A MAN got sore eyes. He went to a horse-doctor, and said, "Treat me." The veterinary surgeon applied to his eyes a little of what he was in the habit of putting into the eyes of quadrupeds, [and] he became blind. They carried the case before the judge. He said, "No damages are [to be recovered] from him: if this fellow were not an ass, he would not have gone to a farrier." The object of this story is, that thou mayst know that he who intrusts an important matter to an inexperienced person will suffer regret, and the wise will impute weakness of intellect to him.

The clear-seeing man of intelligence commits not
Momentous affairs to the mean.
Although the mat-weaver is a weaver,
People will not take him to a silk factory.

Translated by J. T. Platts

JALAL AD-DIN RUMI

THE appellation Rumi, or "Syrian," is given to the Persian poet Jalal ad-Din, or "Splendor of the Faith," because most of his life was passed at Iconium in Rum, or Asia Minor. He may best be remembered as the founder of the Maulavi, or "whirling" dervishes, whose austerity of life, mystic philosophy, enthusiastic devotion, and religious ecstasy, superinduced by their rapidly revolving dance, are familiar to readers of Eastern literature. His writings, like those of Jami, Nizami, and others, breathe the deep spirituality of Sufi philosophy: the world and all that is comprised therein is but a part of God, and the universe exists only through Him; Love Divine is all-pervading, and the rivers of life pour their waters into the boundless ocean of the supreme soul; man must burnish the mirror of his heart and wipe away the dross of self that blurs the perfect image there. This is the key to his religious and mystic poetry.

Not only was Jalal ad-Din Rumi himself renowned, but he inherited renown from distinguished ancestors, and the blood of the ancient Khvarasmian kings flowed in his veins. He was born at Balkh, in Bactria, in 1207 A.D., his father being a zealous teacher, preacher, and scholar whose learning and influence won for him such popularity with the people of Balkh that it aroused the jealous opposition of the reigning Sultan. Obliged to leave his native city, he wandered westward with his family, and ultimately settled in Syria, where he founded a college under the generous patronage of the Sultan of Rum, and where he died, honored with years and with favors, just when his son had passed into manhood.

Upon his father's death Jalal ad-Din succeeded to his parent's chair and entered upon the distinguished career for which his natural gifts and careful training had destined him. He was already married; and when sorrow came through the untimely death of a son and the sad fate of a beloved teacher and friend, Shams ad-Din of Tabriz, Jalal's life seems to have assumed a deeper tinge of somber richness and a fuller tone of spiritual devotion that colors his verse. Revered for his teaching, his purity of life, and his poetic talents, his fame soon spread, and he gained a goodly following. Among many anecdotes told of his upright but uneventful life is one that ascribes to him supernatural power. Preaching on the banks of a pond to a large concourse assembled to listen to his words, his voice could not be heard for the incessant croaking of innumerable frogs. Calmly proceeding to the brink of the water, he bade the frogs be still until, his discourse ended, he turned once more to the edge of the lake and gave them permission to pipe up again. Immediately their voices began to resound once more and have ever since re-echoed in this hallowed spot.

Today Jalal ad-Din Rumi's fame rests upon one *magnum opus,* the 'Masnavi,' a title which literally signifies "measure," then a poem composed in that particular measure, and finally the poem *par excellence* written in this meter. It is a large collection of some 30,000 or 40,000 rhymed couplets, teaching Divine love and the purification of the heart under the guise of tales, anecdotes, precepts, parables, and legends; and its poetic merit, religious fervor, and philosophic depth are universally acknowledged. It is composed of six books, and seems to have been finished just as its author died in 1273 A.D.

A. V. Williams Jackson

THE SONG OF THE REED, OR DIVINE AFFECTIONS

LIST how that reed is telling its story; how it is bewailing the pangs of separation: —

Whilst they are cutting me away from the reed-bed, men and maidens are regretting my fluting.

My bosom is torn to pieces with the anguish of parting, in my efforts to express the yearnings of affection.

Every one who liveth banished from his own family will long for the day which will see them reunited.

To every assembly I still bore my sorrow, whether the companion of the happy or the unhappy.

Every one personally was ever a friend, but no one sought to know the secrets within me.

My affections and my regrets were never far distant, but neither eye nor ear can always discern light.

The body is not veiled from the soul, nor the soul from the body; but to see the soul hath not been permitted.

It is love that with its fire inspireth the reed; it is love that with its fervor inflameth the wine.

Like the reed, the wine is at once bane and antidote; like the reed, it longeth for companionship, and to breathe the same breath.

The reed it is that painteth in blood the story of the journey, and inspired the love-tale of the frenzied Majnun.[1]

Devoid of this sense, we are but senseless ourselves; and the ear and the tongue are but partners to one another.

In our grief, our days glide on unprofitably; and heart-compunctions accompany them on their way.

But if our days pass in blindness, and we are impure, O remain Thou — Thou, like Whom none is pure.

No untried man can understand the condition of him who hath been sifted; therefore, let your words be short, and let him go in peace.

Rise up, young man; burst thy bonds, and be free! How long wilt thou be the slave of thy silver and thy gold?

If thou shouldest fill thy pitcher from the ocean, what were thy store? The pittance of a day!

In the eye of the covetous man it would not be full. If the shell lay not contented in its bed, it would never be filled with the pearl.

He whose garment is rent by Love Divine — he only is cleansed from avarice, and the multitude of sins.

Hail to thee, Love, our sweet insanity! O thou, the physician of all our ills!

Thou, our Plato and our Galen, the medicine of our pride and our self-estimation!

By Love the earthly eye is raised to heaven, the hills begin to dance, and the mountains are quickened.

[1] Majnun is the type *par excellence* of the lover in Arabic and Persian literature, and his longing for Laila forms the theme of more than one great poet, Nizami among others (see pages 351–356).

Could I join my lip to that of one who breatheth my breath, I would utter words as melodious as my reed.

When the rose-garden is withered, and the rose is gone, thou wilt hear no longer news of the nightingale.

How should I be able any longer to retain my understanding, when the light of my beloved one no longer shineth upon me?

If the lover no longer receiveth his nourishment, he must perish like a bird deprived of its food.

Translated by Samuel Robinson

THE MERCHANT AND THE PARROT

THERE was a merchant owned a parrot which was kept shut up in a cage, the paroquet's world.

On a certain occasion the merchant made preparations for a journey, beginning with Hindustan.

Calling each of his man-servants and his maid-servants, he said: "What am I to bring back to you? Let me know."

Each expressed a wish according to his own choice; and the good man promised something to every one.

Turning to the poll-parrot, he said: "And what gift am I to bring you from the land of Hindustan?"

Polly replied: "When you see those parrots there, make my situation known to them, and say: —

"'There is a certain parrot who is longing for you, but is confined from the free vault of heaven, shut up in a cage.

"'He sends you his greetings, and he asks of you direction and some means of deliverance.'

"And add: 'Does it seem fair for me to be wasting my life in longing and to die here far away?

"'Am I to be allowed to continue in durance vile, while you are in green nooks among the boughs?

"'Is this to be the loyalty of friends — for me to be in a cage, and you out in the gardens?

"'Recall to memory that grieving bird, O ye grandees, in the morning draft amid your delightsome nooks.'"

[The parrot proceeds then to expatiate upon love, and upon the union existing between souls.]

The merchant received the message, with its salutation, to deliver to the bird's kindred.

And when he came to the far-off land of Hindustan, he saw in the desert parrots, many a one.

Stopping his beast and raising his voice, he delivered his salutation and his message.

Then, wonderful to relate, one of the parrots began a great fluttering, and down it fell, dead, and breathed its last.

The merchant sore repented of telling his message, and said: "'Tis only for the death of a living creature I am come.

"There was perchance a connection between these parrots, two bodies with but a single soul.

"Ah, why did I do it? Why did I carry out my commission? I am helplessly grieved at telling this."

[The merchant moralizes at some length upon life, and upon the soul and its relation to God.]

When the merchant had finished up his business abroad, he returned to his glad home.

And to every man-servant he presented some gift, and to each maid-servant he handed out a gift.

Then up spake the Polly: "What gift for the prisoner? What did you see and what did you say? Tell me that."

Said the merchant: "Ah me! That whereof I repent me, and for which I could bite my hand and gnaw my fingers.

"Why did I, through ignorance and folly, vainly carry that idle message?"

Said Poll: "Merchant, what's this repentance about? And what has brought about this passion and grief?"

He replied: "I told that plaintive story of yours to a flock of parrots that looked just like you.

"And a certain parrot felt so keenly for your distress that its heart broke in twain, and it fluttered and dropped dead.

"I felt deep regret. What was this I had said? But what does regret help, whatever I said?"

[The merchant moralizes at some length.]

As soon as the parrot heard what that bird had done, he too fluttered and dropped down and grew cold.

When the merchant observed it thus fallen, he started up and flung down his turban upon the ground.

And when he saw the bird in such plight and condition, he started to tear the very clothes at his throat,

Saying: "O Polly, my pretty creature, what is this, alas, that has happened thee? Why art thou thus?

"Ah, alas, my sweet-voiced bird! Ah, alas, my companion and confidant!
"Ah, alas, my sweet-note bird; my spirit of joy and angel of the garden!"

[He continues to lament over the departed bird. But it must have fallen in accordance with the Divine Will. Man's dependence is upon God.]

Thereupon the merchant tossed the bird out of the cage; but the paroquet instantly flew up on a high bough. The merchant was dumfounded at the bird's conduct; amazed and at a loss, he marveled at the mystery of the bird.

And looking upward he said: "My nightingale, give some explanation of what you have done! . . ."

Said the parrot: "That bird it was gave me counsel how I should act; in effect, this: 'Rid yourself of your speech, voice, and talking;

"'For it is your voice that has brought you into captivity.' And then to prove its counsel it died itself."

[The parrot dilates further in religious manner upon the changes and chances of mortal life.]

Then Polly gave one or two bits more of guileless advice, and now said: —

"Adieu, good-by! Farewell, my merchant; you have done a mercy to me: you have set me free from bonds and oppression.

"Farewell, O merchant: I am now going home; and one day mayest thou become free just like me."

The merchant responded: "To God's keeping go thou; thou hast taught me from this instant a new path of life."

Version by A. V. Williams Jackson

THE CHINESE AND ROMAN ARTISTS; OR, THE MIRROR OF THE HEART

THIS contest heed, of Chinaman's and Roman's art.

The Chinese urged they had the greater painters' skill;
The Romans pleaded they of art the throne did fill.
The sovereign heard them both: decreed a contest fair;
Results the palm should give the worthiest of the pair.

The parties twain a wordy war waged in debate;
The Romans' show of science did predominate.
The Chinamen then asked to have a house assigned
For their especial use; and one for Rome designed.
Th' allotted houses stood on either side one street;
In one the Chinese, one the Roman artists meet.

The Chinese asked a hundred paints for their art's use:
The sovereign his resources would not them refuse.
Each morning from the treasury, rich colors' store
Was served out to the Chinese till they asked no more.
The Romans argued, " Color or design is vain:
We simply have to banish soil and filth amain."
They closed their gate. To burnish then they set themselves;
As heaven's vault, simplicity filled all their shelves:
Vast difference there is 'twixt colors and not one.
The colors are as clouds; simplicity's the moon.
Whatever tinge you see embellishing the clouds,
You know comes from the sun, the moon, or stars in crowds.

At length the Chinamen their task had quite fulfilled;
With joy intense their hearts did beat, their bosoms thrilled.
The sovereign came, inspected all their rich designs,
And lost his heart with wonder at their talents' signs.
He then passed to the Romans, that his eyes might see;
The curtains were withdrawn to show whate'er might be.
The Chinese paintings all, their whole designs in full,
Reflected truly were on that high-burnished wall.
Whatever was depicted by the Chinese art
Was reproduced by mirrors, perfect every part.

Those Romans are our mystics, know, my worthy friend:
No art, no learning; study, none: but gain their end.
They polish well their bosoms, burnish bright their hearts,
Remove all stain of lust, of self, pride, hate's deep smarts.
That mirror's purity prefigures their hearts' trust;
With endless images' reflections it incrust.

Translated by J. W. Redhouse

HAFIZ

HAFIZ, the famous lyric poet of Iran in the fourteenth century, is sometimes called the Persian Anacreon. He caroled the praises of of the rose and of the springtide, and sang the glories of spiritual beauty and love, or chanted in plaintive strains the sad note of the bulbul or nightingale in Persia at a time not far distant from that in which England listened to the measures of Chaucer.

This tender and sensitive bard was born about the opening of the fourteenth century. His full name was Khwaja Shams ad-Din Muhammad Hafiz; we are told that he was of good family; and we know that he must have had an excellent education. His pen name "Hafiz" ["retainer"; *i. e.,* "one who remembers," or "who knows the Qur'an by heart"] is significant; and his native city of Shiraz, whose praises he sounds, has become synonymous with poetic inspiration. He stands almost as the last and greatest in the line which can boast of Firdausi, Nizami, Omar Khayyam, Jalal ad-Din Rumi, Sa'di, and Jami; and the charm of his style, the beauty of his language, the pure flow of his verse, and the passionate depth of his thought and feeling, whether it be in lyric outpouring of his own soul or in the veiled, mystic ecstasy of spiritual devotion concealed under the guise of material images, rightly render him a poet's poet.

His life seems not to have been very eventful, and it is only surmise that presumes that his youth may have been Anacreontic. A tradition, however, is preserved which shows that his verse early won him world-wide fame. His name reached India and came to the ears of the Deccan prince, Sultan Mahmud Shah Bahmani, who invited the gifted bard to visit his court, and sent him a handsome present to defray the expenses of his journey. Hafiz, like Horace, if the story be true, seems to have been a poor sailor, and in terror of shipwreck he turned back before he had fairly started on his voyage, sending to his generous patron a panegyric instead of presenting himself. He apologized for his absence on the ground of dread of the dangers of the deep; and his expressed preference for the quiet life and charming beauties of Shiraz does not seem to have displeased the liberal-minded potentate.

A pretty story is also told regarding one of Hafiz's odes that became known to the Tatar conqueror Timur Lang (Tamerlane), the ghazal beginning—

"If that beauty of Shiraz would take my heart in hand,"

in which he offers to exchange the cities of Samarkand and Bokhara for "the dark mole" on his favorite's cheek. When the great Tamerlane subdued Farsistan, he is said to have summoned Hafiz to his presence and to have rebuked him sternly for such lavish recklessness in giving away what was not a poet's to bestow. The minstrel's wit was equal to the occasion: kissing the ground at the conqueror's feet, he replied, "Sultan of the world, it is through such generosity that I am come to this disastrous day." It is needless to add the happy result, though one wishes that the truth of the story were less uncertain. Like Pindar and other famous poets, stories are also not wanting as to how Hafiz received the gift of song; fanciful as they may be, they all show the esteem in which he was held, not in Persia alone, but abroad.

Hafiz was married, if we rightly interpret the pathetic lines that lament

a home left desolate by the departure of a being for whom his soul breathed the Divine awe. His own death occurred about 1389, and it is said that the Moslem priests at first declined to perform the last rites over his body, since exception was taken to the orthodoxy of some of his poetical compositions. It was determined to decide the matter by lot; a number of verses chosen at random from Hafiz's own poems were tossed into an urn, and a child was appointed to draw one out which was found to read: —

> "From the bier of Hafiz keep not back thy foot,
> For though he be immersed in sin, he goeth to Paradise."

The body was at once accorded proper burial, and his grave in a shaded garden near Shiraz, with its beautifully inscribed alabaster slab, still forms a monument to his memory, if one were needed besides his charming odes.

Hafiz was a prolific writer; the manuscript and printed editions of his works comprise more than five hundred ghazals or odes. A ghazal — ode, or perhaps, rather, sonnet — is a poem not exceeding sixteen or seventeen couplets. The last two words of the first couplet rhyme, and with these also rhymes the second line of every couplet in the poem; all the odd lines, except in the first couplet, are entirely independent of rhyme. The signature of the poet, as a rule, is woven into the last verse of the ghazal, and a series of ghazals, when gathered into a collection, is called a Divan, the poems being arranged according to the initial letter of the Persian word with which they begin. Hafiz also wrote quatrains and a number of other short poetical compositions; and so popular was his 'Divan' that it came to be consulted as an oracle.

The poetic merit of Hafiz's work is generally recognized, but there is much debate as to whether his poems are to be taken in a literal or in a spiritual sense. Some see in his praises of love and of wine, of musky tresses and slender cypress forms, merely the passion of an Ovid or an Anacreon. Others, however, especially in the East, read spiritual thoughts of Divine love, of the soul and God, behind the physical imagery: wine is the spirit, it is not the juice of the grape; and the draught from the tavern is but the quaffing of the cup of self-oblivion. Doubtless there is much truth in this interpretation, which is genuinely Oriental and in accordance with the mystic doctrines of the Sufis. Even in the Occident medieval poets employed similar physical images for religous awe and adoration, and it would be possible to cite parallels among English poets of the seventeenth century, like the Fletchers, Donne, and Crashaw. Yet, just as in their case, there can be little doubt that many odes of Hafiz, notably, perhaps, those of his earlier youth, scarcely admit of other than a material and passionate interpretation; but in any event, grace, charm, beauty, and delicate feeling are never absent from the poetry of this Persian bard.

A. V. Williams Jackson

SELECTED GHAZALS OR ODES

IF that beauty of Shiraz would take my heart in hand, I would give for her dark mole Samarkand and Bokhara.

Boy, bring me the wine that remaineth; for in Paradise thou wilt not see the banks of the water of Ruknabad, nor the rose bower of our Musalla.

Alas! those saucy lovely ones, those charming disturbers of our city, bear away patience from my heart as Turkomans their repast of plunder!

Yet the beauty of our maidens is independent of our imperfect love! To a lovely face what need is there of paint or dyes, of mole or down?

Speak to me of the musician and of wine, and search less into the secrets of futurity; for no one in his wisdom ever hath discovered, or ever will discover, that mystery.

I can understand how the beauty of Joseph, which added new luster to the day, withdrew Zulaikha from the veil of her modesty.[1]

Thou hast spoken evil of me, and I am contented — God forgive thee! Thou hast spoken well; for even a bitter word is beseeming, when it cometh from a ruby sugar-dropping lip.

Give ear, O my soul, to good counsel; for better than their own souls love youths of a happy disposition the admonition of the aged wise.

Thou hast composed thy ghazal; thou hast strung thy pearls: come and sing it sweetly, O Hafiz! for Heaven hath shed upon thy poetry the harmony of the Pleiades.

Is there aught sweeter than the delights of the garden and companionship of the spring? But where is the Cup-bearer? Say, what is the cause of his lingering?

Every pleasant moment that cometh to your hand, score up as an invaluable prize! Let no one hesitate, for who knoweth the conclusion of the matter?

The tie of life is but a hair! Use thine intelligence; be thyself thine own comrade in sorrow, and what then is the sorrow which Fate can deal thee?

The meaning of the Fountain of Life and the Gardens of Iram — what is it but the enjoyment of a running stream and a delicious wine?

The temperate man and the intemperate are both of one tribe: what choice is there between them, that we should surrender our souls to dubious reasonings?

1 The loves of Joseph and Zulaikha, the wife of Potiphar, form the theme of poems by Firdausi and other Persian bards, notably Jami (see pp. 381–385).

What reveal the silent heavens of that which is behind the veil? O litigant, why dispute with the keeper of the Veil?
If to him who is bound up in error or sin there is no room for warning or amendment, what meaning is there in the words "Canceling, and the mercy of the Forgiving One"?
The devotee longs for draughts from the river Kuthar, and Hafiz from a goblet of wine. Between these, the will of the Creator — what would *that* be?

In the hour of dawn the bird of the garden thus spoke to a freshly blown rose: "Be less disdainful, for in this garden hath bloomed many a one like thee."
The rose smiled, and said, "We have never grieved at hearing the truth; but no lover would speak so harshly to his beloved!"
To all eternity, the odor of love will never reach the brain of that man who hath never swept with his brow the dust from the sill of the wine-house.
Dost thou desire to drink the ruby-tinted wine from that gold-begemmed goblet, how many a pearl must thou first pierce with the point of thine eyelashes!
Yesterday, when in the Rose Garden of Iram the morning breeze with its gentle breath began to disturb the hair of the spikenard,
I exclaimed, "O throne of Jamshid, where is thy magic world-reflecting mirror?" and it replied, "Alas! that that watchful Fortune should be slumbering!"
The words of love are not those that come to the tongue: O Cup-bearer, cut short this asking and answering.
The tears of Hafiz have cast patience and wisdom into the sea: how could it be otherwise? The burning pangs of love how could he conceal?

The Fast is over, the Festival is come, and hearts are lifted up, and the wine is sparkling in the wine-house, and wine we must drink!
The turn of the heavy dealer in abstinence is past, the season of joy is arrived, and of joyous revelers!
Why should reproach be heaped upon him, who like me quaffeth wine? This is neither sin nor fault in the jovial lover!
The drinker of wine, in whom is no false show and no dissimulation, is better than he who is a trader in semblances.
We are neither dissembling revelers, nor the comrades of hypocrites: He who is the knower of all secrets knoweth this.
We discharge all our Divine obligations and do evil to no man; and whatever we are told is not right, we say not that it is right.

What mattereth it, that thou and I should quaff a few goblets of wine? Wine is the blood of the vine; it is not thy blood!
This is not a fault which throweth all into confusion; and were it a fault, where is the man to be found who is free from faults?
Hafiz, leave thou the "How" and the "Wherefore," and drink for a moment thy wine: His wisdom hath withholden from us what is the force of the words "How" and "WHEREFORE."

O Lord, that smiling rose which Thou gavest me in charge, I return to Thy charge, to preserve her from the envious eye of her meadow.
Although she be removed a hundred stages from the village of faithfulness, far be the mischiefs of the revolutions of the moon from her soul and body!
Whithersoever she goeth, the heart of her friend shall be the companion of her journey; the kindness of the benevolent the shield of her soul and body!
If, morning wind, thou passest by the bounds of Sulima's station, I shall look that thou carry a salutation from me to Sulima.
Scatter thy musky fragrance gently upon those black tresses: they are the abode of dear hearts — do not disturb them!
Say to her, "My heart preserveth its vow of fidelity to the mole and down of thy cheek"; therefore hold sacred those amber-plaited ringlets.
In the place where they drink to the memory of her lip, base would be the intoxicated one who should remain conscious of himself!
Merchandise and money expect not to gain at the door of the wine-house. Whoever partaketh of this beverage will cast his pack into the sea.
Whoever is in dread of the restlessness of anxiety, not genuine is his love: either be her foot upon my head, or be my lip upon her mouth!
The poetry of Hafiz is the primary couplet of wisdom: praise be on her soul-attracting and grace-inspiring breath!

The bird of my heart is a sacred bird, whose nest is the throne of God: sick of its cage of the body, it is satiated with the things of the world.
If once the bird of the spirit wingeth its flight from this pit of mire, it findeth its resting-place once more only at the door of that palace;
And when the bird of my heart flieth upward, its place is the sidrah-tree; for know that our falcon reposeth only on the pinnacle of the Throne.
The shadow of good fortune falleth upon the world, whenever our bird spreadeth its pinions and feathers over the earth.

In both worlds [2] its station is only in the loftiest sphere; its body is from the quarry, but its soul is confined to no dwelling.
Only the highest heaven is the secret bower of our bird; its drinking-place is in the rose arbors of the Garden of Paradise.
O Hafiz, thou perplexed one, when thou breathest a word about Unity, inscribe Unity with thy reed on the page of man and spirit!

If at the voice of the turtle-dove and the nightingale thou wilt not quaff wine, how can I cure thee, save by the last remedy — burning?
When the Rose hath cast her veil, and the bird is reciting his "Hu, Hu!" put not the cup from thy hand! What meaneth thine "Oh! Oh!"?
Whilst the Water of Life is in thy hand, die not of thirst! "Water giveth life to all things."
Lay up treasures for thyself from the hues and odors of springtide, for follow quickly on its heel the autumn and the winter.
Fate bestoweth no gift which it taketh not back: ask not aught of sordid humanity; the trifle it bestoweth is a nothing.
The grandeur of sovereignty and power, how should it be stable? Of the throne of Jam, and the diadem of Kai, what is left save a fable?
Whoso heapeth up riches to be the heritage of the mean is an infidel: so say the minstrel and the cup-bearer; such is the decree of the cymbal and the fife!
It is written on the portico of the mansion of Paradise: "Woe to him who hath purchased the smiles of the world!"
Generosity is departed! I fold up my words "Where is the wine?" that I may give "May the soul of Hatim Tai dwell in bliss forever!"
The miser will never breathe the fragrance of heaven! Come, Hafiz! take the cup and practise liberality, and I will be thy surety!

Translations by Samuel Robinson

Without the beloved's face, the rose — is not pleasant.
Without wine, spring — is not pleasant.

The border of the sward and the air of the garden
Without the [beloved of] tulip cheek — is not pleasant.

With the beloved, sugar of lip, rose of body,
[To be] without kiss and embrace — is not pleasant.

[2] *I.e.*, this world and the world to come.

The dancing of the cypress, and the rapture of the rose,
Without the song of the *hazar* [a species of nightingale] — is not pleasant.

Every picture that reason's hand depicteth,
Save the picture of the [living beauteous] idol — is not pleasant.

The garden and the rose and wine, [all] is pleasant; but
Without the beloved's society — is not pleasant.

Hafiz! the soul is [but] a despicable coin;
For scattering [on the true beloved] it — is not pleasant.

Translated by Lieut.-Col. H. Wilberforce Clarke

O cup-bearer! bring the joy of youth; bring cup after cup of red wine.
Bring medicine for the disease of love; bring wine, which is the balm of old and young.
Do not grieve for the revolution of time, that it wheeled thus and not thus. Touch the lute in peace.
Wisdom is very wearisome; bring for its neck the noose of wine.
When the rose goes, say "Go gladly," and drink wine, red like the rose.
If the moan of the turtle does not remain, what matter? Bring music in the jug of wine.
The sun is wine and the moon the cup. Pour the sun into the moon.
To drink wine is either good or bad: drink, if it be bad or if it be good.
Her face cannot be seen except in a dream; bring then the medicine of sleep.
Give cup after cup to Hafiz; pour, whether it be sin or sanctity.

Translated by Justin Huntly McCarthy

Minstrel, awake the sound of glee, joyous and eager, fresh and free.
Fill me the bumper bounteously, joyous and eager, fresh and free.
O for a bower and one beside, delicate dainty, there to hide;
Kisses at will to seize and be joyous and eager, fresh and free.
Sweet is my dear, a thief of hearts; bravery, beauty, saucy arts,
Odors and unguents, all for me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.
How shall the fruit of life be thine, if thou refuse the fruitful vine?
Drink of the wine and pledge with me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.
Call me my Saki silver-limbed, bring me my goblet silver-rimmed;
Fain would I fill and drink to thee, joyous and eager, fresh and free.
Wind of the West, if e'er thou roam, pass on the way my fairy's home,
Whisper of Hafiz amorously, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Version by Walter Leaf

JAMI

THE Persian poet Jami was the last classical minstrel of Iran, and a master of historical, lyrical, and mystic literature. His native place was Jam, a small town in the neighborhood of Herat in Khorassan, whence he was called Jami, although he himself plays on this appellation as meaning also "a cup," signifying that he poured out the spiritual wine of the love of God, the wine of which the mystic Sufis so often speak.

The poet's full name was Nur ad-Din 'Abd ar-Rahman Jami; he was born in 1414, and from early youth was educated by eminent teachers. He made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and his fame as a poet was so wide-spread that princes were ready to offer him favors unasked. At heart, however, he was devoted to Dervish teaching and to Sufi philosophy, which won for him such reputation for sanctity that when he passed away in 1492, he was mourned by the people of Herat and by the highest dignitaries of State.

According to some accounts, Jami was the author of nearly a hundred works, and it is no exaggeration to attribute to him at least forty. Seven of the best were gathered into a collection entitled 'Haft Aurang' ['The Seven Stars of the Great Bear,' or 'The Seven Thrones']. One of these is the pathetic story of 'Laila and Majnun'; another is the allegorical moral poem 'Salaman and Absal,' of which Edward Fitzgerald made an English adaptation; and a third is the romantic tale of 'Yusuf and Zulaikha,' or Joseph and Potiphar's wife, a theme which had already been treated by Firdausi and other poets. The story is not the simple incident of the Bible, but is elaborately developed from the twelfth Sura of the Qur'an. Thrice the youthful Zulaikha dreams of an ideal spouse, but in her marriage with Potiphar she suffers bitter disappointment, intensified by her discovery that the handsome Joseph, purchased in the slave market, is the embodiment of the glorious apparition that she had beheld in vision. The poem is then developed on highly romantic lines, so as to bring out each of the characters in clearest colors; but after the vicissitudes of years, the epic ends happily when Zulaikha, now widowed, is united to Joseph as the ideal of manly beauty and purity, and she becomes a worshiper of the true God. Jami's prose work the 'Baharistan' ['Abode of Spring'] comprises a series of pithy short stories, entertaining brief tales, or Oriental wisdom, and is modeled on Sa'di's 'Gulistan.'

A. V. Williams Jackson

FROM THE 'YUSUF AND ZULAIKHA'

LOVE

A HEART which is void of the pains of love is not heart;
A body without heart woes is nothing but clay and water.
Turn thy face away from the world to the pangs of love;
For the world of love is a world of sweetness.
Let there not be in the world an unloving heart!
Let not the pangs of love be less in the bosom of any one!
Heaven itself is confused with longings after love;
Earth is filled with the tumult at the clamors of its passion.
Become the captive of love, in order to become free;
Lay its sorrows to thy heart, that thou mayest know its gladness.
The wine of love will inebriate and warm thee,
Will free from thee coldness and devotion to self.
In the memories of love the lover renews his freshness;
In his devotion to it he creates for himself a lofty fame.
If Majnun had never drunk the wine from this cup,
Who would have spread his name throughout the worlds?
Thousands of the wise and learned have passed away,
Passed away — forgotten, because strangers to love;
No name, no trace remains of their existence,
No history of them is left on the records of Time.
Many are the birds of beautiful forms
Which the people closes its lip and refuses to speak of;
When those who have all hearts tell stories of love,
The stories they tell are of the Moth and the Nightingale.
In the world thou mayest be skilled in a hundred arts —
Love is the only one which will free thee from thyself.
Turn not thy face from love: even if it be shallow,
It is thy apprenticeship for learning the true one;
If thou dost not first learn thine A B C on thy slate,
How wilt thou ever be able to read a lesson from the Qur'an?
I heard of a scholar who besought a teacher
To assist him in treading the path of his doctrine;
The teacher replied: "Thou hast never yet stirred a foot in the way of love;
Go — become a lover, and then appear before me;
For till thou hast tasted the symbolical wine-cup,
Thou wilt never drain the real one to the lees."
No! thou must not stay lingering over the image,
But quickly transport thyself over this bridge:

If thou desirest ever to reach the inn,
Thou must not remain standing at the bridge ahead.
Praise be to God! that so long as I have dwelt in this monastery,
I have been a nimble traveler in the road of love!
When the midwife first divided the navel-string,
She divided it with the knife of love;
When my mother first put my lips to her breast,
She gave me to suck the blood-tinged milk of love;
Although my hair is now white as milk,
The savor of love still dwells in my mind.
In youth or in age there is nothing like love;
The enchantment of love breathes upon me forever.
" Jami," it says, " thou hast grown old in love:
Rouse thy spirit, and in love die!
Compose a tale on the pleasures of love,
That thou mayest leave to the world some memorial of thy existence!
Draw thou a picture with thy delicate pencil,
Which, when thou quittest thy place, may remain in thy stead."

BEAUTY

IN that solitude in which Being is without a mark,
The universe still lay hidden in the treasure-house of non-existence;
Whilst its substance had not yet taken the form of duality,
And was far from speech and talk, from " We " and " Ye " —
Beauty was free from the shackles of form,
And by its own light alone was it visible to itself;
It was a lovely bride behind the veil of her nuptial chamber,
Her vesture unsullied by a suspicion of a speck.
There was no mirror to reflect back its countenance,
Nor had ever comb passed a hand through its ringlets;
No breeze had ever ruffled a lock of its tresses;
Its eye had never been touched by a grain of surma dust;
No nightingale had yet nestled under the shade of his rose;
No rose had put yet on her adornment of verdure;
Its cheek was not yet embellished by mole or down,
And no eye had yet beheld it even in imagination;
Its voice of endearment was with itself alone,
And with itself was played its game of affection.

But wherever the power of Beauty exists,
Beauty is angered to be hidden by a veil.
A lovely face will not endure concealment:

Bar but the door, it will escape by the window!
Behold the tulip on the mountain-top,
How smilingly it comes forth in the vernal season;
It shoots out of the earth thro' every cleft of the rock,
And forces itself into notice by its own loveliness.
When a feeling of Beauty once falls upon the sight,
And strangely threads itself on the tie of sensation,
It can never again pass away from the fancy;
It insists henceforth on being heard or spoken of.
Wherever is the Beautiful, this is its law,
Imposed by the action of the Eternal Beauty;
Coming from the realms of the Holy, here it pitched its station,
And revealed itself in every quarter and to every spirit.
In every mirror is reflected its face,
In every place is heard its conversation and language;
And all the holy who are seeking the Holy,
Exclaim in ecstasy, " O thou Holy One! "
And from all the divers in this celestial ocean
Rises the shout, " Glory to the Lord of Angels! "

From its brightness a beam fell upon the Rose,
And from the Rose came its melody into the soul of the Nightingale;
From its fire the Taper kindled up its cheek,
And forthwith a hundred Moths were burnt in every chamber;
From its light a spark set on fire the sun,
And straightway the Nile-lily raised its head from the water.
By its countenance Laila arrayed her own,
And Majnun's passion was inflamed by every hair;
The mouth of Shirin opened its sugared lip,
And stole the heart of Parviz and the soul of Farhad;
The Moon of Canaan [Joseph] raised its head from its breast,
And bore away reason from the brain of Zulaikha.
Yes! — Beauty unveils its countenance in the private chamber,
Even when hid behind the veil from earthly lovers;
Of every veil which thou seest it is the veil-holder,
'Tis its decree which carries every heart into bondage;
In its love only has the heart its life;
In its love only has the soul its felicity.
The heart of every one who is enamored with the lovely
Is inspired by its love, whether he knows it or not.
Beware that thou fall into no error as to Beauty:
Love we must, when it shows forth its charms;
For as each thing is fair, so it is worthy of love:

It is the stem whence comes the object;
Thou art the mirror, it brings thee the image;
Thou art hid by a veil, it shows itself openly;
When thou lookest on Beauty, it is the mirror also,
For it is not only the treasure, but the treasure-house too.
We have in this matter no right to intermeddle — thou and I;
Our opinions about it are but vain fancies!
Be silent! — for this is a tale which has no ending;
Its language is one which has no interpreter.
Better for us that our business be love,
For without its converse we are nothing — nothing!

ZULAIKHA'S FIRST DREAM

A NIGHT it was sweet as the morning of life,
Joy-augmenting like the days of youth!
Fish and fowl rested from motion,
Business drew its foot within the skirt of its garment.
Within this pleasure-house, full of varieties,
Naught remained open save the eye of the star.
Night, the thief, robbed the sentinel of his understanding;
The bell-ringer stilled the tongue of the bell;
The hound wound its tail round its neck like a collar,
And in that collar stifled its baying;
The bird of the night drew out its sword-like feathers,
And cut off its tuneful reed [*i. e.*, its throat] from its morning song;
The watchman on the dome of the royal palace
Saw in imagination the drowsy poppy-head,
And no longer retained the power of wakefulness —
The image of that poppy-head called him into slumber.
The drummer no longer beat his tymbal,
His hand could no longer hold the drumstick.
The Mu'azzin from the Minaret no longer cried, "Allah! Allah! the Ever-Living!
Roll up your mattresses, ye nightly dead, and neglect not prayer!"
Zulaikha, of the sugar lips, was enjoying the sweetest slumber
Which had fallen on her soft narcissus-like eyes;
Her head pressed the pillow with its hyacinthine locks,
And her body the couch with its roseate burthen.
The hyacinthine locks were parted on the pillow,
And painted the roseate cheeks with silken streaks;

The image-seeing eye was closed in slumber,
But another eye was open — that of the soul:
With that she saw suddenly enter a young man —
Young man, do I say? — rather a spirit!
A blessed figure from the realms of light,
Beauteous as a Huri borne off from the Garden of the Seventh Heaven,
And had robbed trait by trait of each beauty, excellence, and perfection,
Copying one by one every alluring attraction.
His stature was that of the fresh box-tree;
The free-cypress in its freedom was a slave compared with his;
His hair from above hung down like a chain,
And fettered hand and foot even the judgment of the wise;
From his brow shot so resplendent a flash of light,
That sun and moon bent to the ground before him;
His eyebrows, which might have been a high altar for the saintly,
Were an amber-scented canopy over the sleeper's eyes;
His face was as the moon's from its station in Paradise;
From his eyelashes darted arrows to pierce the heart;
The pearly teeth within the ruby lips
Were lightning flashing from a roseate evening sky;
The smiles of his ruby lips were as sweet as sugar —
When he laughed, his laugh was the luster of the Pleiades;
The words of his mouth were sugar itself.
When this vision rose before the eye of Zulaikha,
At one glance happened that which needs must happen:
She beheld excellence beyond human limits,
Seen not in Peri, never heard of in Huri.
From the beauty of the image and the dream of its perfection,
She became his captive, not with her one but with a hundred hearts.
Fancy made his form the ideal of her mind,
And planted in her soul the young shoot of love.

Translations by Samuel Robinson

ARMENIAN LITERATURE

WE have good reason to believe that the Armenians were akin to the ancient Thracians and Phrygians, and that they may find more distant relatives among the modern Albanians; and if this be so, it would seem just to infer that they were gifted with literary ability from very early days. Though all traces of Thracian and Phrygian literature have long since disappeared — if, indeed, it ever existed — it is certain that the Greeks regarded Thrace as the home of poetry, and to that land they ascribed Linos, the creator of the funeral chant, as well as Orpheus, whose music stirred even the trees and stones. As regards Albania, though its earliest known written documents date only from the middle of the sixteenth century, beginning with a translation of the Bible in 1555, it possesses a large amount of popular poetry of considerable beauty and interest.

The Armenians probably migrated westward from Asia, passing north of the Black Sea, crossing the Bosporus about 1250 B.C., traversing Asia Minor, arriving in the area marked by Mount Ararat and Lake Van some six centuries later, and then spreading gradually northward into the region of the Caucasus. The causes of these migrations we can only conjecture, but from the time when history first speaks of them with any exactness they have been, as they are today, a people relatively small in numbers, but characterized by unusual ability and of conspicuous bravery and tenacity. Surrounded from time immemorial by hostile neighbors, to whom they were forced to yield unwilling and often merely nominal obedience, their history has been one long tragedy, lightened only by their unquenchable heroism. Harried by the Roman Empire, an unhappy buffer state between Persia and Byzantium, the victim of the brutality of the Turks from their first appearance in Asia Minor, exiled in many lands, and now preserving a shadow of independence only as part of Soviet Russia, the Armenians have preserved for centuries, and despite every obstacle, their own individuality, language, religion, and literature.

In Armenia, as has so often been the case elsewhere, written literature began with a translation of the Bible which was officially approved by a Council of the Armenian Church at Ashtishat in 434, and which is still a model of style. It is founded on the Greek rendering known as the Septuagint. The claims of the Syriac Church were thus consciously and pointedly ignored, and those of the Greek Church were recognized, especially as the Armenian liturgy was changed at the same time from the Syriac type to the Greek form

ascribed to St. Basil. All this had much more than a purely literary, or even religious, significance: it meant that henceforth all the affiliations of Armenia were to be Occidental rather than Oriental, and that her face was turned toward powerful Byzantium, the strongest opponent of her dangerous pagan rival, Persia, who, for political reasons, tended to favor the Syrian Church.

Realizing that a literature in the native tongue was a necessity for the native Church which St. Gregory the Illuminator had re-established after his conversion of King Tiridates III early in the fourth century, the best theological works were now translated into Armenian from Syriac and Greek: from the former, though its influence practically ceased with the beginning of the sixth century, the 'Homilies' of Aphraates and the voluminous writings of Ephraim the Syrian; from the latter, works of Athanasius, the 'Hexaemeron' of Basil of Cæsarea, Gregory of Nyssa and Gregory of Nazianzum, the 'Homilies' of St. John Chrysostom, and many more. Nor was translation confined solely to religious literature, for some of the works of Aristotle and of the Neo-Platonists appeared in Armenian versions, as did the biography (or, rather, romance) of Alexander the Great by the Pseudo-Callisthenes and the 'Chronicle' of Eusebius, of which the Greek original is no longer extant save in scattered citations.

In this same "golden age" of Armenian literature, bounded by the fifth century, appeared the first recorded manifestations of the strong bent of the Armenian mind toward history and biography. The life of St. Gregory the Illuminator was written by Agathangelos, and that of St. Mesrop by Koriun, these being the precursors of a large number of lives of saints and martyrs composed in the course of many centuries, some original, others based on Greek or Syriac accounts which, in several instances, have entirely disappeared. Among the histories of this period are those of Lazar of P'arpi, Elisaeus, Faustus of Byzantium, and, above all, of Moses of Khorni, whose pages, though containing much fanciful material, have preserved practically all that is known of pre-Christian Armenia, including a few fragments of its pagan poetry. A work of value for the theologian and historian of religion is found in the treatise of Eznik of Kolb, 'Against the Sects,' while philosophy is represented by David the Invincible, and oratory by the Catholicos John the Mandakunian.

From the sixth to the eleventh century Armenia, victim first of the Persians and then of the Arabs, showed the effects of her subjugation in her literature, which fell much below the level of the "golden age." Here we can mention only such historians as Moses of Kalankatuk', who wrote on the now vanished Albanians of the Caucasus; Sebeos, whose theme was the period from the end of the fifth century to the Arab conquest; Leontius, who described the Arab invasions of Armenia up to 788; Stephen of Taron, with a history to 1004; and Aristakes of Lastivert, who recounted the events from 989 to 1071, and particularly the destruction of the ancient capital, Ani, by the

Seljuk Turks in 1064. Theological writings were numerous, as those of John of Odsun and Gregory of Narek. The hymns of the Catholicos Komitas deserve mention even in the briefest of sketches; and at least one author of this period, Gregory the Master, was at once statesman, theologian, grammarian, poet, and translator.

In the twelfth century, with the exodus of hosts of Armenians to Cilicia to escape the tyranny of the Seljuks, there was a marked revival of Armenian letters under the dynasty of the Rubenids, the last of whose line, Leo V, was destined to die an exile in Paris in 1393, and whose tomb may still be seen in the Basilica of St. Denis. The great name of this period is that of the Catholicos Narses IV, whose literary style won him the title of Shnorhali ["full of grace" both human and divine], and who was at once a prelate, a poet, and the author of a famous prayer, translated into at least twenty-four languages and divided into twenty-four parts, one for each hour of the day and night. This was, moreover, the great age of Armenian hymnody, and many other religious poets might be mentioned, among them John the Deacon, the Catholici Gregory the Child and Gregory III, Khachatur of Taron, and Nerses of Lambron, while fable literature now found its first Armenian exponent in Mkhitʿar Gosh, and history was represented by Matthew of Edessa.

In particular, this period was marked by the rise of an Armenian literature in a language closer to the vernacular of the time than was the Classical Armenian of the fifth century, which, though still the literary standard, was becoming more and more unintelligible to the bulk of the people. Here the ground was broken by writings on very practical subjects — trade and commerce, agriculture, medicine, law, and administration; and to this vernacular type belong the documents of the Royal Chancellary, the histories of Smbat and Hetʿum of Korikos, the legal code of Mkhitʿar Gosh, and a treatise on fever by Mkhitʿar of Her.

The period from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century was one of deep decline, though productive of much interest for the historian, such as the writings of Gregory the Priest, Kyriakos of Ganjak, Malachi the Monk, Thomas of Mejopʿ, and Arakhel of Tabriz, the last important name in Classical Armenian literature being that of the versatile John of Ersnka, who died in the third decade of the fourteenth century. There were also some poets who merit mention, such as Mrktich the Artist and John of Tʿlkuran in the fifteenth century, as well as Gregory of Aghtʿamar and Nahapet Kuchak in the sixteenth.

The eighteenth century saw a revival of Armenian learning and literature which paved the way for the modern period. This renaissance owed its inspiration to one man alone — Manuk of Sebaste, known in religion as Mkhitʿar ["the Comforter"]. Born in 1676 and received into the priesthood in 1696, he gathered about him a small religious community at Con-

stantinople in 1701 under the influence of French Jesuits. He transferred his allegiance from the Armenian to the Roman Church, and the community soon removed to Modon in the Morea, then under Venetian dominion, but in 1715, after the Turkish conquest of the Morea, they migrated to Venice. They had already received Papal recognition as the Congregation of Mkhit'arists, and since 1717 they have had a monastery of their own in the island of San Lazzaro near Venice. A branch of this Congregation went to Triest in 1773 and to Vienna in 1810; and, together with Tiflis, Venice and Vienna have remained ever since the great centers of Armenian scholarship, editing and interpreting every phase of the past of the mother-land.

Modern Armenian literature begins with the nineteenth century, and it may be divided into two types corresponding to the two great dialectic divergencies of the present language, Eastern and Western, the former largely under Russo-German influence, the latter partaking rather of the Latin genius, though both are inspired by a genuinely Armenian spirit. This century witnessed the development of the drama, the epic, the lyric, and the satire, to say nothing of scientific and humanistic writings of every kind; but however welcome these influences from without may be as bringing Armenia into closer contact with the world at large, one no longer feels within the area of Armenian literature in the strict sense of the term.

All in all, it must be confessed, the literature of Armenia appeals chiefly to the theologian and the historian. As the products of an independent Church, agreeing neither with Rome nor with Byzantium — though far more nearly akin to the latter — Armenian ecclesiastical literature has a distinct value for theology, especially as it has translated some works now lost in their original form; and for the historian of the Near East and of the Crusades the historical writings give important supplementary information. Belles-lettres, on the other hand, scarcely exist, except in the poems. These often breathe true beauty both of thought and of form; but, unfortunately, they are apt to be so long and so involved in diction and rhyme as to lose their charm when translated into any language other than their own.

Louis H. Gray

FRAGMENTS OF PRE-CHRISTIAN POEMS

[About fifty lines of poetry preserved in the 'History' ascribed to Moses of Khorni, and six in the Forty-eighth Letter of Gregory the Master, are expressly quoted as derived from the pagan period and are the sole remnants of the literature of that epoch. The most interesting and connected of these fragments are here reproduced in the meters of the original.]

A COSMOGONIC FRAGMENT

HEAVEN and earth both travailed sore,
Travailed too the azure sea;
From the sea their travail won
A reed of vermilion hue.
From the hollow of the reed leaped smoke,
From the hollow of the reed leaped flame;
And a young man bounded forth:
Hair like unto fire he had,
Yea, in sooth he had a beard of flame,
And the eyes of him were two twin suns.

TWO FRAGMENTS OF A HISTORICAL ROMANCE OR EPIC

Mounted then Artashes brave
A black and beauteous steed,
Took his crimson leathern thong
All decked with rings of gold,
Passed he next the river o'er
Like to an eagle swift,
Hurled his crimson leathern thong
All decked with rings of gold,
Cast it round about the waist
Of an Alan maiden;
Much the slender waist he pained
Of that fair young maiden,
Swiftly bearing her along
To his camp far distant.

Gold rained down in showers
At the marriage of King Artashes;
Pearls rained down in showers
At the nuptials of his Sat'inik.

THE LAMENT OF KING ARTASHES WHEN DYING

Recorded by Gregory the Master

Who gave to me the blazing fire
And the bright morn of New Year's Day,
The lightsome gambols of the hinds,

The mighty boundings of the stags —
To us, that in the days of yore
Loud blew the trump and beat the drum?

Translated by Louis H. Gray

CHRISTIAN POETRY

THE CHRIST-CHILD

By St. Gregory of Narek (951–1003)

THE lips of the Christ-child are like to twin leaves;
They let roses fall when He smiles tenderly.
The tears of the Christ-child are pearls when He grieves;
The eyes of the Christ-child are deep as the sea.
Like pomegranate grains are the dimples He hath,
And clustering lilies spring up in His path.

HYMN

By Nerses the Graceful (1102–1172)

O Day-spring, Sun of righteousness, shine forth with light for me!
Treasure of mercy, let my soul Thy hidden riches see!

Thou before Whom the thoughts of men lie open in Thy sight,
Unto my soul, now dark and dim, grant thoughts that shine with light!

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Almighty One in Three,
Caretaker of all creatures, have pity upon me!

Awake, O Lord, awake to help, with grace and power divine;
Awaken those who slumber now, like heaven's host to shine!

O Lord and Saviour, life-giver, unto the dead give life,
And raise up those that have grown weak and stumbled in the strife!

O skilful Pilot! Lamp of life, that burnest bright and clear!
Strength and assurance grant to me, now hid away in fear!

O Thou that makest old things new, renew me and adorn;
Rejoice me with salvation, Lord, for which I inly mourn.

Giver of good, unto my sins be Thy forgiveness given!
Lead Thy disciples, heavenly King, unto the flocks of heaven!

Defeat the evil husbandman that soweth tares and weeds;
Wither and kill in me the fruits of all his evil seeds!

O Lord, grant water to my eyes, that they may shed warm tears
To cleanse and wash away the sin that in my soul appears!

On me now hid in shadow deep, shine forth, O glory bright!
Sweet juice, quench Thou my soul's keen thirst! Show me the path of light!

Jesus, Whose name is love, with love crush thou my stony heart;
Bedew my spirit with Thy blood, and bid my griefs depart!

O Thou that even in fancy art so sweet, Lord Jesus Christ,
Grant that with Thy reality my soul may be sufficed!

When Thou shalt come again to earth, and all Thy glory see,
Upon that dread and awful day, O Christ, remember me!

Thou that redeemest men from sin, O Saviour, I implore,
Redeem him who now praises Thee, to praise Thee evermore!

A LOVE SONG

By Saïat Nova (1712–1795)

I SIGH not, while thou art my soul! Fair one, thou art to me
A golden cup, with water filled of immortality.
I sit me down, that over me may fall thy shadow, sweet;
Thou art a gold-embroidered tent to shield me from the heat.
First hear my fault, and, if thou wilt, then slay this erring man;
Thou hast all power; to me thou art the Sultan and the Khan.

Thy waist is like a cypress-tree, sugar thy tongue, in sooth;
Thy lip is candy, and thy skin like Frankish satin smooth.
Thy teeth are pearls and diamonds, the gates of dulcet tones;
Thine eyes are gold-enameled cups adorned with precious stones.
Thou art a rare and priceless gem, most wonderful to see;
A ruby rich of Mount Bedakhsh, my love, thou art to me.

How can I bear this misery, unless my heart were stone?
My tears are blood because of thee, my reason is o'erthrown.
A young vine in the garden fresh thou art to me, my fair,
Enshrined in greenness, and set round with roses everywhere.
I, like the love-lorn nightingale, would hover over thee.
A landscape of delight and love, my queen, thou art to me!

Lo, I am drunken with thy love! I wake, but my heart sleeps.
The world is sated with the world; my heart its hunger keeps.
What shall I praise thee by, when naught is left on earth save thee?
Thou art a deer, a Pegasus sprung from the fiery sea!

Speak but one word, to say thou art Saïat Nova's love,
And then what matters aught to me, in earth or heaven above?
Thy rays have filled the world; thou art a shield that fronts the sun.
Thou dost exhale the perfume sweet of clove and cinnamon,
Of violet, rose, and marjoram; to me, with love grown pale,
Thou art a red flower of the field, a lily of the vale!

Translations by Alice Stone Blackwell

A PROSE ELEGY ON ARMENIA

By Moses of Khorni

I SORROW for thee, land of Armenia, I sorrow for thee, land above all them of the north, for reft from thee are thy king and thy pontiff, the counselor and the sage. Peace hath been troubled, disorder hath taken root; the true faith hath been shaken, and heresy made strong by ignorance.

I sorrow for thee, Church of Armenia! The wondrous beauty of thy sanctuary is darkened, for thou art reft of thy good shepherd and his comrade. No longer do I behold thy spiritual flock feeding in green pastures beside the still waters; no longer do I see the sheep gathered in the fold and guarded against the wolves, but they are scattered in deserts and on precipices.

Happy the first change and the second! For then the spouse was absent with his companion, and thou, his bride, didst patiently endure the parting, . . . but in this third separation there is hope of return no more, for he and the partner of his labor and his weariness have departed this mortal life. Better it is for them to dwell in Christ, to find rest in Abraham's bosom, and to see the choirs of angels. But thou, thou remainest unsupported in thy widowhood, and we, alas, are deprived of a father's watchful care. . . . Today there is war within and terror without; we fear the heathen and battle

with the heretics, and no longer have we with us the counselor who warned us and made us ready for combat. . . .

My soul is oppressed beneath the weight of such misfortune, and I am in grave peril through the loss of our father. Where is his calm and gentle gaze upon the just, his dread glance at the evil? Where that gracious smile when his beloved pupils came, that quick gladness when he received his servants? Where that hope that made long journeys easy and caused weariness to rest? The house of hospitality is no more, and the harbor hath vanished; succor faileth us; and the voice is stilled that gave us courage. . . .

Thinking upon all this, sighs and tears arise within me, and the longing to utter sad and doleful cries. Where to turn my lament I know not, nor for what I first should weep. Should it be for my young and unhappy King [1] whom, in their perverse counsel, they stripped together with his dynasty and who, before the death of the body, endured the death of shame and beheld himself hurled from his throne? Or should I, rather, weep for myself, since that bright and saving crown that was my glory hath been torn from my brow? . . . Should I weep for the disasters of my country and for her future? Who with us will recount these miseries and share our sorrow? Who will aid us, suffering with us, to tell again the tale of our woes or to grave them in the rock? Awake, Jeremiah, awake; lament in thy prophecies the miseries which we have endured and which we have still to suffer! Foretell the coming of foolish shepherds as did Zechariah in Israel of old [Zechariah xi, 15–16]!

Ignorant and pretentious teachers, purchasing the honor [of the priesthood] and not called by God, chosen by bribes and not by the [Holy] Spirit, miserly and jealous, despising that gentleness wherein God delighteth, become wolves that rend their own flocks. Monks, hypocritical, proud, and vain, seek [earthly] glory rather than God. Haughty prelates, full of assurance, dealing in folly, foes of learning and of their teachers' instruction, make choice of traffic and buffoonery. Pupils regardless of wisdom and eager to teach before they have sounded the depths of knowledge enthrone themselves as theologians. The people, arrogant, insolent, haughty, idle, cynical, and malevolent, shun the ecclesiastical career. Brutal, swaggering soldiers, forsaking their armed calling, idle, debauched, intemperate, and pillagers, rival brigands. Rebel princes, consorting with thieves, covetous and avaricious, spoilers, devastators, and depraved, have souls like those of slaves. False, partial, and deceitful judges, greedy for bribes and false of speech, render feeble decisions and give themselves over to wrangling. In a word, every sentiment of love and of shame hath vanished.

What will be the vengeance for all this if not abandonment by God and

[1] Artashes IV (422–429), the last King of Armenia before the conquest of the country by the Sassanians of Persia. The Catholicos to whom Moses refers was his uncle and teacher, St. Mesrop.

subversion of the course of nature? Spring will be dry, summer rainy, autumn frigid, winter bitter, stormy, and prolonged; deadly, burning winds will bring whirling snow; the clouds will be aflame, and thick hail will fall; the rains will come at the wrong seasons and be of none avail; the air will be icy and laden with frost; the waters will rise to no purpose, and the heat will become unbearable; the land will produce no more fruit, and animals will no longer multiply. Moreover, the earth will tremble and quake, and, to crown all woes, perturbation will reign everywhere, even as it is written [Isaiah lvii, 21], "There is no peace to the wicked."

Kings will become cruel and execrable tyrants, imposing huge and crushing burdens, and issuing intolerable commands; grandees will disregard justice and pity; friends will be betrayed, and foes will triumph; the Faith will be sold for gain in this gainless life. Brigands will gather in hordes from every side; homes will be ruined, possessions violated; the chieftains will be in chains, the nobles in prison, the freemen in exile, and the masses in misery. Cities will be stormed, fortresses destroyed, towns pillaged, and buildings delivered to the flames. Finally, there will be long famines, epidemics, and deaths of every kind; divine worship will be forgotten, and hell will yawn at one's feet.

May our Lord Christ protect us from all these woes, and guard them that worship Him in truth! To Him be glory given by all us, His creatures! Amen.

After the French translation by Victor Langlois

THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE ARMENIANS AGAINST THE KING OF THE PERSIANS, 451 A.D.

By Elisaeus

WHEN the leader of the Persians saw that his emissaries, sent to entrap the Armenians by stratagem, were driven away by them, and that he was obliged to relinquish his hope of dissolving their firm union, he summoned Vasak and all the apostate princes who were in Armenia, and questioned and inquired of them concerning the means of overcoming the enemy. After he had become acquainted with each of them according to his deeds, he collected all the officers who were under him, commanded the troops of elephants to advance, which he divided according to the several banners, and ordered, beside the other troops, three thousand lancers to each elephant. He then spoke with the nobles according to the Royal command, and said: "Let all remember the ordinance of the King, and be desirous of renown for bravery before the gods. Choose death rather than a life of shame: and be mindful of the costly oil and crowns, of the wine,

and the precious marks of honor which will be given you by the court. You will be rulers of provinces, and possessors of mighty principalities: you well know the valor of the Armenians, and the courage of each among them! O that you may not be overcome! that you may not descend from your high station in life, so far as to be deprived of the means of living! Remember your wives and sons; remember the friends whom you love, that they become not a jest for foreign enemies." He also reminded them of many of their friends who had fled from battle, and who had been sentenced to die by the sword, while their sons and daughters, and their entire families were placed on the footing of strangers, and were deprived of their inheritances.

He said this, and still more, to impress upon them the purport of the Royal order. He then arranged and prepared his army for battle, and spread his vanguard across all the large plain. On the right and left wing was one of the wild beasts, surrounded by three thousand lancers; and around himself he collected such a body of valiant warriors, that his force seemed like a strong castle, or an inaccessible fortress. He distributed the banners, ordered the flags to wave, and all to be prepared at the sound of the great trumpet. . . .

Thus prepared on either side, and seized with mighty rage, they burned with wild fury, and rushed against each other. As when from the clashing clouds thunder breaks forth, and the peal resounds through hills and vales, so loudly cried the combatants on every side. The glancing of the numerous helmets of the warriors rivaled the beams of the sun; the flashing of the many swords and spears was like the gleam of the fearful flames of heaven. But who shall describe the terrible sound of this frightful noise, when all hearers were deafened by the whizzing of arrows and the clash of shields?

Now there was great wrath and vast slaughter on both sides, and they smote each other with reckless fury. Though the timid were terrified, and the cowardly fled from the field, the brave continued their destructive strife, and the courageous loudly shouted. A great force of the dauntless Persians collectively plunged into the river, and began to establish itself at a difficult pass, when the Armenians came up with their cavalry, and fell on them with great power. The struggle was terrible on the one side and on the other, and a heap of wounded fell on the earth, and those who had fallen cried aloud.

Amid this great confusion, the brave Vardan was seen everywhere. Perceiving that a chosen body of Persians had fallen on the left wing of the Armenians, he hastily attacked the right wing of the Persians, which he scattered, together with the elephants. He put them to flight, and pursued them, with great slaughter, to the place whence they had set forth. So great was their disorder, that the main body itself was routed, and torn from its secure encampment, and every one betook himself as swiftly as possible to flight. . . .

The battle was protracted, the day dawned, and night approached. Bodies

were heaped around like fallen cedars. On all sides were broken spears and shattered bows, wherefore the sacred bodies of the blessed could not be recognized, there being a vast multitude from both sides. The survivors dispersed themselves among the hills and fortified castles. Wheresoever any of the opposing parties met, they slew each other; and this horrid butchery continued incessantly till the going down of the sun.

It was then springtime, and the blooming meadows were destroyed by the crowd. The heart must bleed at the sight of the heaps of corpses; and in lamentation must the beholder necessarily break forth when hearing the wail of the wounded, the last moan of the dying, the fall of the overtaken, the flight of the coward, the concealment of the fugitives, the fear of unmanly men, the screams of women, the mourning of children and little ones, the sorrow of relatives, the weeping of women and friends — he who saw and heard all this, could not refrain from lamentation. There was no distinction, whether of the victors or the vanquished; wherever the brave of both sides met, there were victims.

Now when the leader of the Armenians had fallen in the battle, there was no longer any head round which the fugitive host of the survivors could assemble; for the number of those who fled was greater than that of those who fell. They were scattered, and threw themselves into the strongholds of the country, and ruled all the districts and fortresses which could not be taken.

Translated by C. F. Neumann

THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT HIZTIBUZIT

[This "Passion" of a Christian martyr in Persia during the reign of Khosru I Anushirvan, who ruled from 531 to 578, may be taken as representative of a large amount of hagiographical literature in Syriac, Ethiopic, and Coptic, as well as in Armenian, to say nothing of the countless "Acts" and "Passions" in Greek and Latin. Neither the author nor the date of this particular account is known; and it is by no means impossible that it is a translation from a Syriac original now lost.]

DURING the reign of Khosrov, son of Kavat, the King of Persia, the confession of Christ was more than ever persecuted; and not a few were martyred in Persia and at the royal court. At that time there was a certain man Makhosh, a Magus of that same land, from the region which is called Bershapuh, from a village of the name of K'unarastan, whose parents were ministers of the fire-worship, and who was himself from childhood trained in Magism. And he was strong in counsel and learned

in all the lore and wisdom of the fire-worshipers. He by a certain chance came to the camp of the King, and witnessed the sufferings of a certain holy martyr, whose name was Grigorios; and he marveled at the boldness of the champion of faith, and was emulous thereof, and said, in his heart: "O Lord God of the Christians, look upon me and show me a path on which to set my feet, and open to me the door of pity along with Thy champion; in order that I may become worthy of Thy kingdom, Who art Lord of heaven and earth." But on the same night a wondrous vision appeared to him; for he was as it were in a holy church, and a certain man robed in white appeared to him and said: " Blessed art thou, that thou hast become worthy of the light-giving Church; for thou shalt believe henceforth in God the Creator of heaven and earth, and in His Son of like power with Him, and in the spirit who shares His works, and thou shalt learn thereof from the tradition of the holy Gospel." And he marveled and understood the dream, and believed with whole heart and said: " The God of the Christians is a true God "; and thenceforth he repented of his Magism.

He went thence into the land of Siuni, devoting himself to the hearing of the Holy Scriptures; and after being there a few months he came to Armenia; and having come into the region of Ararat, he dwelt in the chief town of the Armenians in Dvin, accompanying a certain Armenian who believed with the Magi and whose name was Khosrov Peroz. But he [the saint] treated his Magism with contempt and neglected it. And it was in the winter time, in Mehekan, at the beginning of the Persian month, and according to their custom, they were offering fatty sacrifices to the five in the palace of their coreligionist. And the blessed Makhosh was standing with them at the spectacle, with his mouth closed with a mask. But the flame leaped up from the fat and reached the roof of the house and blazed up. Then the Magi gathered up the sacrifice, and tried to extinguish the fire, but could not; and then they ran out and told what had happened. But he that was governor of the Armenians, when he heard the sound of the tumult, came in haste to the door of the church, and began to urge the officiating priests to take the Holy Cross and bear it to the palace, if, peradventure, the fire might be driven back; for he in his straits believed against his will. Then the ministrants took the symbols of the Holy Cross and came quickly to the spot; and when the Cross was come opposite the palace, the flame had spread and was dying out everywhere. This great sign was wrought by the precious Holy Cross in the land of Armenia, to the joy of the true worshipers and confusion of idolatry. Now the wife of the coreligionist, when she beheld, sent a great thank-offering to the attendants of the wonder-working Holy Cross. But the blessed Makhosh took to heart such wonders and broke the rod wherewith he divined and cast it away, likewise, also, the mask for his mouth; and he took and placed his censer in the hands of the deacon and scattered incense before the Holy Cross, so making manifest the faith which

he had in Christ. And he followed the attendants of the Cross and said: "Pray to God for me, because I too am a Christian." But when the Magi saw this, they said to him: "Why hast thou dared to do this?" The blessed one said: "For a long time I have confessed to the Christians, and was, with reluctance, a Magus; but now I openly preach the faith which is in Christ; and I will not any longer minister to fire, now that I have seen all those wonders."

The next day at dawn the Magi came before the Governor of the Armenians, who was called Nikhorakan, and accused the saint. And when he was brought before him, the judge said: "Woe to thee, wretch, why dost thou forsake the Magism of thy forefathers to become a madman and a breaker of vows?" The blessed one made answer and said: "I tell thee truly, O judge, concerning myself, that during twenty-five years I have professed a vain heresy; but now I have come to learn of the true God, and have put away the polytheism of my forefathers. Wherefore, henceforth, the deceits of life shall not part me from this faith, for I am ready to bear the appointed tortures." Then the Governor was angry and ordered the blessed saint to be scourged twelve times over; and he shaved off his beard and hair and wrote out his sentence, and, binding him hands and feet, he cast him into prison. But in the prison the saint found a sharer of his plight in one whose name was Nerses, who had been bound for a long time in the prison because of God. And from him the blessed one learned the holy faith and twenty psalms; and thus he worshiped without ceasing and prayed to God.

After a little time one named Nakhapet succeeded to Nikhorakan; and when he had taken his seat in the court of judgment, they brought Makhosh before him. Said the Nakhapet: "How hast thou dared to abandon the god of thy fathers and to put thy faith in the unknown Christ?" The blessed one replied: "There is one Creator of all, Who hath regard to all doers of good works; Who saw that my soul was weary of the ceremonies of polytheism, and guided me to a knowledge of the true God." Then the Nakhapet was wroth and ordered him to be violently scourged, and they bound him with iron fetters and cast him into prison. And he remained in prison for another three years, and he besought the priest that he might receive of him the seal of the Lord [*i. e.*, baptism], and that he might be named Hiztibuzit,[1] which is, when translated, "Given by God": that is to say, "Saved by God," which name the Holy Spirit pictured to them. By the which Spirit also he was strengthened in prison, and he took and gave his garments to the poor, and himself wore goatskin and coarse sandals. And thus he continued to watch with prayer and fasting, singing without ceasing the Psalms of his fair religion.

But after the lapse of another three years, the Nakhapet was succeeded

[1] An attempt to transliterate into Armenian the Middle Persian name Yazdbozedh ["God redeemeth"].

by one whom they called K'narik. A certain scribe of his came to the prison and tried to ensnare the blessed one, and said to him: "For thee alone the land of the Arians was not sufficient, that thou hast gone astray from Magism, driving thyself a captive from the whole land, and straying from thy religion." The saint gave answer and said: "All who lack knowledge by nature wait upon the craftsmen who have it, and the animals are the slaves of their owners. Even so men ought to serve God alone, their Maker. Wherefore I, also, in my negligence have been the servant of vanity; but when God took pity on me, He took my thoughts and enchained them with the love of His commandments, and bathed them in the hope of His grace, which the temptations of life will not avail to change." But when the scribe of the court heard this, he leapt to his feet with rage, and began to beat him mercilessly with a club. And he inflicted many other tortures of various kinds upon the saint, that he might persuade him to keep his Magism.

At that time the King heard of the much violence and sufferings which his officers inflicted upon the land of the Armenians, and he sent three rulers, trusty men, to inspect the country; the name of one was Nati, which is called Drovandakan, and of the second Peroz, who was chief Magus of the district Rei, and of the third Khoyap, who was a royal minister; and these came into Armenia and worked many reforms. But on a certain day they held a public assembly, and were sitting in the court of justice about the edict of the King. At that same time some impious men gave information to the rulers, saying: "There are three men in prison who have abandoned our religion and have embraced Christianity; one Nerses, a Rajik, and one Sahak, from Atrpatakan, and Hiztibuzit, a Persian." And they commanded that they bring them before them. The chief Magus said to Nerses: "Why hast thou become a Christian?" The saint answered: "My mother was a Christian, and from my childhood I was brought up in the Christian faith; I know not your religion at all." Then they put the question to Sahak, and he said: "From my childhood I had become a Christian." But the blessed Hiztibuzit stood behind, and in a weak voice he was singing the sixth Psalm: "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure." And the judge separated them, and said to Hiztibuzit: "Woe to thee, wretch, why hast thou abandoned the religion of light and believed in the dark and obscure faith of Christianity, and that after thou hadst zealously sacrificed to fire?" The saint replied: "Ay, after sacrificing, and I know Magism better than thyself; and if thou command me to speak and make it clear, thou shalt learn how much better is Christianity than all the ceremonies which I have explored and clearly comprehended. Christianity alone has the power to save from the terrible death." And when the chief Magus heard this, he ordered his servants to rend the saint's tunic and tear off his cowl; and they beat the head of the blessed one and tore out his beard by the roots. And once more they ordered that the three blessed ones be kept safe for

three days; and after that they brought them up, but could not persuade them. Then they confined them in a single house without food; and the chief Magus gave orders to send up smoke all the night. The saints, in their torment, cried out and said: "Make haste, O God, to deliver us; make haste to help us, O Lord" [Psalm lxx, 1]. And thus they continued to sing hymns until the dawn.

And they remained in the prison ten days; but on a certain night, on the Lord's day, on the which Hiztibuzit was to suffer martyrdom, a vision appeared to him. A certain man had in his hand a rod, and touched him on the head therewith; and the blood flowed down between his eyes. And then there appeared three radiant men, who drove away the man who struck him, and bringing a crown of choice pearls set it on his head. But he was overjoyed and told his companions; and they knew that his hour was come. And at early morn there came trusty men to take the saints to the prison, and the chief executioner came to the prison to lead him away, and he bade farewell to his brethren and departed. But as he went he continued to sing the fourth Psalm, beginning it as he left the prison, and going on till he came to the place where was the court: "When I cried out, thou didst hear me according to thy righteousness, from my tribulation didst thou give me peace." And having finished the Psalm he came to the place of the court. And when the Christians heard, they all ran together to behold the combat and victory of the saint. But the holy Hiztibuzit stood up before the four judges. And they prepared three crosses for those condemned to death. And when these were brought forward the chief Magus said to the saint: "Dost thou behold yon trees, upon which thou art about to die? Have pity on thyself, neither persist in thy obstinacy." The saint made answer: "Nay, all the more am I set firm in Christ, Who is my hope; but do thou fulfil that which is commanded thee concerning me." And he ordered him to be crucified; and the saint with ready heart and joyful mind went to the cross, and they took from him and deprived him of what poor raiments he had. The blessed one said: "This is as it should be, for my Lord's Son, the only-born Saviour, when by His own will He was crucified, was nailed naked upon the Cross, in order that He might put on the nakedness of our first father, Who will give me also strength to overcome in my body the deceits of Satan." And having stretched himself out upon the tree he began to say the forty-third Psalm: [2] "Arise, O Lord, and help us and save us for thy name's sake; we are counted as sheep for the slaughter." But when the cross was set up the chief of the Magi sent to him, in the hope that he might be converted. But the saint spurned his message and gave no answer; and remained tied to the cross in the crowded court, and they pierced his side with arrows.

[2] Psalm xliv, 26, 22, in the English version of the Bible.

It chanced upon the same day that they crucified two men condemned to death, and these they crucified along with him. One of them was of the tribe of Khujik; and he when he was brought to the cross kissed the feet of the holy martyr, and taking up the clay mixed with the blood which trickled from the martyr, he plunged it in his bosom. But the chief executioner struck him on the head with his fist, and they crucified him on the right hand of the martyr, and into him they drove the javelin and so he yielded up his spirit. But the other one was a Jew, who when they brought him to the cross, cried out to the judges: "Destroy me not, I embrace Magism." But the judges did not understand him, and they hung him on the tree to the left of the saint. And the blessed one was thus offered up as a sacrifice between two malefactors on a hilltop, opposite the sun and before all the multitude.

And therein lay a wonderful mystery; for there was remembered unto him the word of the Lord, according to the true promise which says that: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do" [John xiv, 12]. And the apostle says: "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son" [Romans viii, 29]. And thus the holy Hiztibuzit bravely suffered martyrdom in the forty-third year of King Khosrov, on the second day of the month K'alotz, on the Lord's day, at the third hour. And it was ordered that they should keep the body of the blessed one upon the tree. But the faithful, by the help of God, took the body of the saint and wrapped it in precious raiment and deposited it in a resting-place with brilliant honors, celebrating as a festival with great joy the day on which the light thus shone and rejoiced the souls of orthodox believers; inasmuch as it is meet to render to the Saviour of all, Jesus Christ our Lord, together with the one Almighty Father and Holy Spirit, glory and honor now and forever.

Translated by F. C. Conybeare

INDIAN LITERATURE

THE literature of India resembles all other literature of remote antiquity in that its beginnings are hidden in respect both of age and of authorship. But though the individual composers of the Vedic Hymns, its earliest form, will never be known, yet the date to which this first poetic work of the Indo-Europeans may be referred can be established approximately, by means of internal evidence, as from 1500 to 1000 B.C. Some scholars incline to think that the Hymns were composed a few centuries before this; and some have even imagined that 3000 B.C. is not too early a date to give to this venerable 'Collection,' although, as its name and nature imply, it can be assigned to no one specific time, but is the product of centuries. Neither the linguistic data nor the changes in style render probable so great an antiquity as 3000 B.C.; and the consensus of opinion of competent scholars fails to uphold this extreme view.

We may think, then, of the first Indian literature as originating about 1500 B.C. in the northwest of India, the poets of the Hymns living for the most part on both sides of the river Indus, whence they and their descendants immigrated slowly into the Panjab. Later still, following the course of the Ganges, they planted one settlement after another along the banks of the Holy River as they extended their sway to the southeast by means of successive victories over the wild tribes of hostile natives. It is important to bear in mind from the outset this southern trend of immigration, for it is reflected in the literature of the Aryan invaders, whose earliest songs sing the glory of Aryan gods and of the Aryan "white" race, as opposed to the "black" race of natives and their conquered deities. The poets that give us the first Indian literature represent a people akin to Greek, Roman, and Teuton; and like their cousins in the West, they are intensely conscious of their Aryan (that is, "noble") blood, and profoundly contemptuous of every other race. This factor must also be remembered, for it explains some very interesting features in the later literature, when the Aryan stock began to be mixed with native blood and the consciousness of racial superiority became more vague.

The extension of the warlike Aryans from the extreme northwest to about the vicinity of the modern Benares in the southeast is conterminous with the First Period of Indian literature. In contradistinction to the Sectarian (Buddhistic, etc.) literature on the one hand, and to Sanskrit literature in the strict sense of the term on the other — this comprises the so-called Vedic literature, which consists in turn of four fairly well demarcated subperiods: first, the creative period of the Vedic Hymns; second, the ritual period of the

prose Brahmanas, which elucidate the Hymns; third, that of the Upanishads, or philosophical writings in both prose and poetry; and fourth, that of the Sutras, or manuals, which explain religious rites and lead up to certain branches of Sanskrit literature through the extension of their subject-matter to legal themes and to religious meditative poetry.

As might be expected in view of their contents, the literary products of these subperiods are of very unequal value. While the Hymns are of extraordinary interest, the Brahmanas, produced by later generations, when the intellectual activity of the people was explanatory rather than creative, are dull and inane. But at the very end of this subperiod came a revolt, and then the Upanishads were composed, works of great ability and of. lasting value for every student of religion and of literature. The Sutra period, again, was an intermediate stage and of only passing interest. As said above, these four subperiods constitute the Vedic period. All that — and only that — which was produced in this whole period is Vedic. Every other form of Indian literature is either (1) Sanskrit; or (2) dialectic, as, for instance, Pali, this being the dialect, neither Vedic nor Sanskrit, in which the most important Buddhistic works were composed.

It is essential to understand exactly what "Vedic" and "Sanskrit" really mean, for in the Occident the latter is often used as if it were synonymous with Indian, whereas it actually connotes only the later Indian literature, while "Vedic" is frequently made to indicate the Vedic Hymns alone, although 'Veda' properly denotes Hymns, Brahmanas, Upanishads, and Sutras — in short, all that literature which orthodox Hindus esteem peculiarly holy. In distinction from the sacred Vedic works, Sanskrit works — that is, those composed in the refined Sanskrit language — are compositions of men who are indeed regarded as sages, but who are not thought to be inspired. The general distinction, then, between Vedic and Sanskrit works is that of holy writ and profane literature, though it may be said at once that no literary compositions in India were committed to writing until long after the Buddha's time, in the fifth century B.C.

Although the Hindus were acquainted with the art of making letters as early as the seventh century B.C., when the Vedic period was closing, they were used at first only for rock-inscriptions, not for written compositions. It is almost inconceivable, yet it is a fact, that all the enormous literature prior to the time of Buddha, and even for some time after his age, was committed to memory by specialists, since different priests devoted their lives to learning and to transmitting various branches of the tradition. How immense this was, and how great was the task of acquiring by heart even a single Collection of Hymns or a single Brahmana, will become obvious as the literature is reviewed in detail. At present it is sufficient to call attention to the fact that memorizing the holy words of antiquity was an important factor not only in determining the kind of literature that arose at different periods, but also in conditioning

the genius of the people itself. Long after writing was known, it was still considered wrong to vulgarize the sacred works by committing them to visible form; and committing them to memory is still the way in which they are taught to young scholars. The result has always been, and still is, that memory is the best cultivated part of the Hindu scholar's mind, and the faculty most esteemed by him. The effect of this memorizing upon the literature is apparent in many ways: logical acumen yields to traditional wisdom; discussion of historical matters is prevented; the one who best reflects the opinion of the ancients is esteemed a greater sage than he who thinks for himself.

From these general considerations we may turn to a detailed survey of the great periods of Indian literature: the Vedic, the Sectarian, and the Sanskrit proper. To these should be added an era which can be described briefly as Modern; that is to say, the period since the sixteenth century, during which Indian thought has been to a marked degree under foreign influence. This Modern literature is still Sanskrit to some extent, but many of the more important works are composed in dialect. For greater clearness of survey, an outline of the periods with their subdivisions is here given. Obviously these periods and subperiods are not absolutely exclusive of those that precede and follow; for works imitative of those of the older periods sometimes continued to be composed long after the time of the works on which they were modeled. In general, however, the successive stages of the literature are fairly well represented by the following scheme, which will serve as a guiding thread in tracing the development of the whole: —

First Period: Vedic literature — (*a*) The Hymns; (*b*) Brahmanas and Upanishads; (*c*) Sutras. Second Period: Sectarian literature of Buddhism and other sects, chiefly in Middle Indian dialects. Third Period: Sanskrit literature proper — (*a*) Epics and Puranas; (*b*) fables and drama; (*c*) lyric poetry. Fourth Period: Modern Sanskrit and dialectic literature.

First Period: The first subperiod of Vedic literature (*a*) embraces the Hymns. Vedic — or, as it is sometimes and more correctly spelled, Vaidic — is an adjective originally applied to the language and literature of the Veda; that is, the "knowledge" or "wisdom" of the ancients as transmitted first in the sacred Hymns, then in the works (Brahmanas) which elucidate the Hymns, in the writings (Upanishads) which draw philosophical theories from them, and, finally, in the manuals (Sutras) which condense into aphoristic form the accumulated teaching of older generations. The Suktas ["Well-spoken"] or Hymns, then, are the historical and logical starting-point of all Indian literature. They have been preserved in four different Collections or Sanhitas, known respectively as the 'Collection of Verses' (Rig-Veda Sanhita); the 'Song-Collection' (Sama-Veda Sanhita); the 'Collection of Formulæ' (Yajur-Veda Sanhita); and, finally, the 'Collection of (the sage) Atharvan'

(Atharva-Veda Sanhita). The first of these is the oldest and most esteemed; the last is late — so late in fact that it was not recognized as authoritative till long after the other three, which are often referred to in Indian literature as the Triple Veda, with tacit exclusion of any claim to recognition on the part of the adherents of the Atharva-Veda. Each of these Collections of Hymns has its own supplements — *viz.*, its own elucidatory Brahmanas, its own philosophical Upanishads, and its own manuals, Sutras. To the Hindu, the Collection of Hymns and these supplements together constitute any one 'Veda'; though in the Occident, as said above, we are accustomed to use the word Veda, as for instance Rig-Veda, to designate not the whole complex but only the hymns of any one Veda, employing for the remaining parts the specific terms Brahmana and Sutra. The Vedic Collections demand first place in a review of Vedic literature, for the supplementary parts, Brahmanas and Sutras, belong, in the case both of the Rig-Veda and of the other Vedas, to a later period. Of these Collections, that of the Rig-Veda, as "the oldest and the best," as the Hindus say, is by far the most important. Not only so, but the others are in great measure only recastings of the earlier Rig-Veda Hymns. We shall review them severally in the order given above.

The Rig-Veda Sanhita consists of somewhat more than a thousand hymns, composed in various meters by various poets and families of poets; for the hymns themselves show by the utterance of their authors that several generations wrought them — or "saw" them, as is the Hindu expression for designating a revealed or inspired composition. There are many indications that the bards often laid no claim to special Divine guidance in the manufacture of their songs, for they speak of "fashioning" them "as a carpenter fashions a car," of "toiling" over them; or say simply, "This song I have made like a workman, working artistically." Other poets, however, declare that they are inspired by the god they worship; and on this occasional assertion, together with the naturally increasing veneration accorded to ancient works, rests the later hypothesis of revealed religion contained in the old hymns.

The Rig-Veda Hymns are gathered from earlier and more primitive family Collections into one great whole, which, however, in its formal divisions still reflects the composite family origin. Of the ten books or 'Circles' (Mandalas) of the Rig-Veda, seven are referred to distinct priestly families; and the first bears no one name simply because it is composed of groups of hymns too small to stand alone as special books. With few exceptions, however, each of the collections, as in the case of the large books, is referred by tradition to a special priestly poet and his descendants. Occasionally one family group contains hymns attributed to a member of an entirely different family, which has its own Circle; but in general the family lines are quite closely drawn. Again, some of the family Mandalas bear internal evidence of being much later than others, and in each certain hymns may easily be picked out as much later than others. It is, therefore, important to observe that, with the excep-

tion of the eighth Circle (family Collection), all the family Mandalas are arranged in order of length. For instance, that of the Viçvamitra[1] family, which stands third in the whole Rig-Veda, is just a little longer than the Circle of the Gautama family, which stands second; and so on. From the second to the eighth book, inclusive, the hymns are thus distributed by families. The arrangement according to the length of the books continues further, for the tenth or last is the longest, and the ninth is longer than the preceding in its first form (many obviously late hymns have increased disproportionately the size of the eighth book); but in these last two the family character ceases. The tenth is a medley from different families, and is plainly the latest in time as well as the last in order. The ninth is quite peculiar in that it is neither referred to any one family, nor are its hymns addressed, as is the case in all other books, to various divinities; but it is a collection of hymns from miscellaneous sources in honor of Soma alone, the deified yellow plant from which was made the sacrosanct intoxicating liquor used by the priests in sacrifice. This general principle of placing the family Circles in order according to their respective lengths shows that the Rig-Veda as a whole is mechanically arranged; and a study of the inner construction of each family Mandala confirms this. In every one of these minor collections, with the exception of the Circle of the Kanva family, to whom is attributed the eighth book of the Rig-Veda, the hymns are carefully disposed, first according to the divinity extolled in each, and then according to their length in decreasing order. So thoroughly is this principle carried out that it is easy to detect interpolated hymns — of which there are quite a number — by an irregularity in length or by observing that the divinity extolled in any hymn stands out of place in the proper order of gods.

This last factor carries us from the outer form to the inner substance of the Hymns. If the former shows that the original editors of the Rig-Veda followed a mechanical rule in shaping it, the latter proves no less plainly that the Vedic Hymns were not childlike spiritual outpourings on the part of simple neatherds, or the expression of primitive religious thought on the part of unsophisticated believers in deified natural phenomena. It is true that there are unaffectedly simple hymns to Heaven, to Dawn, to the Sun, and even one to Earth; but their number is out of all proportion to those which extol the three great priestly divinities, Fire, Indra, and Soma. Furthermore, their place in each family Mandala, as well as the fact that these deities have so large a majority of all the hymns, shows that, with some marked exceptions which probably reflect in part an older circle of ideas, the purely priestly divinities were those held in highest esteem. It is not necessary, however, to assume that these gods were priestly creations. Soma was worshiped before the Hindus entered India; Fire was probably one of the earliest divinities; and though Indra has not so great an antiquity, he was yet originally a popular deity of

[1] The ç in the transcription of Vedic and Sanskrit names and words is to be pronounced as a sharp *sh;* and *c* as *ch* in *church.*

storm and tempest. But it is in the mystical interpretation of these gods in the Hymns that one may see how far removed from popular and primitive thought is the theology of the Rig-Veda. Agni (Latin *ignis*) is by no means simply the god of fire, for the songs addressed to him reveal the fact that, to the poets, he was, above all, the flame on the sacrificial altar. Sometimes a more philosophical point of view is taken, and then Agni is the threefold divinity who manifests himself first in the earthly fire as it burns upon the altar, then as lightning in the sky, and finally as the sun in heaven. So too Indra, the god of tempest, whose lightning pierces the clouds and lets out the longed-for rain when the monsoon breaks at the beginning of summer, is regarded and lauded not as a simple natural manifestation, but as the spiritual power behind this phenomenon, mystically identical with Agni, whose form as lightning is indissolubly linked with the outward appearance of Indra. But, above all, Soma, the intoxicating plant — to which, as was said above, are addressed all the hymns of the ninth Mandala, besides occasional poems in other books — is so mystically interpreted that eventually the yellow plant is esoterically treated as an earthly form of the moon (whence Soma is sometimes called the moon-plant); and every stage in the preparation of this drink is regarded as part of a sacred ceremony, while even the press stones are deified, and the plant as liquor is spoken of in the most extravagant terms imaginable.

In sharp contrast to these hymns, which constitute the great bulk of the Rig-Veda, stand the isolated poems which praise the Dawn and Heaven. Here the style changes. In the Dawn hymns is found the delicate and exquisite portrayal of the wonderful daily rise of Ushas ["Dawn"], as she appears in red and golden light, bringing blessings to man. The hymns to Heaven, though for the most part devoid of mysticism, reflect a lofty contemplative spirit; and from a literary point of view these are the finest in the whole Collection, as those to the Dawn are the most beautiful. The number of the poems to Dawn and Heaven is small, and, especially in the case of those to Heaven, they are confined chiefly to one or two early family Circles, with some later imitations in other family collections. These latter, however, show an increasing mysticism in their treatment of the great Heaven god. In the early hymns Heaven is not simply the sky: he is the heavenly power throned in the watery sky, whose eyes are the stars, who watches over the hosts of men and sees their actions, good and bad. In the further development of Vedic theology this deity is reduced to a mere god of punishment, who sits enthroned not on the waters of the sky, but in the depths of the sea. Other hymns in the Rig-Veda are addressed to inferior divinities, of which there are a multitude; while still others are purely philosophical and mystical, discussing the origin of life and of the world, and reflecting the later spirit of intellectual investigation. Most of these can be referred undoubtedly to the end of the work, as can also the few poems of the Rig-Veda on worldly subjects. They are found in the last (tenth) book, and in recent additions to the first book; while the tenth book contains also

some very interesting and apparently antique burial and wedding hymns; as well as other poems addressed directly to Yama, the lord of the dead.

The meter of all the hymns is more or less alike. With occasional variations most of them are composed in octosyllabic, hendecasyllabic, or dodecasyllabic verses, grouped in stanzas of three or four lines, often with a clearly defined strophic arrangement. Except for the avowedly mystic hymns the language is simple and clear. Each god is extolled by mentioning his great works, and his help is besought by the poet as reward for the song. The authors were chiefly priests, although a few hymns were composed by women, and in the case of some of the earlier compositions the poets may have been not priests but laymen. At this time the caste system was not thoroughly worked out, but the people were roughly divided into three classes — the husbandmen, the warriors or king's men, and the priests.

The other Vedic Collections may be dismissed very briefly. The Sama-Veda duplicates parts of the Rig-Veda for it is simply a rearrangement of part of the latter, chiefly of the Soma hymns, as a song-book for the priests. It contains only a few verses not found in the Rig-Veda, and it has no interest except as a storehouse of variant readings, which are of value, though only to the specialist, in the absence of different recensions of the Rig-Veda. The text of the Rig-Veda is handed down both in the literary form, and in a syllabic version where each syllable, without regard to synthesis, is given separately, so that there is little opportunity for change in the text. The variant readings in the Sama Collection are clearly late in most instances, and offer only such alteration of text as would make a recitative chant more adaptable to the voice in singing, or such changes as replace an older unintelligible word by a newer form.

On the other hand, the Yajur-Veda is of no small historical interest, although its dislocated verses are those of the Rig-Veda arranged to be spoken by the priest who carries on the sacrifice, this interest being due to the way in which these are interwoven with the first prose form of the literature. In one of the Yajur-Veda Collections, the verses are arranged without reference to their logical sequence, and merely as they are recited as mystic formulæ (*Yajus*) at the sacrifice; while between the verses thus quoted stand prose directions to the priest in regard to the order of the sacrifice, the way it should be performed, and the significance of the various acts, as well as a general etymological and philosophical eludication of the text, together with explanatory legends in regard to the gods and rites treated of or referred to in the verses themselves. Unhappily all this prose is absolutely devoid of literary art, and the subject-matter itself is uninteresting: but the Yajur-Veda is still valuable as revealing the purpose and form of the earliest Indo-European prose; for though this Collection is probably several centuries later than the Rig-Veda — as is shown by the new and complete ritualism, by the style, language, and geographical allusions, and even by the theology — yet it is still old

enough to antedate all other Indo-European prose, and may be referred to about the eighth century B.C., or perhaps even to an earlier date. The Yajur-Veda is both a Collection and, in its prose portions, a Brahmana, for it has all the characteristics of that later form of literature. There are several recensions of the text, differing mainly in arrangement, of which the chief are known as the White and the Black Yajur-Vedas, without and with the prose portions respectively.

The fourth Vedic Collection is referred to an ancient sage, Atharvan, and hence bears the name of the Atharva-Veda. It is a late work, though some of its elements, such as demon-worship, are old; and it consists in general of Rig-Veda verses interspersed with new ones of benedictive or, more generally, of maledictive character, as well as charms, formulæ for relief from illness and avoidance of expected harm, incantations, and all the material of a wizard's repertoire. It also contains a few hymns of loftier tone and of some philosophical value which might belong to the end of the Rig-Veda, except that their philosophy and theology show that they were composed subsequently even to the latest portions of that older Collection. This Vedic Collection is even now ignored by some orthodox priests; and, as has been said, it was long in obtaining formal recognition from any one. It appears to have been a sort of manual for sorcerers, into whose collection slipped some really good hymns composed too late to be included in the Rig-Veda.

The second subperiod (*b*) of Vedic literature embraces the elucidatory Brahamanas and the philosophical Upanishads. The latter in their earliest shape are mere appendices, usually inserted at the end of the Brahmanas, and always regarded as subsidiary to them. The Brahmanas are the completed form of that kind of prose literature described above as appearing first in the Yajur-Veda; *viz.*, they are prose works explanatory of the sacrifice in every detail. This is the real object for which they were composed; and for this reason all else, even the philosophy of the Upanishads, is regarded as of secondary importance; if admitted into a Brahmana at all, the Upanishad is relegated to a place at the end of the whole work and is included in the Aranyakas ['Forest Books'], supplements to the Brahmanas, so as not to interfere with the explanation of the established rite, which the Brahmana follows step by step. As in the prose of the Yajur-Veda, the elucidation of the text here includes not only textual commentary but also very valuable illustrative legends, theological discussions, refutations of false views in regard to some detail in the arrangement of the sacrifice or with reference to the building of the altar, etc.; in short, whatever may be useful or interesting to a priest in the execution of his daily task. The Upanishads, as befits their theme, are often elevated and are always dignified. They are of prime historical importance, since they preserve for us the first record of the true philosophizing spirit. Their aim is always the same, the search for true being and the explanation of the early problems — what is being, what is death, what is soul, and what is

heaven, or does heaven exist? The answer forms the kernel of pantheistic philosophy. The very questions raised show the wide cleavage between the Upanishads and the earliest Hymns; but, on the other hand, the Upanishads stand very near to those speculative Hymns which close the various Collections. It is possible that a few of the oldest extant Upanishads are really more ancient than the bulk of the Brahmanas to which they are attached; but, as with other Hindu works of a popular character, the date to which any one Upanishad may be referred is extremely doubtful. The oldest composition of this sort cannot claim an antiquity much greater than the sixth century B.C. On the other hand, works bearing the same title, though only nominally connected, or quite unconnected, with any Brahmana, were composed at a much later period than this; and some of them are no better than the Sectarian tracts of the post-Renaissance period (800–1000 A.D.). The number of Brahmanas is comparatively small. Each Veda has one or more; the two that are most important belong to the Rig-Veda and the White Jajur-Veda, and are called respectively the Aitareya and the Çatapatha Brahmanas. The Upanishads are some two hundred in number, of which the Aitareya and the Chandogya are perhaps the most famous and appear to be among the oldest. Some of them are attributed to sages of the past; but, like the Brahmanas, they are in general the continued product of Vedic schools. They represent the traditional wisdom that gradually accumulated in the groups of students who gathered about a teacher and who themselves in time became teachers of new pupils, each carrying on and adding to the exegesis of the holy texts.

The Sutra subperiod (*c*) offers little of interest from a literary point of view, save in the spectacle of the gradual growth of this peculiar phenomenon in letters. The Sutras are literally "threads" to assist the memory — strings of rules, which in compactest form inculcate ancient rites and regulations, and usually constitute independent works connected with some Vedic school. The ritual Sutras devoted to the interpretation of the sacrifice are devoid of general interest; but those that touch upon domestic rites, practices, and rules (*dharma*) are the forerunners of all legal literature in India. They are composed in prose with occasional verses; and although their epitomized form excludes them from a history of literature, they nevertheless make an interesting historical background for the great law-books (*Dharma-çastra*) of later times, which were developed in metrical form from these older prose aphorisms. An instance of such a metrical Dharma-çastra is the Law Code of Manu. The Sutras are the last form of Vedic literature, and may be referred to about the sixth century B.C.; though some continued to be composed, notably in the case of domestic and legal Sutras, till nearly the beginning of the Christian era. The language is only partly Vedic, and in great measure approaches the later norm of Sanskrit.

Second Period: Sectarian literature of Buddhism and other religious sects, chiefly in Middle Indian dialects.

The Buddha lived in the sixth century B.C., before the rise of Sanskrit literature in its proper sense, and at a time when the Vedic period was drawing to its close in the composition of rituals and manuals. Apart from the poetic-philosophic oasis of the Upanishads, literature was become a dry desert. Everything refreshing had been brought from a home distant both in time and space. For with the close of the Brahmanic period, the Aryan tribes had advanced far beyond the limits of the early Vedic days. A steady geographical descent went hand in hand with the decline of Vedic literature as shown in lack of vigor and originality. To the Aryan of the Rig-Veda the country south and east of the Panjab was scarcely known. The Brahmanic period, on the other hand, shows that the seat of culture was gradually shifting down the Ganges; and an interesting contemporary legend still reveals the fact that somewhere between the commencement and end of this time the district about the present Benares was becoming Brahmanized. At the end of the period it had indeed become a second home of culture, and a strong rival of the ancient "Brahman-land" in the northwest, though with this important difference — that whereas the older habitat of Brahmanism retained its reverence for the wisdom of antiquity, the eastern district, newly Brahmanized and governed by kings often inimical to the Brahman priests, showed no such respect for Vedic learning. The clergy and their learning were not of paramount importance here; thought was freer and tradition was not authoritative *per se*.

So much is necessary, on the one hand, to explain the appearance of Buddhism in the east rather than in the west, and, on the other hand, to explain the relatively orthodox character of such sectarian literature as was the result of a partial revolt in the west. In the east, in an unsympathetic environment, was born the literature of Buddhism, totally opposed in its effect to the teaching of Brahmanism. In the west, however, arose Jainism and its literature, which was sectarian to a certain degree, but was never so antagonistic to Brahmanism as were, of necessity, the documents that mark the Buddhistic revolt. These two sects dominate the literature of the period that follows the Brahmanas, but they are contemporary with the development of the Sutras. It was, therefore, just at the time when the ritualism of the Brahmans reached its highest development that the more spiritual literature of the religious sects found a fit soil; and it was while the Brahman priests continued to content themselves with making aphoristic text-books, and utterly abandoned any attempt to add to the wisdom of their fathers, that the sectaries gained and seized the opportunity to grow.

Of the personal history of the Buddha and of Mahavira, his great Jain rival, this is not the place to speak in detail. Only the literature that groups itself about these two men can here be reviewed, and of the historical questions naturally prominent, one alone can here be answered: Do the Discourses or Sermons of the Buddha really represent his own words; in reading them are we reading the literature of his time, or of a period much later: in a word, how

much in Buddhistic literature is apocryphal? Probably a great many of the Discourses traditionally handed down as the Buddha's are merely late compositions; but, on the contrary, many of them can be brought back with certainty so near to his own lifetime that we must unquestionably consider them as genuine, not only in spirit but often in expression, though perhaps not often in the very order of words of a whole Discourse. The works of Buddhism which have the greatest value for us are these Discourses of the Buddha. There are other treatises of less interest which are clearly later compositions, since they describe and prescribe the life of Buddhistic monks in their great monasteries. Still other works are historical, and relate the conflicts of opinion between the monks at the different great Buddhistic councils in the centuries following the founder's death.

These Sermons, Discourses, Precepts, and Histories are handed down to us not in Sanskrit but in Pali, the dialect native to the Buddha, and closely related to Sanskrit, or the cultivated language which had developed from the Vedic. There is, however, another and later account of the Buddha's life and doctrine which is found in Sanskrit; and until recently works of this sort were the only known authority for the history of Buddhistic literature. Fortunately, the Pali texts give us an earlier and simpler account of the Buddha's life; and with great advantage to his personality, they reduce him from a superhuman creature to a noble man. These Pali books were first found in Ceylon, so that they are sometimes called the southern in distinction from the later (Sanskrit) northern records; and they are in three Pitakas or Traditional Collections [literally "baskets"], which together constitute the basal teachings of Buddhism. The first Pitaka is called the Vinaya ['Discipline' of the Buddhistic Order], and gives the history of the order, as well as the rules to be observed by monks and nuns. The second contains the Suttas [Discourses or Sermons], and the elucidation of the philosophy of Buddha, while the third, called the Abhidhamma [Supplementary Discourse] discusses more in detail certain psychological and ethical questions connected with the philosophical system.

Each of these Pitakas is subdivided: the first, the Vinaya, into three parts, Suttavibhanga, Khandhakas, and Parivara. The first of these gives a sort of catechism (the Patimokkha) so as to present a full exposition (*vibhanga*) of all the 227 rules (*suttas*) of the Order. This work probably dates from 400 B.C. The Khandhakas or Treatises, the second part of the Vinaya, and twenty in number, deal with special rules and ceremonies; but their content is not particularly interesting, since they contain for the most part only regulations in regard to fasts, food, clothes, etc. The last book of the Vinaya, the Parivara, is, as the name implies, a Supplement, a mere manual of rules. The second Pitaka (Suttapitaka) contains four great Nikayas or Collections of Discourses. The first two of these constitute one whole book, containing 183 Discourses of the Buddha, and, like the early books of the Rig-Veda,

they are arranged mechanically according to length. This is by far the oldest of the Pitakas, and from a literary point of view it is the most valuable. Instead of the dry enumeration of rules, such as is found in the first Pitaka, the language, really the Buddha's or imitative of his artless and forcible words, glows with fervor, and is as lofty in tone as it is simple in style. The remaining Nikayas of this Pitaka attempt to correct the lack of logical clearness resulting from an arrangement of the Discourses according to length, and to classify the teaching of the Buddha; and so doing they also give the teacher's philosophical system, as far as it may be said to be systematized. The last Pitaka, the Abhidhamma, is a book on rules and truths of religion, and treats of ethical problems and psychological situations.

These works comprise the whole Buddhistic Canon, with the exception of a few collections of poems and aphorisms, which the early Buddhists themselves regarded as non-canonical but as worthy of preservation; and other collections ostensibly historical, giving the lives of good men, the previous births of the Buddha himself, etc. The most famous of these is the 'Dhammapada,' 423 aphoristic ethical verses of great force and beauty; and others are called the 'Iti Vuttaka' ['Thus [hath it been] Said'], sayings attributed to the Buddha; 'Udana,' or ecstatic exclamations of the Buddha; etc. Of these additions to the Canon, none, from one point of view, is more important than the 'Birth Stories' ('Jatakas'), which convey a mass of popular folk-lore under the guise of describing the conditions of the Buddha's earlier lives on earth, when as a man or a beast he discoursed with other men and beasts. Undoubtedly the germ of this collection is very old, and the work as a whole contains some of the most primitive folk-lore extant. On the other hand, many of these Jataka stories are modern inventions, imitations of the antique. After the Canon and its supplementary works, the commentaries of Buddhaghosha, in the fifth century A.D., hold the next place. The Buddhistic literature of Nepal, China, Japan, etc., lies outside the limits of our sketch; but of the late Sanskrit poems which represent one phase of Buddhism, the chief are the 'Lalita Vistara,' which claims to give a history of the Buddha, and the 'Lotus of the Good Law.' These were the first Buddhistic works known to Western scholars, and early occidental histories depended on them; but they are poetic fictions of exaggerated style, bearing in content and diction the impress of their late authorship.

In the time of the Buddha there were half a dozen well-known heterodox sects, the leaders of which, like himself, preached and taught through northern India; but only in the Jain heresy of Mahavira was there any such crystallization of the Master's words as to produce, or at any rate to leave behind, works in literary form. Furthermore, even in the case of Mahavira's sect there is no evidence to show that the literature, though large, is really very old. As has been said above, Jainism flourished in the west rather than in the east. Contiguous with the seat of old Brahmanic culture, it kept a closer cor-

respondence with Brahmanism in many features than did Buddhism. The sterility of thought inseparable from Jain doctrine results in a sterile style; and in all this literature of pseudo-history and canonical rules, Stutis, Stotras ["lauds"], etc., there is nothing elevating or inspiring. In fact, the rules of the order and their explanation are the whole literature, except for some late metaphysical treatises and so-called historical books. The contrast of these productions with those of Buddhism will be seen in the typical extracts given below from the writings of both sects. The later literature of Jainism is to a great extent a copy of Brahmanic compositions, adapted to the sectarian faith of Mahavira. Thus there is a Jain Epic, and there are Jain stories, partly original though chiefly imitative of orthodox Sanskrit works; but though these present a curious amalgam, they are void of worth save as historical studies. This literature is written partly in a Prakrit dialect and partly in Sanskrit; and, like the Buddhistic works, it is to a certain extent metrical.

Third Period: Sanskrit literature proper. — The documents which we have been discussing as forming the second period were neither Vedic nor Sanskrit in language; nor do they form, strictly speaking, an epoch in the development of Brahmanic literature. They stood apart from the latter, in that Buddhism and Jainism broke with tradition and were unorthodox; whereas Brahmanic Sanskrit literature was the direct offspring of the older Vedic period. In point of time, however, Buddhism and Jainism intervene between the moribund Vedic and the first appearance of Sanskrit productivity. From the broader aspect of Indian literature as a whole, therefore, they actually form a distinct period by themselves, although, as we have seen, the last outcome of Vedic activity in the form of didactic manuals overlaps the era of Buddhism. Yet these manuals are not literature, but are rather the aids and helps to it; and by the time that Buddhism reaches its height, under the patronage of King Açoka in the third century B.C., Vedic literature is virtually complete: while it is about this time that Sanskrit production, in the form of the Epic, actually begins.

Before this Sanskrit literature is taken up, however, it is necessary to cast a glance at some other didactic works, generally couched in aphoristic form and utterly devoid of all attempt at style, which were composed from the end of the Vedic to the end of the Sanskrit period. It is not on account of their own literary value, for they have none, but because of their effect upon literature, that the nature of these works, also ancillary to it, must be examined. Their effect was especially potent in the development of Sanskrit literature; and a rapid review of these educational, philosophical, and scientific tracts — for they are nothing more — will do much to help in advance a correct understanding of the influences which were at work from the beginning upon Sanskrit. Chief in importance here were the grammatical studies and philosophical essays that began with the decline of Vedic literature. From the end of the Vedic period were composed manuals of phonology,

grammar, and etymology, together with lists of words of archaic form or peculiar meaning. In the fourth century B.C. the renowned Panini wrote his exhaustive grammar, wherein Vedic and Sanskrit forms were carefully distinguished, and rules were given for the making of grammatical tenses and cases. In the second century B.C., Katyayana in his 'Varttikas' and Patanjali in his 'Mahabhashya' furnished commentaries to this work; and these grammatical and lexicographical works led directly to formal Rhetoric, the first extant book on this subject being the Natyaçastra of Bharata, who lived (the date is rather uncertain) at some time between the first and sixth centuries A.D. To the latter century belongs the poet and grammarian Dandin, whose 'Kavyadarça' or 'Rhetoric' is historically as important as is his literary work (see below). Vamana's 'Principles of Poetry' probably belongs to the eighth century A.D., just when Sanskrit, as we shall see, becomes most artificial. Other works of this type follow in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and from the precision of their formal rules we may see how the literary style, influenced by such teachers, gradually changed from simplicity to intricacy.

Of the many works, dating from the close of the Vedic period, on music, mathematics, astronomy, and medicine, mention can here be made only of the mathematical 'Çulva-Sutras.' These apparently antedate Pythagoras; yet they contain the "Pythagorean" number and problem, and, together with other Hindu works, they may have been the model of Pythagoras' own numerical system of philosophy.

The legal literature of India is enormous in extent; but its origin has been explained above, and the many modern codes and digests cannot be reviewed here. Suffice it to say that legal literature and epic didactic (legal) passages present numerous instances of similarity which afford some interesting historico-literary problems not yet solved.

Most important of all this subsidiary literature are the many works on philosophy. They were at first composed in aphorisms; and the original set of apophthegms with the extensive elucidations of commentators constitute a philosophical system. Of the formal systems there are six; but the explanation of philosophical questions in the loose and rambling style of the Vedic Upanishads was the earlier form of this sort of literature. How the various doctrines based on the ideas of the Upanishads were developed in Sutras and expounded in Commentaries is matter of the history of philosophy rather than of literature. There was no Plato in India, no poet of philosophy, no scientific stylist; the only style aimed at was one that should express most in fewest words. In the ninth century A.D. lived Çankara, whose name deserves to be mentioned as the greatest of Hindu philosophical writers. All that it is here necessary to know of this constant philosophizing, extending from about 500 B.C. to the end of the period of Sanskrit literature, is that its effect on literature was very great; and since all philosophy included a religious

system as well, it may be said to have been doubly influential. Especially is this true in the case of the effect upon the Epic, the first form of pure literature in Sanskrit, and upon the Epic's religious continuation in the later Puranas. To these, as the first works of the Third Period of Indian literature, we may now turn.

(*a*) Epics and Puranas. The oldest compositions in Sanskrit are — first, the epic called the 'Bharata,' or grandiloquently the 'Mahabharata,' that is, the "Great (*maha*) [War of the] Bharatas"; and, second, such of the Vedic Sutras as were written almost in Sanskrit, though still retaining a great deal of the Vedic style. Epic literature in its beginnings, however, undoubtedly goes much farther back than the oldest portion of the extant epic. Early in the Vedic period there is mention of tales of old, and of singers who sang the deeds of great men; and even in the Rig-Veda a few hymns describing battles of the Aryans, and one narrating a conversation between the nymph Urvaci and her lover Pururavas, approach the epic style. It is probable that the 'Bharata' thus reverts in its original shape to the later Vedic period; but as it now stands it has been so worked over by the priests of Vishnu and Çiva that it is matter of pure conjecture in what form it was originally planned. Probably the oldest parts are a few scenes giving stirring events in the history of its heroes, and some of the episodes. These latter — ancient tales incorporated into the narrative — have often only a very loose connection with the main story. Further, the epic, as it now lies before us, includes whole books of philosophical, moral, ethical, and didactic discourses, put into the mouths of the sages who appear in the course of the tale. The most probable theory in regard to its origin, then, is that certain national lays and tales of old, gradually collected, formed the basis of the story; and that it was eventually enlarged and systematized by the priests in the interests of their various sects and of general morality until it became what it is today, "the fifth Veda" in importance, a huge storehouse of legend and didactic composition, through which, like a scarlet thread, runs the story of the conflict between the clans of Kurus and Pandus, which formed the original epic.

In its present form the 'Mahabharata' is about seven times as long as the Iliad and Odyssey put together, and contains some two hundred thousand verses. Apart from what we may safely regard as late didactic material, the character of this earlier epic is heroic in distinction from the epic next to be considered. The style is forcible, often terse and nervous, the action is well sustained, and the whole effect produced is that of a poem written to commemorate an actual conflict between members of rival clans, who lived somewhat southeast of the Panjab, but still near the old "Brahman-land"; for the geographical central point of the events is the town on the site of which is built the modern Delhi. In the portrayal of character the Hindu poem has many analogies with its Grecian counterpart, the Iliad. The noble devotion and chivalric character of Arjuna, the chief hero, reminds us of

Hector; the wily and sinful Duryodhana is a second Ulysses; the leader of one of the great hosts marshaled for the eighteen days' war, Yudhishthira [literally "steady in battle"], reminds us again, not only in name but in moral weakness and in heroic bravery, of the "Withstander," Agamemnon; and Krishnā, the devoted wife of Arjuna, may be compared with Andromache. But these two epics in their events and actions have nothing more in common than all tales of war; and the old theory that the Hindu epic may have been borrowed from the Greek because of the resemblance in character, is now quite given up.

The 'Bharata' war is a conflict between rival cousins of the house of Bharata, a race of heroes mentioned even in the Rig-Veda. Duryodhana deprives his cousin Yudhishthira of his throne by inducing him to gamble away his fortune, kingdom, family, and self; and then banishes Yudhishthira and the latter's four brothers for twelve years, not daring to kill them because they were "beloved by the folk." The gambling is conducted in an unfair manner, and the cousins feel that their banishment is really only the result of unchivalric treachery, although pretended to be mercy in lieu of death. When the twelve years are over, they collect armies of sympathizers; and on the "Sacred Plain of the Kurus" (Kurukshetra, near Delhi, still the Holy Land of India) the great war is fought out. The good prevails, Duryodhana is slain, Yudhishthira recovers his kingdom. All this is told so graphically and forcibly that, even encumbered with extraneous matter as it now is, the 'Mahabharata' still has power to charm and enthrall. This epic was probably begun in the third or fourth century B.C., and was completed with all extraneous additions soon after the Christian era.

The second great epic of India arose not in the west like the 'Mahabharata,' but in the east, in the neighborhood of the seat of Buddhism. It describes the wandering of Rama, the national hero of the East, who in the tale is ostensibly the heir-apparent of Oude; and from Rama's wanderings (*ayana*) the poem is called the 'Ramayana.' In contrast with the heroic character of the 'Bharata' tale, the 'Ramayana' is distinctly romantic in style, and may be compared with the Odyssey. In this much shorter story Rama's conflict with the southern barbarians is depicted, the chief motif being the recapture of Sita, Rama's wife, who during her husband's unjust banishment by his father was carried off by the king of the southern demons, and kept in the latter's castle in Ceylon. Rama's victorious conflict, and the bridge which his monkey battalions built for him from the mainland to the island, are still preserved in local name and legends in southern India. As the geography of this tale shows, the date to which it must be referred is much later than that of the 'Bharata.' There are, moreover, two main points of difference between the poems: first, that of character and style already referred to; and, second, the fact that the 'Ramayana,' while undoubtedly built around old legends, is still in its complete form the work of one single

man, the famous poet Valmiki, who writes what the Hindus themselves term an "Art-poem," as distinguished from a Legend-poem, or Epic. It is true that the 'Mahabharata,' like most Hindu works, is also referred to a sage, who in this instance bears the suspicious name of Vyasa ["the narrator"]; but the poem itself is its own evidence of the fact that no one author ever created it in its entirety. On the other hand, Valmiki unquestionably wrote the whole of the 'Ramayana' himself, and probably composed it as an allegory; for Sita, the heroine, means "furrow," and Rama, the hero, stands for "plow." The poem thus depicts the advance of Aryan civilization into the wild regions of the south. Further, the style, meter, and language are far less simple than in the 'Mahabharata.' The poem in its present shape is probably a few centuries later than the 'Mahabharata,' but the date cannot be determined with any exactness.

On account of its sentimental style, the 'Ramayana' has always been a great favorite with the Hindus, especially with those disciples of Vishnu who believe that Rama was a human incarnation of their god. The poem has been imitated, abridged, copied, and altered by other sects as well; and to a certain extent this is true also of the 'Mahabharata,' where one of the characters represents in popular belief Krishna, another incarnation of Vishnu. The 'Ramayana,' however, lends itself more easily to religious imitation, especially on the religious-erotic side, which in India constitutes a large part of modern religious literature; and for this reason, in its rôle of a sacred, as well as a literary product, it has become even more popular than the 'Mahabharata.' Its date is quite uncertain, but may perhaps be referred to the first century B.C.

The Puranas are eighteen in number, all ostensibly religious, written in the usual epic verse (of two octosyllabic hemistichs), and modeled on the religious portion of the 'Mahabharata.' The name Purana means "old" (tales), and the works handed down under that name recount the deeds of deified heroes, explain religious and moral doctrines, give an account of the glories of past cycles and of what will happen in time to come; and besides narration and speculation, incidentally inculcate moral and religious truths. No small portion of them is dedicated, however, to purely sectarian (half-orthodox) teaching; and in the case of later works of this sort it is evident that they were composed chiefly as sectarian tracts. The style is loose and rambling, the language of most of them is a slovenly Sanskrit, and the date of all of them is doubtful. They probably began in the period of the genesis of modern sectarian Brahmanism, in the first centuries after our era, about the time that the last (religious) additions to the 'Mahabharata' were being made; but the period of their composition extends to quite modern times. The 'Agni,' 'Markandeya,' and 'Vishnu' Puranas seem to be the oldest works of this class, and are the most important. Others, like the 'Linga Purana,' extol Çaivaite phallic worship; and many of them are scarcely

superior to the so-called Tantras — tracts on obscure religious rites, which hardly deserve to be classed as literature. In the oldest use of the word, Purana connoted cosmogonic speculation rather than tales; but this meaning applies only to a small part of the modern works of this type.

As the 'Purana' may be regarded as a continuation of the religious side of the 'Mahabharata,' so the 'Ramayana' is the model of a number of later Kavyas — *i. e.*, "art-poems" of religious-erotic character. The best known and most important of these are attributed to Kalidasa, India's greatest dramatic author, who probably lived about 600 A.D. These are the 'Setubandha,' the 'Raghuvança,' and the 'Kumarasambhava.' The first is in patois, and gives the history of Rama; the other two are in artificial Sanskrit, the second giving the genealogy of Raghu, and the third describing the birth of the love-god. Besides these must be mentioned four more late "art-poems"; the 'Bhattikavya' (describing the race of Rama), ascribed to the lyric poet Bhartrihari, who lived in the seventh century A.D.; the 'Kiratarjuniya' of Bharavi, possibly of the sixth century; Magha's poem of Çiçupala's death (date unknown); and the 'Naishadhiya,' of the twelfth century. All these are bombastic in style and excessively artificial in language. From the latest period comes further the 'Nalodaya.' The episode of Nala and Damayanti is one of the artless episodes of the 'Mahabharata'; and nothing shows more plainly the later deterioration of taste than this 'Nalodaya,' the same story told in erotic style and in language intensely artificial. The titles of these works do not always reveal their character; for instance, the 'Bhattikavya' is really intended to show the irregular grammatical forms in the guise of a poem.

(*b*) Fables and Drama. Between epic and drama lies the class of writings represented in Europe by the works of Æsop and Babrius. In India the fable, though not as an independent literary product, may be traced back to the oldest Upanishads, and appears very prominently in the Buddhist Jatakas, especially as the doctrine of reincarnation lent itself admirably to the growth of such compositions. Some scholars have held that these fables formed the model for Æsop, and others have maintained that the Hindus were the copyists; but it is not necessary to suppose that a phenomenon so native to peasant talent was borrowed on either side; the creation was, most probably, independent in both lands.

The great collection of Indian fables in five books (whence the name, Pancatantra) has been widely read and translated in the Occident. This collection was made in the first centuries of our era. In the fifth century it was rendered into Persian [Pahlavi], thence into Arabic, and in the eleventh century from Arabic into Greek; from Greek it was translated into Hebrew in the thirteenth century, thence into Latin, and finally into German in the fifteenth century, being one of the first works to be printed in Europe. The 'Hitopadeça' ['Friendly Instruction,'] is another such collection, based for

the most part on the Pancatantra. As the name of the later work implies, the sententious side is here more important: the "moral" is put first, and a tale is told to illustrate it, while verse and prose alternate, as they do in our fairy stories. Another famous collection is the 'Vetala-pancavinçati' ['Twenty-five Tales of a Ghost'], and still another quite modern one is called the 'Çuka-saptati' ['Seventy Tales of a Parrot']. These are rather inane in content and tale is often wrapped within tale like a puzzle, the moral being sententiously or aphoristically appended.[2] The longest collection of this sort is the 'Kathasaritsagara' ['Ocean of Tales'], composed in verse by Somadeva, a native of Kashmir, in the eleventh century. The erotic character of many of these fables leads at a comparatively early date to the development of genuine romances, three of which, from the sixth and seventh centuries, are still extant: the 'Daçakumaracarita' ['Adventures of the Ten Princes'] of Dandin, the 'Vasavadatta' of Subhandhu, and the 'Kadambari' of Bana, besides the latter author's *quasi*-historical romance, the 'Harshacarita,' on the life of King Harshavardhana of Kanauj. In all of them the rather tenuous subject-matter is buried under a mass of description in a style of most exaggerated artificiality.

The romantic development of the fable, often in the form of a love story, leads directly to the drama, which, as extant, is no older than the lyric, though its origin can be traced further back. It appears to have come from a curious mixture of fable and religious rite. In the second and third centuries before Christ the common people were entertained with Yatras, a kind of mystery-play in which the love affairs of Krishna-Vishnu (the god Vishnu in anthropomorphic form as Krishna, the Divine hero of the Mahabharata) were represented on a stage, the action and dialogue being naturally accompanied with song and dance, for Krishna is fabled to have lived for a time as a neatherd on earth, where he sported with the music-and-dance-loving maidens who also guarded flocks near-by. These idyls were exhibited as a religious performance; and from this union of dance, song, and religious mystery it happens that the Hindu drama is really melodramatic opera. The piece must end well, and it is never without song and dance. There is no real tragedy. The various kinds of dramas are carefully distinguished by native rhetoricians; but among them all the 'Nataka' is the only real play in a modern sense. The Hindu drama may have any number of acts, from one to ten; there is no limit to the number of actors; and the unities of time and space are freely violated. The language is Sanskrit (which in the earlier plays is comparatively simple in structure) and various Prakrit patois, reserved for women and men of low caste. In the later drama the Sanskrit becomes very artificial, and the long complicated sentences seem to be contrived with special reference

[2] This "box-arrangement" appears as early as the 'Pancatantra' and is imitated outside India in the 'Arabian Nights,' some of the late Greek romances, the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio, etc.

to the delight of sophisticated auditors in unraveling the meaning concealed in the puzzle of words.

The most renowned of the early dramatists were Kalidasa, Çudraka, and Bhavabhuti. The first of these lived at the time when the great emperor Vikramaditya had succeeded in routing the barbarian hosts that followed in the wake of Alexander's conquest and for centuries overwhelmed northern India with rapine and ruin. It was also the period when Buddhism, which had done much to retard the genius of Brahmanism, was slowly fading out. Then, with the revival of Brahmanic faith and literature, and, above all, under the patronage of the great emperor who for the first time gave assured safety and peace to the distracted land, there arose all at once a rejuvenated literature, Brahmanic but not priestly, and rather cosmopolitan — a veritable Renaissance, as it has aptly been termed by Max Müller. Letters, which at the hands of priests, their only remaining guardians, had been content with adding moral and religious chapters to the Epic, took a new departure. The old style was not imitated by the new authors, who represent the sacerdotal caste no longer. In a word, this Renaissance betokens the new life which came when literature passed from priestly control into the hands of cultivated laymen assured of protection, patronage, and praise. Hence not only drama and lyric, but also philosophy and science, all flourished at this epoch, and the greatest poets and scientists adorned the court of Vikramaditya, who in the first half of the sixth century A.D. created an empire, and "bejeweled his throne" (as the Hindus say) with littérateurs. "Vikramaditya's Nine Gems" to this day designates the little group of authors and scientists who lived at that period, the best of classical Sanskrit. Most famous among these was the dramatic and lyric poet Kalidasa; the astronomer Varahamihira, whose 'Brihat-samhita' is still a mine of curious facts and contains all the astronomical science of the time; the redoubtable Amarasinha, one of the greatest lexicographers of the world; the learned Vararuci, the model grammarian; and many others whose purely learned books must be excluded from "best literature," but whose works, in their variety and comprehensiveness, show how wonderful a change had come over Indian thought.

To Kalidasa three extant dramas are attributed; but since he is the subject of a special section in this volume, consideration of his works may here be omitted. Çudraka, though admitted to be contemporary with him, is thought by some to be an older poet because of his style in the composition of the 'Mricchakatika,' or 'Toy Cart' [literally 'Clay Cart'], which seems to be one of the earliest dramas. In distinction from the delicacy of Kalidasa, Çudraka is especially famous for force and humor, so that he has been called the most Shakespearean of Hindu dramatists. The author is a royal personage, unless, as some scholars believe, King Çudraka covered with his own name the authorship of a piece that was really written by one of his subjects — not an uncommon procedure in India. The poet Dandin seems most likely

to have been the author of the 'Toy Cart,' for Çudraka is a name otherwise unknown in literature, and Dandin's style closely resembles that of the unknown "Hindu Shakespeare." The chief persons of this play, which has ten acts, are a poor merchant and a rich woman of the bayadère class, besides whom there are a number of relations of the merchant, a jester, and a mass of subsidiary characters. The plot is the love of the rich courtesan for the poor merchant, whose noble character elevates her until she attains her dearest wishes and is made his wife. The courtesan's attempts to aid her destitute but honorable lover, her gradual growth in appreciation of his character, her resolve to become morally worthy of him, the tricks and misfortunes which thwart her, and finally the means whereby the knot of difficulty is untied are all described with dramatic wit and power. The name of the drama is taken from a slight incident in it. The merchant's little boy, weeping because his toy cart, owing to his father's poverty, is made only of clay, is overheard by the bayadère, who fills the cart with jewels and bids him buy one of gold, like that of his rich neighbor's son.

The third great dramatist belongs to the eighth century. This is the Southerner, Bhavabhuti, who excels in the grandeur rather than in the delicacy of his descriptions, and who also left three great dramas: 'Malatimadhava,' or the tale of (the love of the heroine) Malati and (the hero) Madhava; 'Mahaviracarita,' and 'Uttararamacarita.' The first, in ten acts, is deservedly the most famous, and has been called the 'Romeo and Juliet' of India. Madhava and Malati love each other, and their parents have agreed on the match, but political influence makes them change their intentions. The lovers are separated and are formally promised to other suitors by their parents, who dare not disobey the king's express wish in this regard. Then a savage priest appears, who steals Malati away and is about to sacrifice her on the altar of the terrible goddess Durga, Çiva's wife, when Madhava saves her and slays the priest. All is about to terminate happily when a comic submotif is introduced. Madhava's friends in sport substitute for Malati at the wedding a young man dressed as a girl; but the heroine, stolen again, is finally found, so that the drama ends well after all. The agency of Buddhist nuns in helping the young people is conspicuous, and equally conspicuous is the diabolical character of the Brahman priest.

Between Bhavabhuti and Kalidasa comes the author of a little drama called the 'Ratnavali,' ascribed to King Harsha, but probably written by one of his subjects — either Bana, author of the 'Kadambari,' or Dhavaka. It dates from the seventh century, as nearly as can be determined, and to its author are also attributed the 'Nagananda' and 'Priyadarçika.' Though these fill satisfactorily the blank between the sixth and eighth centuries, the product of this time is distinctly inferior to that immediately before and after, and Bhavabhuti is the next literary follower of his older rival. In the following centuries, drama succeeded drama with greater rapidity, and a

large number of late inferior dramatic compositions are extant. Among these one of the best is 'Mudrarakshasa' ['Guardian of the Seal']; a play that reminds us of 'Richelieu,' and is notable as being wholly a political drama. It is forcibly and dramatically written, and some of the scenes are of great power and intense interest. It is doubtful when its author, Viçakhadatta, lived — in the eighth or in the eleventh century. An admirable drama by Kshemiçvara (uncertain date), entitled 'Candakauçika' or the 'Wrath of Kauçika,' should also be mentioned as well worthy of study. Among lesser lights of later times the best known are Bhatta, of the tenth century, whose 'Venisanhara' ['Binding of the Braid'] is based on an epic incident; and Rajaçekhara, of the ninth century, who has left four rather indifferent dramas.

(*c*) Lyric poetry. It may be said that even in the Rig-Veda there is a lyric strain, perceptible not only in the praises of the gods but also in one or two of the triumphant battle hymns. At a later period the language of religious ecstasy in the Upanishads, though framed in simple octosyllabic verse, also rises not infrequently to lyric heights; and this is especially true of some of the short effusions to be found in Buddhistic literature. Formal lyric, however, with its varied meter, its wild and pathetic strains, appears first at the period of the Indian Renaissance. Here too Kalidasa's name heads the list, not only in virtue of the lyric parts of his dramas, but because of his lyric poetry *per se*. Apart from him and Jayadeva, however, both of whom will be considered in special chapters, only a few of the lyric bards call for mention here. As in the case of the drama, much was subsequently written, but little was written well. Of these inferior works, however, the twenty-two strophes called 'Ghatakarpara' deserve to be spoken of because the author lived at so early a date, being probably almost a contemporary of Kalidasa himself; while the 'Caurapancaçika' ['Fifty [stanzas] of the Thief'] of the eleventh century may be cited as an example of the later erotic poems. The author of the latter, probably Bilhana, describes in passionate language the delight of a clandestine lover in the embrace of his mistress, who, condemned to die for his stolen bliss, receives both life and his beloved because of the beauty of his verse.

But long lyric effusions do not show the peculiar genius of this Indian *genre* in its later development. In artificial language, where every syllable is pregnant with meaning, the Hindu delights in giving a complete idyl in as few verses as possible. Thus we have an enormous mass of little poems, each without introduction or end, describing a situation. This is often a lover's complaint, but as often it is a meditative expression of some moral or even physical truth. In short, in this lyric, which closes the development of native literature, we have a reversion to the aphoristic sententious style which marked the close of the Vedic period; only in the latter the didactic matter was the one thing considered, while in the sentimental aphoristic lyric, style and language were regarded as even more important than the truth or fancy to be expressed. Even

in the epic, some of the aphoristic verses are almost lyrical in this sense; and in the fables, there is much that aspires to beauty in expression as well as to truth in what is said.

The chief master of this sort of lyric was Bhartrihari, a philosopher and poet who lived in the seventh century. According to tradition, he was a Buddhist monk, who, as was permitted to the monks, joined the order seven times and seven times left it, being influenced beyond his own control by desire for religion and, in turn, by love of the world. It is said that he was so well aware of his weakness that when he was a monk he always kept a horse ready harnessed, in order that, if he should feel overpowered by sinful desires, he might have the means to escape and gratify them without delay. He wrote three 'Çatakas' [literally 'Centuries'] of little lyrics on worldly wisdom, love, and renunciation respectively, which are marked by *esprit,* humor, and delicate sentiment. Another such collection, the 'Çringaratilaka' ['Love's Adornment'], is ascribed to Kalidasa, though the authorship is not beyond doubt. A 'Century' of lyrics was also composed by Amaru, who is regarded as the greatest master in depicting love scenes and in understanding women; and still another book of 'Seven Centuries' ('Sapaçataka') was written in a Prakrit patois by Hala. In these the erotic nature of the poems interchanges with what, in view of the patois, is really folk-poetry, though there is probably as little of the real folk here as in Theocritus, despite descriptions of nature which show a fine touch.

Fourth Period: Modern Sanskrit and dialectic literature. — For fully a century before and for half a millennium after the Christian era, India was overrun by northern barbarians. For the next five hundred years the land enjoyed comparative security from the Muhammadans, for though Muslim invaded India as early as the eighth century, Hindu rule was not overthrown till the latter half of the tenth century. The next five hundred years, from the crowning of Mahmud, the devastator of India in 997, to the middle of the sixteenth century, was a period of rapine and ruin. Under Akbar, the Great Mogul, who reigned from 1556 to 1605, the land had peace; but literary originality was totally destroyed by the very security of the time when Persian, Christian, Jew, and Muhammadan lived amicably together, discussing religion, philosophy, and literature at the Emperor's court. Moreover, the Portuguese landed in India in the fifteenth century, and the English in 1600. From this time on, therefore, Indian literature loses its old character. The first extant works of this period, chiefly religious, are a reflex of the confluence of Hindu and Muhammadan thought. Nor are they untouched by Christian doctrine, for as early as the seventh century Christians were welcomed by a northern king, and the late Puranas have many traits taken directly from the New Testament. The terrible oppression of the Muhammadan from about 1000 to 1500, however, leaves even the centuries preceding Akbar's reign almost bare of original productions. To the eleventh and twelfth centuries belong fable,

drama, and lyric in steadily decreasing amount and value; but the crushed genius of the Hindus after this seems to be content with the manufacture of commentaries and of religious works (the animus of the latter, which are known as Tantras, being a fierce sectarianism), till the catholicity of Akbar's reign produces the refined and philosophic religious works of modern times. The Tantras describe minutely the obscure rites of the lower religious orders; and other works of this class are called Agamas ["Traditional works"], which scarcely differ from the late sectarian Puranas. Most of the latter claim for themselves a great antiquity; but none is probably older than the ninth century, and many of them date from the fifteenth or sixteenth. Beside these devotional works stands a mass of late Smriti or "Tradition," generally in the form of a miscellaneous assortment of rules called a law-book, but partaking largely of the character of a Purana. The formal 'History of Sects' forms one of the literary features of this time, the first written in the ninth century by Ananda Giri, a pupil of Çankara, and another composed by Madhava Acarya in the fourteenth. This may be designated also as the greatest epoch of commentators. In the seventh century, during the period following on the Renaissance, ancient Brahmanism was re-established ritually by Kumarila. Later scholars contented themselves with writing commentaries on the Vedic texts, the best known of these being Sayana, who in the fourteenth century re-edited with his exhaustive commentary the Rig-Veda and other early material.

The sectaries did, however, produce some original matter, notably in the case of the Rama-Vaishnavites, *i.e.* those who believe in Rama (rather than in Krishna) as an incarnation of Vishnu. These sects, or at least their leaders, are in general more philosophical than are the devotees of Krishna. Thus in the twelfth century Ramanuja, the next able philosopher after Çankara, founded a new sect which possesses the most important Hindi poem of modern times, the 'Ramcaritmanas' of Tulsi Das, who is generally acknowledged to be the strongest modern Hindu poet. He lived in the sixteenth century, and his work is a sort of modern 'Ramayana,' a New Testament to that older Bible of the Rama sect. The Krishnaites have, on the other hand, as their older Bible, a religious chapter of the 'Mahabharata' (called the 'Bhagavad Gita' or 'Divine Song'); but for a New Testament they possess only the trashy 'Bhagavata Purana.'

Commentaries not merely on Vedic texts but on modern sects also characterize this period. Thus in the sixteenth century a 'Life of Krishna,' virtually a commentary on the doctrines of his followers, was written by Vallabha, one of the few Krishnaite scholars. Modern religious literature, however, is usually a plain combination of Muhammadanism, Hinduism, and Christianity, notably so in the compositions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but not less surely in every work since the sixteenth. Thus the famous 'Adi-granth' ['Original Book'] of the Sikhs is a sixteenth-century composite of Muhammadan and Hindu thought; although Kabir and Nanak,

the first leaders of this sect, who lived in the fifteenth century, actually broke with both these State religions, and formed what they claimed was a new faith. The same statement holds true in regard to the sacred writings of the Dadu Panthis of the seventeenth century: while Rammohun Roy (born in 1772) and the numerous leaders of Samajas, or "Congregations," who followed him have done nothing more than make latter-day Upanishads based on eclectic Christian doctrine superadded to more native teaching — a curious amalgam, which represents very well the parasitic character of modern religious literature in India. Some of this is in Sanskrit, some in Tamil and other languages of the Southern Dravidians, and some in local Hindu patois. Of these, the sacred 'Kural' of Tiruvalluvar, and the 'Prem Sagar' ['Ocean of Love'] are typical examples. In general, besides such religious works, Dravidian (Tamil, Kanarese, Malayalam, and Telugu) literature consists either of reproductions of Sanskrit works or of folk-tales, and may, therefore, be omitted.

In the domain of the late literature, which is impregnated with foreign ideas, one passes beyond the true province of Indian literature, and one equally exceeds these limits in speaking of modern works composed in Sanskrit. Sanskrit is still written and spoken, but so is Latin; and Sanskrit literature stops with the aftergrowth of the Renaissance just as truly as Latin letters cease with the Silver Age. The Sanskrit writings of the last few centuries are to Sanskrit literature what the Latin of the Middle Ages is to Latin literature. The age when Sanskrit was a people's language is long since past; and even in the later drama it is probable that the artificial Sanskrit employed is a true index of its decline as a spoken tongue, and that in ordinary conversation even the Brahmans used the colloquial patois of their respective homes. In one of these dramas it is said that there is nothing more ridiculous than a man singing pianissimo and a woman speaking Sanskrit; while, as we have seen, even the early drama made all low-caste men and women converse in patois. In the epic, on the other hand, there is no indication that the characters used any other language than Sanskrit, and there it is considered a mark of cultivation to be able to "speak in patois," as if this were an accomplishment. Panini's explicit rules for "dialects," and the fact that the earlier Buddhistic works are preserved not in Sanskrit but in Pali, show that the former was a local language to a great extent, and that, as the exponent of the Brahmanic faith, it was probably more or less a revived tongue even at the period of the Indian Renaissance. In the northwest, Sanskrit was probably spoken at a time when it had fallen into disuse in other districts; and as the various patois gradually encroached upon it, it became, as its name denotes, the "cultivated" or "refined" language, in contradistinction to Prakrit, the "natural" language or local patois.

In closing this outline of Indian literature, it may not be amiss to point out, if only for convenience in remembering its long course of three thousand

years, the five-hundred year groups into which it naturally falls in respect of time. In the sense of original Hindu compositions, Indian literature extends from about 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. The first five hundred years go to the completion of the Rig-Veda Collection. Then follow about five hundred years of Vedic decline, additions, elucidations, the ritual period. A religious and sectarian literary awakening succeeds this epoch, typified by the first Upanishads and by the growth of Buddhism; while Vedic literature expires in Sutras, a period of five hundred years, from about 500 B.C. to our era. Another era of five hundred years covers a time of political ruin at the hands of barbarians and decadent Buddhism, from our era to 500 A.D. Then in the sixth century comes the literary awakening, the Renaissance, the effect of which in the growth of art endures till, about 1000 A.D., the Muhammadan again brings ruin to India. The decline of this art follows during five hundred years more in the works of inferior poets and the rise of commentators. After 1500 A.D. the literature is no longer "Indian."

E. W. Hopkins

HYMNS FROM THE RIG-VEDA

TO AGNI (I, 1)

I WORSHIP Agni; house-priest, he,
And priest divine of sacrifice,
Th' oblation priest, who giveth wealth.

Agni, by seers of old adored,
To be adored by those today —
May he the gods bring here to us.

Through Agni can one wealth acquire,
Prosperity from day to day,
And fame of heroes excellent.

O Agni! whatsoe'er the rite
That thou surround'st on every side,
That sacrifice attains the gods.

May Agni, who oblation gives —
The wisest, true, most famous priest —
This god with (all) the gods approach!

Thou doest good to every man
That serves thee, Agni; even this
Is thy true virtue, Angiras.

To thee, O Agni, day by day,
Do we with prayer at eve and dawn,
Come, bringing lowly reverence;

To thee, the lord of sacrifice,
And shining guardian of the rite,
In thine own dwelling magnified.

As if a father to his son,
Be easy of access to us,
And lead us onward to our weal.

TO INDRA (VI, 30)

Great hath he grown, Indra, for deeds heroic;
Ageless is he alone, alone gives riches;
Beyond the heaven and earth hath Indra stretched him,
The half of him against both worlds together!
So high and great I deem his godly nature;
What he hath stablished there is none impairs it.
Day after day a sun is he conspicuous,
And, wisely strong, divides the wide dominions.
Today and now (thou makest) the work of rivers,
In that, O Indra, thou hast hewn them pathway.
The hills have bowed them down as were they comrades;
By thee, O wisely strong, are spaces fastened.
'Tis true, like thee, O Indra, is no other,
Nor god nor mortal is more venerable.
Thou slew'st the dragon that the flood encompassed,
Thou didst let out the waters to the ocean.
Thou didst the waters free, the doors wide opening,
Thou, Indra, brak'st the stronghold of the mountains,
Becamest king of all that goes and moveth,
Begetting sun and heaven and dawn together.

Translations by E. W. Hopkins

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TO VARUNA (I, 25)

If we, who are but men, in any wise,
  In this our daily life transgress thy will,
God Varuna, O make us not the prey
  For murderous swords of bitter foes that kill,
Nor for the wrath of cruel men! For lo!
  As charioteer outspans his yokèd steed,
So we, O God, by these our hymns untie
  Thy spirit unto mercy in our need.

As birds unto their nests all eager fly,
  So fly my sighs unto desires of bliss:
O when may we to mercy hope to win
  Varuna Lord Supreme? O grant us this!
Two gods (Varuna and Mitra), like dearest friends, this offering share:
  Two gods that ne'er their votaries neglect
Who, faithful, venerate the heavenly pair.

Varuna knoweth the paths of birds in air,
  Knoweth the paths of ships that cross the sea;
Inviolable his decrees! He knows the months
  That brings good luck; all seasons knoweth he.
He knows the path of high and vasty winds;
  He knows the powers that sit above the sky;
Inviolable his decrees! Himself aloft
  Ruleth the universe, enthroned on high.

Thence watcheth he Nature's phenomena —
  The wonders that have been and that shall be.
O may he guide us in the path of right,
  And give long life, wise son of Aditi!
With golden breastplate armed, stands Varuna
  In bright abode; and spies sit round the while:
This God, whom neither evil-minded men
  Nor traitorous thoughts may hope e'er to beguile.

'Tis he who with unstinting hand hath given
  To men his favors, and to our mortal frame:
As kine that up to mountain pastures climb,
  So mount my prayers to him and call his name.

Come, let us hold sweet converse, whilst they bring
The sacred draught, the priest the cup doth hold.
O may I see the God all-visible,
See him on earth, in battle-car of gold!

Receive from me these hymns! O Varun, hear
This my appeal, and pity take on me!
Yearning for help, thee, Varun, I adore.
O wise, who governest all! earth, heaven, sea.

O loose for us the upper bond of sin!
O loose the middle bond, and break the last!
That we may live!

Translated by Bishop L. C. Casartelli

TO THE DAWN (VII, 77)

As comes a bride hath she approached us, gleaming!
All things that live she rouses now to action.
A fire is born that shines for human beings;
Light hath she made, and driven away the darkness.

Wide-reaching hath she risen, to all approaching,
And shone forth clothed in garments white and glistening.
Of gold her color, fair to see her look is,
Mother of kine, leader of days she gleameth.

Bearing the gods' eye, she, the gracious maiden —
Leading along the white and sightly charger —
Aurora now is seen, revealed in glory,
With shining guerdons unto all appearing.

O near and dear one, light far off our foes, and
Make safe to us our kines' wide pasture-places.
Keep from us hatred; what is good, that bring us,
And send the singer wealth, O generous maiden.

With thy best beams for us do thou beam widely,
Aurora, goddess bright, our life extending;
And food bestow, O thou all goods possessing,
Wealth, too, bestowing, kine and steeds and war-cars.

Thou whom Vasistha's sons extol with praises,
Fair-born Aurora, daughter of Dyaus, the bright one —
On us bestow thou riches high and mighty,
O all ye gods, with weal forever guard us.

TO THE NIGHT (X, 127)

Night, shining goddess, comes, who now
Looks out afar with many eyes,
And putteth all her beauties on.

Immortal shining goddess, she
The depths and heights alike hath filled,
And drives with light the dark away.

To me she comes, adornèd well,
A darkness black now sightly made;
Pay then thy debt, O Dawn, and go.

The bright one coming put aside
Her sister Dawn (the sunset light),
And lo! the darkness hastes away.

So (kind art thou) to us; at whose
Appearing we retire to rest,
As birds fly homeward to the tree.

To rest are come the throngs of men;
To rest, the beasts; to rest, the birds;
And e'en the greedy eagles rest.

Keep off the she-wolf and the wolf,
Keep off the thief, O billowy Night,
Be thou to us a saviour now.

To thee, O Night, as 'twere an herd,
To a conqueror (brought), bring I an hymn;
Daughter of Heaven, accept (the gift).

TO SOMA (I, 91)

Thou, Soma, wisest art in understanding;
Thou guidest (us) along the straightest pathway;
'Tis through thy guidance that our pious fathers
Among the gods got happiness, O Indu.

Thou, Soma, didst become in wisdom wisest;
In skill most skilful, thou, obtaining all things.
A bull in virile strength, thou, and in greatness;
In splendor wast thou splendid, man-beholder.

Thine, now, the laws of kingly Varuṇa;
Both high and deep the place of thee, O Soma.
Thou brilliant art as Mitra, the belovèd,
Like Aryaman, deserving service, art thou.

Whate'er thy places be in earth or heaven,
Whate'er in mountains, or in plants and waters,
In all of these, well-minded, not injurious,
King Soma, our oblations meeting, take thou.

Thou, Soma, art the real lord,
Thou king and Vritra-slayer, too;
Thou art the strength that gives success.

And, Soma, let it be thy will
For us to live, nor let us die;
Thou lord of plants, who lovest praise.

Thou, Soma, bliss upon the old,
And on the young and pious man
Ability to live, bestowest.

Do thou, O Soma, on all sides
Protect us, king, from him that sins,
No harm touch friend of such as thou.

Whatever the enjoyments be
Thou hast, to help thy worshiper,
With these our benefactor be.

This sacrifice, this song, do thou,
Well-pleased, accept; come unto us;
Make for our weal, O Soma, thou.

In songs we, conversant with words,
O Soma, thee do magnify;
Be merciful and come to us.

All saps unite in thee and all strong powers,
All virile force that overcomes detraction;
Filled full, for immortality, O Soma,
Take to thyself the highest praise in heaven.
The sacrifice shall all embrace — whatever
Places thou hast, revered with poured oblations.
Home-aider, Soma, furtherer with good heroes,
Not hurting heroes, to our houses come thou.
Soma the cow gives; Soma, the swift charger;
Soma, the hero that can much accomplish
(Useful at home, in feast, and in assembly
His father's glory) — gives, to him that worships.
In war unharmed; in battle still a saviour;
Winner of heaven and waters, town-defender,
Born mid loud joy, and fair of home and glory,
A conqueror, thou; in thee may we be happy.
Thou hast, O Soma, every plant begotten;
The waters, thou; and thou, the cows; and thou hast
Woven the wide space 'twixt the earth and heaven;
Thou hast with light put far away the darkness.
With mind divine, O Soma, thou divine one,
A share of riches win for us, O hero;
Let none restrain thee, thou art lord of valor;
Show thyself foremost to both sides in battle.

THE FROG-HYMN (VII, 103) [1]

As priests that have their vows fulfilled,
Reposing for a year complete,
The frogs have now begun to talk —
Parjanya [the rain-god] has their voice aroused.

[1] This hymn seems to be, in reality, a charm for the production of rain.

When down the heavenly waters come upon him,
Who like a dry bag lay within the river,
Then, like the cows' loud lowing (cows that calves have),
The vocal sound of frogs comes all together.

When on the longing, thirsty ones it raineth,
(The rainy season having come upon them),
Then *akkala!* they cry; and one the other
Greets with his speech, as sons address a father.

The one the other welcomes, and together
They both rejoice at falling of the waters;
The spotted frog hops when the rain has wet him,
And with his yellow comrade joins his utterance.

When one of these the other's voice repeateth,
Just as a student imitates his teacher,
Then like united members with fair voices,
They all together sing among the waters.

One like an ox doth bellow, goat-like one bleats;
Spotted is one, and one of them is yellow;
Alike in name, but in appearance different,
In many ways the voice they, speaking, vary.

As priests about th' intoxicating *soma*
Talk as they stand before the well-filled vessel,
So stand ye round about this day once yearly,
On which, O frogs, the time of rain approaches.

(Like) priests who *soma* have, they raise their voices,
And pray the prayer that once a year is uttered;
(Like) heated priests who sweat at sacrifices,
They all come out, concealed of them is no one.

The sacred order of the (year) twelve-membered,
These heroes guard, and never do neglect it;
When every year, the rainy season coming,
The burning heat receiveth its dismission.

Translations by E. W. Hopkins

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A MYSTIC COSMOGONIC HYMN (X, 129)

Then there was neither Aught nor Nought, no air nor sky beyond.
What covered all? Where rested all? In watery gulf profound?
Nor death was then, nor deathlessness, nor change of night and day.
That One breathed calmly, self-sustained; nought else beyond It lay.
Gloom hid in gloom existed first — one sea, eluding view.
That One, a void in chaos wrapt, by inward fervor grew.
Within It first arose desire, the primal germ of mind,
Which nothing with existence links, as sages searching find.
The kindling ray that shot across the dark and drear abyss —
Was it beneath? or high aloft? What bard can answer this?
There fecundating powers were found, and mighty forces strove —
A self-supporting mass beneath, and energy above.
Who knows, who ever told, from whence this vast creation rose?
No gods had then been born — who then can e'er the truth disclose?
Whence sprang this world, and whether framed by hand divine or no —
Its lord in heaven alone can tell, if even he can show.

FROM THE ATHARVA-VEDA

TO VARUNA (IV, 16)

THE mighty Lord on high, our deeds, as if at hand, espies:
The gods know all men do, though men would fain their deeds disguise.
Whoever stands, whoever moves, or steals from place to place,
Or hides him in his secret cell — the gods his movements trace.
Wherever two together plot, and deem they are alone,
King Varuna is there, a third, and all their schemes are known.
The earth is his, to him belong those vast and boundless skies;
Both seas within him rest, and yet in that small pool he lies.
Whoever far beyond the sky should think his way to wing,
He could not there elude the grasp of Varuna the king.
His spies descending from the skies glide all this world around,
Their thousand eyes all-scanning sweep to earth's remotest bound.
Whate'er exists in heaven and earth, whate'er beyond the skies,
Before the eyes of Varuna, the king, unfolded lies.
The ceaseless winkings all he counts of every mortal's eyes:
He wields this universal frame, as gamester throws his dice.
Those knotted nooses which thou fling'st, O god, the bad to snare —
All liars let them overtake, but all the truthful spare.

Translations by J. Muir

LEGEND OF THE FLOOD

From the 'Çatapatha Brahmana'

IN the morning they brought water to Manu to wash with, even as today they bring it to wash hands with. While he was washing, a fish came into his hands. The fish said, "Keep me and I will save thee." — "From what wilt thou save me?" — "A flood will sweep away all creatures on earth. From that will I save thee." — "How am I to keep thee?" — "As long as we are small," it said, "we are subject to destruction. Fish eats fish. Thou shalt keep me first in a jar. When I outgrow that, thou shalt dig a hole and keep me in it. When I outgrow that, thou shalt take me down to the sea, for then I shall be beyond destruction." It soon became a *jhasha* [a great horned fish], for this is the largest fish; and then it said, "The flood will come in such a year. Look out for me, and build a ship. When the flood rises, enter into the ship, and I will save thee." After he had kept it, he took it to the sea. And the same year as the fish had said, he looked out for the fish and built a ship. And when the flood rose he entered into the ship. Then the fish swam up, and Manu tied the ship's rope to the horn of the fish; and thus he sailed up swiftly to the Northern Mountain. "I have saved thee," it said: "fasten the ship to a tree. But let not the water leave thee stranded while thou art on the mountain-top. Descend slowly as the water goes down." So he descended slowly; and that descent from the Northern Mountain is still called Manu's Descent. The flood then swept off all the creatures of the earth, and Manu remained here alone.

DIALOGUE OF YAJNAVALKYA AND MAITREYI

From the 'Brihadaranyaka Upanishad'

YAJNAVALKYA had two wives, Maitreyi and Katyayani. Now Maitreyi was versed in holy knowledge [*brahma*], but Katyayani had only such knowledge as women have. But when Yajnavalkya was about to go away into the forest [to become a hermit], he said "Maitreyi, I am going away from this place. Behold, I will make a settlement between thee and that Katyayani." Then said Maitreyi, "Lord, if this whole earth filled with wealth were mine, how then? should I be immortal by reason of this wealth?" "Nay," said Yajnavalkya: "even as is the life of the rich would be thy life; by reason of wealth one has no hope of immortality." Then said Maitreyi, "With what I cannot be immortal, what can I do with that? Whatever my Lord knows, even that tell me." And Yajnavalkya said, "Dear

to me thou art, indeed, and fondly speakest. Therefore I will explain to thee, and do thou regard me as I explain." And he said: — "Not for the husband's sake is a husband dear, but for the ego's sake is the husband dear; not for the wife's sake is a wife dear, but for the ego's sake is a wife dear; not for the sons' sake are sons dear, but for the ego's sake are sons dear; not for wealth's sake is wealth dear, but for the ego's sake is wealth dear; not for the sake of the Brahman caste is the Brahman caste dear, but for the sake of the ego is the Brahman caste dear; not for the sake of the warrior caste is the warrior caste dear, but for love of the ego is the warrior caste dear; not for the sake of the worlds are worlds dear, but for the sake of the ego are worlds dear; not for the sake of gods are gods dear, but for the ego's sake are gods dear; not for the sake of *bhuts* [spirits] are *bhuts* dear, but for the ego's sake are *bhuts* dear; not for the sake of anything is anything dear, but for love of one's self [ego] is anything [everything] dear; the ego must be seen, heard, apprehended, regarded, Maitreyi, for with the seeing, hearing, apprehending, and regarding of the ego the All is known. . . . Even as smoke pours out of a fire lighted with damp kindling-wood, even so out of the Great Being is blown out all that which is — Rig-Veda, Yajur-Veda, Sama-Veda, Atharva- [Angiras] Veda, Stories, Tales, Sciences, Upanishads, food, drink, sacrifices; all creatures that exist are blown [breathed] out of this one [Great Spirit] alone. As in the ocean all the waters have their meeting-place; as the skin is the meeting-place of all touches; the tongue, of all tastes; the nose, of all smells; the mind, of all precepts; the heart, of all knowledges; . . . as salt cast into water is dissolved so that one cannot seize it, but wherever one tastes it is salty — so this Great Being, endless, limitless, is a mass of knowledge. It arises out of the elements and then disappears in them. After death there is no more consciousness. I have spoken." Thus said Yajnavalkya. Then said Maitreyi, "Truly my Lord has bewildered me in saying that after death there is no more consciousness." And Yajnavalkya said: — "I say nothing bewildering, but what suffices for understanding. For where there is as it were duality [*dvaita*], there one sees, smells, hears, addresses, notices, knows another; but when all the universe has become mere ego, with what should one smell, see, hear, address, notice, know any one [else]? How can one know him through whom he knows this all, how can he know the knower [as something different]? The ego is to be described by negations alone, the incomprehensible, imperishable, unattached, unfettered; the ego neither suffers nor fails. Thus, Maitreyi, hast thou been instructed. So much for immortality." And having spoken thus, Yajnavalkya went away [into the forest].

THE WISDOM OF DEATH

From the 'Katha Upanishad'

DEATH spoke, and said: — Pleasure is one thing; happiness another: both with different cords bind a man. He that chooses happiness [instead of pleasure] attains bliss. He that chooses pleasure loses his aim. There is no future for the fool who seeks pleasure, who is befooled by love of wealth. "This is the world, there is no other." If one thinks thus, he comes again and again into my power. He who by union with the Spirit [all-soul] comprehends God, who is hard to know, who is concealed, the Old One, he, the wise man, leaves behind him joy and sorrow. The Spirit is finer than fine, greater than great, concealed in the inner part of all beings. He who has no more wishes and is free from care, he sees the greatness of the Spirit, by the mercy of the Creator. This Spirit [all-soul] cannot be grasped by means of the Brahmanas, nor by means of reason, nor by means of deep study. He whom the Spirit chooses for his own, only he can comprehend the Spirit. This Spirit is hidden in all beings. He does not appear, but he is recognized by the high and fine intuition of the wise. Stand up! awake! Be watchful and attain royal blessings. Narrow is the path, so say the wise, narrow and sharp as a razor's edge. . . . When all desires of the heart shall cease, then man becomes immortal; then he attains to union with absolute being.

Translations by E. W. Hopkins

THE FIVE VOWS OF THE JAIN ASCETIC

From the 'Acaranga-Sutra'

I RENOUNCE all killing of living beings, whether small or great, whether movable or immovable. I will neither myself kill living beings nor cause others to do so, nor consent to it. As long as I live I confess and blame, repent and exempt myself of these sins in the thrice threefold way: in mind, speech, and body. (2) I renounce all vices of lying speech arising from anger or greed or fear or mirth. I confess [etc., as in the first vow]. (3) I renounce all taking of everything not given, either in a village, a town, or a wood, either of little or much, or small or great, of living or lifeless things. I shall neither myself take what is not given nor cause others to take it, nor consent to their taking it. As long as I live I confess [etc., as in the first vow]. (4) I renounce all sexual pleasures, either with gods, men, or animals. I shall not myself give way to sensuality, nor cause others [etc., as

above]. (5) I renounce all attachments, whether little or much, small or great, living or lifeless. I will neither myself form such attachments, nor cause others to do so, nor consent to their doing so [etc.].

Translated by H. Jacobi

BUDDHISTIC LITERATURE

FROM THE 'DHAMMAPADA'

ALL that we have is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage; but if a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him. Earnestness is the path that leads to escape from death; thoughtlessness is the path that leads to death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already. Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish.

There is no suffering for him who has finished his journey and abandoned grief, who has freed himself on all sides and thrown off the fetters.

Some people are born again; evil-doers go to hell; righteous people go to heaven; those who are free from all worldly desires attain Nirvana.

He who, seeking his own happiness, punishes or kills beings that also long for happiness, will not find happiness after death.

Looking for the maker of this tabernacle I shall have to run through a course of many births, so long as I do not find; and painful is birth again and again. But now, maker of the tabernacle, thou hast been seen; thou shalt not make up this tabernacle again. All thy rafters are broken, thy ridge-pole is sundered; thy mind, approaching Nirvana, has attained to extinction of all desires.

Better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all worlds, is the reward of entering the stream of holiness.

Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, that is the teaching of the Buddhas.

Let us live happily, not hating them that hate us. Let us live happily, though we call nothing our own. We shall be like bright gods, feeding on happiness.

From lust comes grief, from lust comes fear: he that is free from lust knows neither grief nor fear.

The best of ways is the eightfold [path]; this is the way, there is no other, that leads to the purifying of intelligence. Go on this way! Every-

thing else is the deceit of Death. You yourself must make the effort. Buddhas are only preachers. The thoughtful who enter the way are freed from the bondage of Death.

Translated by Max Müller

CONVERSATION OF THE HERDSMAN DHANIYA WITH THE BUDDHA

I HAVE boiled the rice, I have milked the kine — so said the herdsman Dhaniya — I am living with my comrades near the banks of the [great] Mahi river; the house is roofed, the fire is lit — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I am free from anger, free from stubbornness — so said the Blessed One — I am abiding for one night near the banks of the [great] Mahi river; my house has no cover, the fire [of passion] is extinguished — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

Here are no gadflies — so said the herdsman Dhaniya — the cows are roaming in meadows full of grass, and they can endure the rain — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I have made a well-built raft — so said the Blessed One — I have crossed over, I have reached the further bank, I have overcome the torrent [of passions]; I need the raft no more — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

My wife is obedient, she is not wanton — so said the herdsman Dhaniya — she has lived with me long and is winning; no wickedness have I heard of her — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

My mind is obedient, delivered [from evil] — so said the Blessed One — it has been cultivated long and is well subdued; there is no longer anything wicked in me — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I support myself by my own earnings — so said the herdsman Dhaniya — and my children are around me and healthy; I hear no wickedness of them — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I am the servant of none — so said the Blessed One — with what I have gained I wander about in all the world; I have no need to serve — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I have cows, I have calves — so said the herdsman Dhaniya — cows in calf and heifers also; and I have a bull as lord over the cows — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

I have no cows, I have no calves — so said the Blessed One — no cows in calf, and no heifers; and I have no bull as a lord over the cows — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

The stakes are driven in and cannot be shaken — so said the herdsman

Dhaniya — the ropes are made of holy-grass, new and well made; the cows will not be able to break them — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

Like a bull I have rent the bonds — so said the Blessed One — like an elephant I have broken through the ropes, I shall not be born again — then rain if thou wilt, O sky!

Then the rain poured down and filled both sea and land. And hearing the sky raining, Dhaniya said: Not small to us the gain in that we have seen the Blessed Lord; in thee we take refuge, thou endowed with [wisdom's] eye; be thou our master, O great sage! My wife and myself are obedient to thee. If we lead a pure life we shall overcome birth and death, and put an end to pain.

He that has sons has delight in sons — so said the Evil One — he that has cows has delight in cows, for substance is the delight of man; but he that has no substance has no delight.

He that has sons has care with his sons — so said the Blessed One — he that has cows has likewise care with his cows, for substance is [the cause of] care; but he that has no substance has no care.

Translated by Viktor Fausböll

THE DEATH OF THE BUDDHA

From the 'Maha-Parinibbana-Sutta'

NOW the venerable Ananda [the Buddha's beloved disciple] went into the cloister building, and stood leaning against the lintel of the door and weeping at the thought — "Alas! I remain still but a learner, one who has yet to work out his own perfection. And the Master is about to pass away from me — he who is so kind." Then the Blessed One called the brethren and said, "Where then, brethren, is Ananda?" "The venerable Ananda [they replied] has gone into the cloister building and stands leaning against the lintel of the door, weeping." . . . And the Blessed One called a certain brother, and said, "Go now, brother, and call Ananda in my name and say, 'Brother Ananda, thy Master calls for thee.'" "Even so, Lord," said that brother; and he went up to where Ananda was, and said to the venerable Ananda, "Brother Ananda, thy Master calls for thee." "It is well, brother," said the venerable Ananda; and he went to the place where the Buddha was. And when he was come thither he bowed down before the Blessed One, and took his seat on one side.

Then the Blessed One said to the venerable Ananda, as he sat there by his side: "Enough, Ananda; let not thyself be troubled; weep not. Have I not told thee already that we must divide ourselves from all that is nearest and

dearest? How can it be possible that a being born to die should not die? For a long time, Ananda, hast thou been very near to me by acts of love that is kind and good and never varies, and is beyond all measure. [This the Buddha repeats three times.] Thou hast done well. Be earnest in effort. Thou too shalt soon be free." . . . When he had thus spoken, the venerable Ananda said to the Blessed One: "Let not the Blessed One die in this little wattle and daub town, a town in the midst of the jungle, in this branch township. For, Lord, there are other great cities, such as Benares [and others]. Let the Blessed One die in one of them."

[This request is refused by the Buddha. Ananda then goes to the town and tells the citizens that the Buddha is dying.] Now when they had heard this saying, they, with their young men and maidens and wives, were grieved and sad and afflicted at heart. And some of them wept, disheveling their hair, and stretched forth their arms and wept, fell prostrate on the ground and rolled to and fro, in anguish at the thought, "Too soon will the Blessed One die! Too soon will the Happy One pass away! Full soon will the light of the world vanish away!" . . . When the Buddha was alone again with his disciples, then the Blessed One addressed the brethren and said: "It may be, brethren, that there may be doubt or misgiving in the mind of some brother as to the Buddha, the truth, the path, or the way. Inquire, brethren, freely. Do not have to reproach yourselves afterward with this thought: 'Our Teacher was face to face with us, and we could not bring ourselves to inquire of the Blessed One when we were face to face with him.'" And when he had thus spoken they sat silent. Then [after repeating these words and receiving no reply] the Blessed One addressed the brethren and said, "It may be that you put no questions out of reverence for the Teacher. Let one friend communicate with another." And when he had thus spoken the brethren sat silent. And the venerable Ananda said, "How wonderful a thing, Lord, and how marvelous! Verily, in this whole assembly there is not one brother who has doubt or misgiving as to the Buddha, the truth, the path, or the way." Then the Buddha said, "It is out of the fullness of thy faith that thou hast spoken, Ananda. But I know it for certain." . . . Then the Blessed One addressed the brethren, saying, "Behold, brethren, I exhort you saying, Transitory are all component things; toil without ceasing." And these were the last words of the Buddha.

Translated by T. W. Rhys Davids

FROM THE 'JATAKAS'

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE (No. 215)

"THE Tortoise needs must speak," etc. — This is a story told by the Master while staying in Jetavana, about Kokalika. The circumstances which gave rise to it will be set forth under the Mahatakkari Birth. Here again the Master said: "This is not the only time, brethren, that Kokalika has been ruined by talking; it was the same before." And then he told the story as follows:

Once on a time Brahmadatta was King of Benares; and the Future Buddha, being born to one of the King's court, grew up, and became the King's adviser in all things human and divine. But this King was very talkative; and when he talked there was no chance for any other to get in a word. And the Future Buddha, wishing to put a stop to his much talking, kept watching for an opportunity.

Now there dwelt a tortoise in a certain pond in the region of Himalaya. Two young wild geese, searching for food, struck up an acquaintance with him, and by and by they grew close friends together. One day these two said to him: "Friend tortoise, we have a lovely home in Himalaya, on a plateau of Mount Chittakuta, in a cave of gold! Will you come with us?"

"Why," said he, "how can I get there?"

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to anybody."

"Yes, I can do that," says he: "take me along!"

So they made the tortoise hold a stick between his teeth; and themselves taking hold so of the two ends, they sprang up into the air.

The village children saw this, and exclaimed, "There are two geese carrying a tortoise by a stick!"

[By this time the geese, flying swiftly, had arrived at the space above the palace of the King, at Benares.]

The tortoise wanted to cry out, "Well, and if my friends do carry me, what is that to you, you caitiffs?" — and he let go the stick from between his teeth, and falling into the open courtyard he split in two. What an uproar there was! "A tortoise has fallen in the courtyard, and broken in two!" they cried. The King, with the Future Buddha and all his court, came up to the place, and seeing the tortoise asked the Future Buddha a question: "Wise sir, what made this creature fall?"

"Now's my time!" thought he. "For a long while I have been wishing to admonish the King, and I have gone about seeking my opportunity. No

doubt the truth is this: the tortoise and the geese became friendly; the geese must have meant to carry him to Himalaya, and so made him hold a stick between his teeth, and then lifted him into the air; then he must have heard some remark, and wanted to reply; and not being able to keep his mouth shut, he must have let himself go; and so he must have fallen from the sky and thus come by his death." So thought he; and addressed the King: "O King, they that have too much tongue, that set no limit to their speaking, ever come to such misfortune as this"; and he uttered the following verses:

The tortoise needs must speak aloud,
Although between his teeth
A stick he bit; yet, spite of it,
He spoke — and fell beneath.

And now, O mighty master, mark it well.
See thou speak wisely, see thou speak in season.
To death the tortoise fell:
He talked too much, that was the reason.

"He is speaking of me!" the King thought to himself; and asked the Future Buddha if it was so.

"Be it you, O great King, or be it another," replied he, "whosoever talks beyond measure comes by some misery, of this kind"; and so he made the thing manifest. And thenceforward the King abstained from talking, and became a man of few words.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth: — "Kokalika was the tortoise then, the two famous elders were the two wild geese, Ananda was the King, and I was his wise adviser."

Translated by W. H. D. Rouse

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN (No. 189)

"NAY, this is not a lion's roar." — This also was related by the Teacher concerning Kokalika; and it was while dwelling in Jetavana monastery. Kokalika, at the time, was desirous of intoning a doctrinal recitation before the congregation of the priests. When the Teacher heard this, he related the following tale: —

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning at Benares, the Future Buddha, having been born in a farmer's family and now come of age, was making his living by husbandry. Now at that time a certain peddler went

about selling his wares, which he carried on the back of an ass. And at every place he came to he would unload the ass, and dressing him up in the skin of a lion, let him loose in some field of rice or barley. And the field-watchers did not dare approach, as they thought it was a lion. Now one day the peddler took up his abode at the gate of a village, and while his breakfast was cooking, he dressed up the ass in the lion's skin and let him loose in a field of barley. The field-watchers did not dare approach, as they thought it was a lion, but went home and announced the news. Then all the inhabitants of the village took up arms, and, blowing conch-shells and beating drums, went to the field and shouted, so that the ass became afraid for his life and brayed. Then the Future Buddha knew it was an ass, and pronounced the first stanza: —

Nay, this is not a lion's roar,
Nor tiger, panther, gives it vent;
But, dressed up in a lion's skin,
It is a wretched ass that brays.

And also the inhabitants of the village knew it was an ass, and beat him until his bones broke, and took the lion's skin away with them. Then came the peddler, and seeing that his ass had come to grief, he pronounced the second stanza: —

Long might the ass have lived to eat
The green and tender barley grain,
Accoutred in the lion's skin,
But that he brayed, and ruined all.

And while he was thus speaking, the ass died; whereupon the peddler left him and went his way.

The Teacher, having given this doctrinal instruction, identified the characters in the Birth-story: — "At that time the ass was Kokalika, but the wise farmer was I myself."

Translated by Henry Clarke Warren

FROM THE 'PANCATANTRA'

THE LION-MAKERS (V, 4)

EVEN men of learning and noble birth are sometimes devoid of common-sense. For, true is the saying: —

Book-learning people rightly cherish;
But gumption 's best of all to me.
Bereft of gumption you shall perish,
Like to the Lion-makers three.

"How was that?" said the Man-with-the-wheel. And the Gold-magician narrated: —

In a certain place there dwelt four Brahman youths in the greatest friendship. Three of them had got to the further shore of the ocean of science, but were devoid of common-sense; while the fourth had common-sense only, and no mind for science. Now once upon a time these friends took counsel together, and said, "Of what profit is science, if we cannot go with it to some foreign country and win the favor of princes and make our fortune? Therefore to the Eastern Country let us go." And so it came to pass.

Now after they had gone a little way, the eldest spoke: "There is one among us, the fourth, who has no learning, but only common-sense; and a man can't get presents from kings by common-sense without learning. Not a whit will I give him of all that I gain; so let him go home." And the second said, "Ho there, Gumption! get you homeward, for you have no learning!" But the third made answer, "Alas, it is not fitting so to do; for we have played together since we were boys. So let him come along too. He's a noble fellow, and shall have a share in the riches that we win."

On then they went together, till in a jungle they saw the bones of a dead lion. Then spoke the first: "Ha! now we can put our book-learning to the test. Here lies some sort of a dead creature: by the power of our learning we'll bring it to life. I'll put the bones together." And that then he did with zeal. The second added flesh, blood, and hide. But just as the third was breathing the breath of life into it, Gumption stopped him and said, "Hold: this is a lion that you are turning out. If you make him alive, he will kill every one of us." Thereupon made answer the other, "Fie, stupid! is learning to be fruitless in my hands?" "Well then," said Gumption, "just wait a bit till I climb a tree."

Thereupon the lion was brought to life. But the instant this was done, he sprang up and killed the three. Afterward Gumption climbed down and went home.

Therefore, concluded the Gold-magician, therefore I say: —

Book-learning people rightly cherish;
But gumption's best of all to me.
Bereft of gumption you shall perish,
Like to the Lion-makers three.

THE TRANSFORMED MOUSE (III, 12)

ON the bank of the Ganges, whose billows are flecked with white foam made by the fish that dart in terror at the roar of the waters breaking on its craggy shores, there is a hermitage filled with ascetics. They are given over to prayer, restraint of the senses, asceticism, study of holy writ, fasting, and meditation. They take very pure and very little water. They mortify the flesh by a diet of bulbs, roots, fruits, and water-plants. They wear only an apron of bast.

There was one among them named Yajnavalkya. He had performed his sacred ablutions in the Ganges, and was about to rinse his mouth, when into his hand there fell from the beak of a hawk a little mouse. On seeing it, he put it on a banyan-leaf, bathed again and rinsed his mouth, performed rites of expiation and so forth; and then by the power of his asceticism he changed the mouse into a girl, took her with him to his hermitage, and said to his wife, who was childless, "My dear, take this girl as your daughter, and bring her up carefully."

So the wife reared her, and loved her, and cared for her, till she was twelve years old; and then, seeing the girl was fit to be married, she said to her husband, "Seest thou not, O husband, that the time for our daughter's marriage is slipping by?" "Quite right," said he: "so if she is agreed, I will summon the exalted sun-god, and give her to him to wife." "What's the harm?" said his wife; "do so."

So the sage called the sun. And such was the power of his summons, which was made up of words of the Scripture, that the sun came instantly, saying, "Reverend sir, didst thou call me?" He answered, "Here is my daughter. If she will but choose thee, then take her to wife." And to his daughter he spake, "My child, does the exalted sun, the illumer of the three worlds, please thee?" The girl said, "Father, he is too scorching. I like him not. Call me some one more eminent than he." Then said the hermit to the sun, "Exalted one, is there any one mightier than thou?" And the sun said, "There is one mightier than I — the cloud; for he covers me, and then none can see me."

So the sage called the cloud, and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee." "He is too dark and cold," answered she; "so give me to some other mightier being." Then the sage asked the cloud, "O cloud, is there any mightier even than thou?" "The wind is mightier than I," said the cloud: "when the wind strikes me I am torn to a thousand shreds."

So the sage called the wind and said, "Daughter, does the wind please thee best for a husband?" — "Father, he is too fickle. Bring hither some one mightier even than he." And the sage said, "O wind, is any mightier than thou?" And the wind made answer, "The mountain is mightier than I; for strong as I am, it braces itself and withstands me."

So the sage called the mountain and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee." She answered and spake, "Father, he is too hard and unyielding. Give me to some other than him." So the sage asked the mountain, "O king of mountains, is there any mightier even than thou?" And the mountain said, "The mice are mightier than I; for they tear and rend my body asunder."

So the sage called a mouse, and showed him to her, and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee. Does the king of the mice please thee?"

And she, showing her joy at the thought that this one at last was of her own kind, said, "Father, make me a mouse again, and give me to him, in order that I may fulfil my household duties after the manner ordained for my kind." So by the power of his asceticism he made her a mouse again, and gave her to him.

FROM THE 'HITOPADEÇA'

THE BRAHMAN AND HIS FAITHFUL ICHNEUMON

IN Ujjain lived a Brahman named Madhava, whose wife once left him in charge of their little child and went to bathe. Now an invitation came from the King for the Brahman to perform a funeral oblation and partake of the funeral meal. At which news the poor fellow bethought himself: "If I go not quickly, then some one else will receive the funeral meal. For 'tis said: —

> Hast aught to give, or aught to take or do,
> Give, take it, do it, quickly, ere the morrow rise;
> Or else thy sloth full bitter shalt thou rue,
> And ruthless Time shall suck the juice from thy emprise.

But there is no one here to take care of the child. What then shall I do? Hold! I have here an ichneumon, which I have kept this long time and cared for as if he were my son: I will leave him to take care of the babe, and go." And so doing, he went.

Meantime there came near the child a black cobra; which when the ichneumon saw, he killed it and tore it in pieces. Then, with blood-smeared snout and paws, he ran to meet the Brahman as he was returning home, and fawned at his feet. But the Brahman, seeing the ichneumon in that plight, came rashly to the conclusion that the beast had eaten his child; and forthwith killed the ichneumon. Then when he came nigh and looked, behold, his child was asleep and the cobra slain. Then he saw that the ichneumon had done him a service, and sorrowfully recognizing the rashness of his deed, he was filled with despair.

Translations by Charles R. Lanman

FROM THE 'MAHABHARATA'

DAMAYANTI CHOOSES NALA AS HER SPOUSE

[Nala, King of Nishadha, told by swans of Bhima's lovely daughter Damayanti, princess of Vidarbha, falls in love with her by this mere report, and she with him. As a princess, she has the right to select her own husband at a formal Svayamvara [" Self-Choice "]; to it are summoned all the kings and princes of the world; and even four of the gods — Indra, Agni, Yama, and Varuna — appear as suitors for her hand.]

CAME the day of happy omen, moonday meet, and moment apt;
Bhima to the Svayamvara summoned all the lords of earth.
One and all, upon the instant, rose th' enamoured lords of earth,
Suitors all to Damayanti in their loving haste they came.
They, the court with golden columns rich, and glittering portal arch,
Like the lions on the mountains entered they the hall of state.
There the lords of earth were seated, each upon his several throne;
All their fragrant garlands wearing, all with pendant ear-gems rich.
Arms were seen robust and vigorous as the ponderous battle mace,
Some like the five-headed serpents, delicate in shape and hue:
With bright locks profuse and flowing, fine-formed nose, and eye and brow,
Shone the faces of the Rajas like the radiant stars in heaven.
As with serpents Bhogavati,[1] the wide hall was full of kings;
As the mountain-caves with tigers, with the tiger-warriors full.
Damayanti in her beauty entered on that stately scene,
With her dazzling light entrancing every eye and every soul.
O'er her lovely person gliding all the eyes of those proud kings,
There were fixed, there moveless rested, as they gazed upon the maid.
Then as they proclaimed the Rajas, (by his name was each proclaimed),
In dismay saw Bhima's daughter, five in garb, in form the same.
On those forms, all undistinguished each from each, she stood and gazed.
In her doubt Vidarbha's princess Nala's form might not discern,
Whichsoe'er the form she gazed on, him her Nala, him she thought.
She within her secret spirit deeply pondering, stood and thought:
" How shall I the gods distinguish? royal Nala how discern? "
Pondering thus Vidarbha's maiden in the anguish of her heart —
Th' attributes of the immortals sought, as heard of yore, to see.
" Th' attributes of each celestial, that our aged sires describe,
As on earth they stand before me, not of one may I discern."
Long she pondered in her silence, and again, again she thought.

[1] The capital of the Nagas, or Serpents, in the underworld.

To the gods, her only refuge, turned she at this trying hour.
With her voice and with her spirit she her humble homage paid.
Folding both her hands and trembling to the gods the maiden spake:
" As when heard the swan's sweet language, chose I then Nishadha's king,
By this truth I here adjure ye, oh, ye gods, reveal my lord!
As in word or thought I swerve not from my faith, all-knowing powers!
By this truth I here adjure ye, oh, ye gods, reveal my lord!
As the gods themselves have destined for my lord Nishadha's king;
By this truth I here adjure ye, oh, ye gods, my lord reveal!
As my vow, so pledged to Nala, holily must be maintained,
By this truth I here adjure ye, oh, ye gods, my lord reveal!
Each the form divine assume ye, earth's protectors, mighty lords;
So shall I discern my Nala, I shall know the king of men."
As they heard sad Damayanti uttering thus her piteous prayer,
At her high resolve they wonder, steadfast truth and fervent love,
Holiness of soul, and wisdom, to her lord her constant faith.
As she prayed, the gods obedient stood with attributes revealed:
With unmoistened skins the Immortals saw she, and with moveless eyes;
Fresh their dust-unsullied garlands, hovered they, nor touched the earth.
By his shadow doubled, dust-soiled, garland-drooping, moist with sweat,
On the earth Nishadha's monarch stood confessed, with twinkling eyes;
On the gods an instant gazed she, then upon the king of men;
And of right King Bhima's daughter named Nishadha's king her lord.
Modestly the large-eyed maiden lifted up his garment's hem,
Round his shoulders threw she lightly the bright zone of radiant flowers.
So she chose him for her husband, Nala, that high-hearted maid.
Then " Alas! alas! " burst wildly from that conclave of the kings,
And " Well done, well done," as loudly from the gods and sages broke.
All in their ecstatic wonder glorified Nishadha's king.
Then to royal Damayanti, Virasena's kingly son,
To that slender-waisted damsel spake he comfort in his joy;
" Since thou'st own'd me for thine husband, in the presence of the gods,
For thy faithful consort know me, aye delighting in thy words.
While this spirit fills this body, maiden with the smile serene!
Thine am I, so long thine only, this the solemn truth I vow."
Thus he gladdened Damayanti with the assurance of his faith.
Then, rejoicing in each other, that blest pair, upon the gods,
Led by Agni, gazed in homage, on their great protectors gazed.
Chosen thus Nishadha's monarch, the bright guardians of the world
In their gladness all on Nala eight transcendent gifts bestowed;
To discern the visible godhead in the sacrifice, a gait
Firm and noble, Çaci's husband, Indra, to King Nala gave.
Agni gave his own bright presence whensoe'er the monarch called.

All the worlds instinct with splendor through his power Hutaça gave.
Subtle taste in food gave Yama, and in virtue eminence;
Varun gave obedient water to be present at his call,
Garlands too of matchless fragrance; each his double blessing gave.
Thus bestowed their gracious favors, to the heavens the gods returned;
And the Rajas, who with wonder Nala's marriage saw confirmed
With the gentle Damayanti, as they came, in joy returned.
Thus the kings of earth departed; Bhima in his joy and pride
Solemnized the stately bridals of the maiden and the king.
Fitting time when there he'd sojourned, best of men, Nishadha's king,
Courteous parting with King Bhima, to his native city went.
Having gained the pearl of women, the majestic lord of earth
Lived in bliss, as with his Çaci he [Indra] that those old giants slew.
In his joy the elated monarch, shining radiant as the sun,
Ruled the subjects of his kingdom with a just and equal sway.
Of the horse the famous offering, like Nahusha's mighty son,
Every sacrifice performed he, with rich gifts to holy men.
And full oft in flowering gardens, and delicious shady groves,
Like a god, the royal Nala took with Damayanti joy.
So begat from Damayanti Nala, of heroic soul,
Indrasena one fair daughter, Indrasen one beauteous son.
Thus in sacrifice and pleasance took his joy the king of men,
So the earth with riches teeming ruled the sovereign of the earth.

Translated by Dean H. H. Milman

SPECIMEN OF THE DIDACTIC POETRY OF THE 'MAHABHARATA'

THE 'DIVINE SONG' ('BHAGAVAD GITA')

The god Krishna-Vishnu speaks

KNOW that that is indestructible in which the body rests. The bodies [incarnations] of God are temporal, but God is eternal. Whosoever thinks that he can slay or be slain is not wise. He, the universal God, is not born at any time, nor does he ever die; nor will he ever cease to be. Unborn, everlasting, eternal, He, the Ancient one [as the soul of man], is not slain when the body is slain. As one puts away an old garment and puts on another that is new, so he the embodied [Spirit] puts away the old body and assumes one that is new. Everlasting, omnipresent, firm, and unchanging is He,

the Eternal. "Indiscernible" is he called; he is inconceivable; unchangeable. . . . Some are pleased with Vedic words and think that there is nothing else; their souls are full of desires, and they fancy that to go to heaven is the chief thing. But in doing well, not in the fruit thereof, is virtue. Do thy appointed work, fear not, care not for rewards. . . . Many are my [apparent] births, and I know them all. Unborn in reality, Lord of all, I take to myself phenomena, and by the illusion of the Spirit I appear to be born. I create myself [as man-god] whenever wrong predominates over right. For righteousness' sake then am I born on earth again. Whosoever believes in this birth of mine, and in this work of mine, he, when he has abandoned his body, enters no sad second birth but enters Me. Many there are who, from Me arising, on Me relying, purified by the penance of knowledge, with all affections, fear, and anger overcome, enter into my being. As they draw near to Me, so I serve them. Men in all ways follow my path. Know Me as the maker of men, know Me as the unending and not the maker of any. . . . Sacrifices are of many kinds, but he that sacrifices with wisdom offers the best sacrifice. He that hath faith hath [requisite] wisdom; he that hath wisdom hath peace. He that hath no wisdom and no faith, whose soul is one of doubt, is destroyed. . . . But the good man, even if he be not wise, does not go to destruction like a cloud that is rent. For he enters heaven as a doer of good, nor does he pass again [by transmigration] into an evil state, but into a better than he knew before, where he again strives for perfection; and this he reaches after many births. . . . As material [phenomena] I am eightfold — earth, water, fire, air, space, mind, understanding, self-consciousness [a category of the Sankhya philosophy]; but this is the lower I. Learn Me in my higher nature. My higher nature is psychic; by it the world is supported, for I am creator and destroyer of the world. None other is higher than I. On Me the universe is woven, like pearls upon a thread. Taste am I, light am I of moon and sun; I am the mystic syllable *Aum,* I am sound in space, manliness in man, the light of the light, the smell of the fragrant, life and heat, the eternal seed of all beings; the understanding of them that have understanding, the glory of them that have glory. I am the force of the strong, and I am love, yet am I free of love and passion. Know all beings to be from Me alone, whatever be their qualities. I am not in them; but they are in Me. The world knows Me not, for hard to overcome is the illusion which envelops Me. They that are not wise worship many gods, but whatsoever be the god he worships I steady his faith, for in worshiping his god he worships Me. It is by Me that his desires are fulfilled though he worships another. . . . Even they that sacrifice to other gods really sacrifice to Me. I am the Universal Father, the goal, the wisdom of the ancient Vedas, the home, the refuge, and the friend of man. I am immortality and death; being and not-being; the sacrifice, and he that sacrifices. I am the beginning, the middle, and the end. I am Vishnu among sun-gods; the moon among the stars; Indra among [Vedic] gods; the Sama [song] among the

Vedas. . . . I am the love that begets. I am the highest science among all sciences; I am the [holy] Ganges among rivers; I am the Word of the speakers; I am the letter A among the letters. I am death and I am life. I am glory, fortune, speech, memory, wisdom; the punishment of the punisher, the polity of the sagacious. I am silence. I am knowledge. There is no end to my divine appearances.

Translated by E. W. Hopkins

SPECIMEN OF THE 'RAMAYANA'

HOW VIÇVAMITRA, THE KING, BECAME A PRIEST

VIÇVAMITRA, of the knightly caste, practised austerities for a long time in order to become a priest. Silent for several thousand years, true to his vow, he practised unequaled self-torture. As the years passed he became like a tree; wrath affected him not, he completed his vow. When thus he had completed his vow, he began [for the first time] to eat. Indra the god, disguised as a man, asked him for food, and Viçvamitra the great saint gave him all of it. He kept also the vow of silence, suppressing his breath, and at last so great was his power that smoke and fire came from him who breathed not, so that the three worlds were frightened. Then the saints in heaven spoke to the Creator and said, "Viçvamitra, tempted to love and to anger, hath not yielded: he has no defect; he is a perfect ascetic. He demands a boon; and if he does not obtain it, he will soon destroy all creation. Save the gods' realm, which the Great Seer, through the power of his asceticism, will soon destroy, and grant him his wish." So the boon was granted by the All-father, and to Viçvamitra, who was one of the knightly caste, was granted the great boon that he should be counted a Brahman.

After the Translation by Franz Bopp

FROM THE LYRICS OF BHARTRIHARI

SHE whom I worship night and day, she loathes my very sight,
And on my neighbor dotes, who in another takes delight;
A third she in my humble self nothing but good can see:
Now out upon the god of love, and him, and them, and me!

Snatch a jewel, if it please you, from the tiger's ravening throat;
Cross the ocean, though its billows toss in foam-wreaths round your boat;

Fearless twine an angry cobra like a garland round your head;
But with fools forbear to argue — better strive to wake the dead.

When but a little I had learned, in my own partial eyes
I seemed a perfect Solon and immeasurably wise;
But when a little higher I had climbed in wisdom's school,
The fever-fit was over and I knew myself a fool.

Not to swerve from truth or mercy, not for life to stoop to shame;
From the poor no gifts accepting, nor from men of evil fame;
Lofty faith and proud submission — who on Fortune's giddy ledge
Firm can tread this path of duty, narrow as the saber's edge?

A bald man felt the sun's fierce rays
  Scorch his defenseless head,
In haste to shun the noontide blaze
  Beneath a palm he fled:
Prone as he lay, a heavy fruit
  Crashed through his drowsy brain:
Whom fate has sworn to persecute
  Finds every refuge vain.

A woman's heart is like a glass, reflecting every face,
Her secret thoughts, like mountain paths, are difficult to trace,
Her fancy wavers, like the dew which lotus-leaves inclose,
Her faults, like deadly Upas-buds, develop as she grows.

Better to fall from mountain height,
  And dash thy life out on the plain,
Better th' envemoned serpent's bite,
  Better the death in fiery pain,
Than once to swerve from virtue's path,
  Which they who lose ne'er find again.

The joys of life have ceased to please,
  Honor and fame are fled,
The dear-loved friends of early youth
  Are numbered with the dead,

Propped on a staff I limp along,
Dim mists obscure my sight,
But this frail flesh still dreads the doom
Of everlasting night.

The hermit's tattered patchwork robe, or courtier's silken weeds,
One wife to tend thy home, or troops of elephants and steeds,
One simple meal at close of day, or many a gorgeous feast,
It matters not, be but thy soul from earthly cares released.

Translations by C. H. Tawney

One walketh in Renunciation's way;
Another fain would pay
In Worldly Wisdom all his soul's large debt;
And one in Pleasure's path
With love still wandering on would all forget: —
Three roads the wide world hath.

The silvery laughter; eyes that sparkle bold,
Or droop in virgin rue;
The prattling words of wonder uncontrolled
When world and life are new;

The startled flight and dallying slow return,
And all their girlish sport; —
Ah me, that they time's ruinous truth must learn,
Their flowering be so short!

But to remember her my heart is sad,
To see her is to know
Bewildered thoughts, and touching driveth mad —
How is she dear that worketh only woe?

"Why, pretty fool, art thou so slender grown?
Thou tremblest? and the prize
Of all thy roses, whither is it flown?"

"My lord, it meaneth nothing," she replies,
And smiles — but when alone,
Loosing the tears upgathered in her eyes,
Poor fool, she sighs and sighs.

With one they laugh and chatter, yet beguile
With luring eyes a second;
A third they cherish in their heart the while —
Their true love who hath reckoned?

In woman is the cause of shame,
For woman burneth hatred's flame,
Through woman in this body's snare
The soul is mewed — of woman, ah! beware.

I saw an ass who bore a load
Of sandal wood along the road,
And almost with the burden bent,
Yet never guessed the sandal scent;
So pedants bear a ponderous mass
Of books they comprehend not — like the ass.

Wisdom acquire and knowledge hive,
As thou a thousand years mightst thrive;
For virtue toil with sleepless care,
As Death already grasped thee by the hair.

This have I done, and that will do,
And this half-done must carry through: —
So busied, bustling, full of care,
Poor fools, Death pounces on us unaware.

Today is thine, fulfil its work,
Let no loose hour her duty shirk;
Still ere thy task is done, comes Death,
The Finisher — he ends it with thy breath.

I see a dog — no stone to shy at him;
  Yonder a stone — no dog's in view:
There is your dog, here stones to try at him —
  The king's dog! what's a man to do?

Alone each mortal first draws breath;
Alone goes down the way of death;
Alone he tastes the bitter food
Of evil deeds, alone the fruit of good.

They cast him in the earth away,
They leave him as a lump of clay,
They turn their faces, they are sped,
And only Virtue follows — he is dead.

So garner Virtue till the end
As 'twere our only guide and friend;
With it alone, when all is lost,
We cross the darkness, ah, so hardly crost.

Translations by Paul Elmer More

The above translations are from Paul Elmer More, 'A Century of Indian Epigrams.' Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1898, and reprinted by their permission.

One sayeth, "Surely this is Paradise
To lie close tented in her tender eyes";
And one, "For me the nightingale and rose";
And one, "For me the converse of the wise."

Yea, all these things are pleasant in man's sight;
But those there are that hunger for the might
Of silence and the brotherhood of stars
In cool, calm spaces on the mountain height.

Translated by Theodosia Garrison

Angling in life's river,
Cupid drops his line;
On the hook he fastens
Some fair maiden fine.

Men — those silly fishes —
Quick dart up above;
Out he pulls and fries them
In the fire of love.

Translated by A. V. Williams Jackson

SPECIMEN OF THE RELIGIOUS POETRY OF THE MODERN SECTS

From the Bible of the Dadu Panthis (Sixteenth Century)

HE is my God who maketh all things perfect. O foolish one, God is not far from you. He is near you. God's power is always with you. Whatever is to be, is God's will. What will be, will be. Therefore long not for grief or joy, because by seeking the one you may find the other. All things are sweet to them that love God. I am satisfied with this, that happiness is in proportion to devotion. O God, Thou who art truth, grant me contentment, love, devotion, and faith. Sit ye with humility at the feet of God and rid yourselves of the sickness of your bodies. From the wickedness of the body there is much to fear, because all sins enter into it. Therefore let your dwelling be with the fearless, and direct yourselves toward the light of God. For there neither poison nor sword has power to destroy, and sin cannot enter.

Translation by H. H. Wilson

KALIDASA

KALIDASA is the Sanskrit poet whom no less an authority than Sir William Jones styled "the Indian Shakespeare" when he made his name known to the Western World by translating into English his romantic play 'Çakuntala,' which has ever been a magic word for enchantment since Goethe, with somewhat of ecstasy, wrote those oft-quoted lines which may be rendered: —

Would'st thou tell of the blossoms of Spring, and paint the ripe fruits of the Autumn,

All that may charm and delight with fullness and joy manifold;
Would'st thou combine in one word the enchantments of Earth and of Heaven —
I'll name, O Çakuntala, thee; in thy name alone all is told.

Respecting the life of this gifted playwright and lyric writer, however, we have little if any authentic information, and even the era in which he lived has been the subject of much discussion. The native tradition favors the first century B.C. as the period when he flourished; but the consensus of scholarly opinion points to the middle of the fifth century A.D. as probably the time when he lived and wrote at the court of King Vikramaditya. Kalidasa is spoken of as one of "the nine jewels" of Vikrama's throne; and his work was closely associated with the literary Renaissance in India. The poet's graphic and beautiful descriptions of the city of Ujjain, and his familiarity with court life, show that he probably long enjoyed the patronage of his royal protector; although the epilogue of his drama 'Vikramorvaçi' seems to indicate straitened circumstances. His fondness for the Himalayas and for mountain pictures, combined with other facts, seems to point toward a home in Kashmir. There is reason to believe that he had traveled somewhat, and certain characteristics of his own nature are undoubtedly reflected in the tenderness, grace, beauty, delicacy, and passionate feeling found in his poetry. There is a story that, like Marlowe, he met a violent death — that he perished by the hand of a woman, who to win a monarch's favor, claimed one of Kalidasa's improvised verses as her own, and murdered the poet lest the truth should be discovered.

Kalidasa's renown does not rest alone on his dramatic work, but also upon his lyric, descriptive, and narrative poetry. Of his three dramas, 'Çakuntala,' 'Vikramorvaçi,' and 'Malavikagnimitra,' the last named is probably the earliest in point of composition. There is no reason to doubt Kalidasa's authorship. It is written on the conventional lines of several Hindu dramas which followed it — a play of court life and romantic incident. The love of King Agnimitra for the dancing-girl Malavika, a handmaid to the queen, forms its subject. In spite of the opposition of the queen and the jealousy of a younger consort, the king finds an opportunity to express his admiration; and when, after many amusing or distressing incidents, the girl is found to be a princess in disguise, all ends happily in union and general reconciliation. As the plot is confined to court life and to social intercourse in the palace, the play forms a contrast to the 'Çakuntala,' which is partly engaged with the supernatural; or, again, to the 'Vikramorvaçi' [Nymph Won by Heroism], in which the mythical, marvelous, and supermundane abound.

The theme of the 'Vikramorvaçi' is the loves of Urvaçi and Pururavas, who appear as enamoured of each other in the Rig-Veda. This drama has only five acts, or rather scenes, and may be called in part an elf drama. Urvaçi is a cloud nymph who disappears from heaven, having been captured by a monster.

The first scene shows her attendant nymphs bewailing her loss, and relates how the earthly king Pururavas rescues her and falls in love with her. The king's jealous queen makes the next scene. The third scene is very curious. Urvaçi, having been rescued, and being the fairest of all nymphs, is chosen (in heaven) as the proper person to represent a goddess in a mystery-play given to entertain the gods. At a certain point in the play she should say, "I love Purushottama" [the god]; but instead of this, owing to the love which has grown up in her for Pururavas, she makes a mistake and says, "I love Pururavas." A Divine seer, who has coached her for the part, is doubly furious, both that she should so bungle her part, and that a nymph of heaven should love a mortal. He curses her to lose her place in heaven; but the god Indra modifies the malediction so that she must be with her lover on earth till he sees her child, when she may (or must) return to heaven. The fourth act is almost wholly lyric. Urvaçi is on earth with Pururavas, but she steps into a holy grove into which no woman may enter, and thereupon is changed into a vine. The king seeks her, asking in lyric strain of bird, bee, and flower whither his love is gone, until she is finally found by means of a wonder-stone which has power to unite people. The fifth act gives a pretty psychological situation. Urvaçi's expected child has been born, but she has carefully concealed it lest Pururavas' sight of it should banish her. He, however, sees the boy by accident, and then comes the conflict of sentiment: the joy of the father in the son, the grief of the husband in the loss of his wife. But the Hindu drama must leave no sadness, and the gods change the curse again, permitting Urvaçi to remain on earth till her husband's death.

The plot of the 'Çakuntala' is extremely simple. In the first act the king secretly falls in love with Çakuntala, the daughter of a hermit, and she with him, a sentimental scene which is followed by one of burlesque humor, wherein the king's jester complains of the passion for hunting which leads the king to frequent places where there is nothing fit to eat. Çakuntala's love-sick plaint, overheard by the king, who thereupon declares himself and becomes her accepted lover, forms the substance of the next act. The fourth tells that a priest, whose dignity was offended by Çakuntala's indifference to him, curses her so that all lovers shall forget her, a curse subsequently modified to mean that they shall not remember her till they see a ring he gives to her. The fifth act relates how Çakuntala travels to court and appears before the king, who cannot recollect their intimate relation, but is much moved by the sight of her; she seeks for the ring, but it is lost! Pathos reigns in this scene. The sixth act again introduces the antithetic element of burlesque to modify the sentimental effect produced in the one before it. Policemen hustle a fisherman upon the stage, declaring that he has a ring of priceless value which he must have stolen. The seventh and eighth acts show how the fisherman's ring (cut out of a fish which had swallowed it as Çakuntala dropped it in the water) gives the king recollection, and how he finds his beloved, who disappeared before the mystery

of the ring was cleared up and went grieving back to her father's hut. This whole story is taken from the 'Mahabharata,' embellished with dramatic incidents.

In the field of the romantic epic, Kalidasa ranks first in his 'Raghuvança,' or 'Line of Raghu'— a poem in eighteen cantos tracing the descendants of the solar kings, or the line from which the great Rama was sprung; and his 'Kumarasambhava' ["Birth of the War Prince"], is similar in character. He was, moreover, the author of two lyric poems which served as models for later ages. One of these describes the seasons of the year in order, and is accordingly named 'Ritusamhara.' In varied note the poet gives us pictures of the summer heat, the joyful rains, the fresh autumn, the winter, the "cool" season, and last the spring. Each is delineated with true touches which show that nothing escaped his fine observation; and the effect of each upon the mood of man and beast is beautifully described. No land ever offered more superb contrasts to the artist; and every feature is represented not only with accuracy, but with such facile ease in the varied and highly complicated meters employed, that it is utterly impossible to reproduce the charm of the original in any translation, whether in verse or in prose. Kalidasa's other lyric, the 'Meghaduta' ["Cloud-Messenger"] pictures a banished Yaksha [demigod] sending a message by a cloud to his beloved. Pathos, longing, despair, hope, all the passions of the lover, are here rendered in meter which again defies imitation. The poem is short — not much over a hundred stanzas; but the beauty of its description of natural phenomena, and the fineness of its lyric passion, render it worthy of the reputation which it enjoys in India and of the attention which some lovers of poetry in the Occident have given it.

As a poet, Kalidasa combines art with nature. His language and his style have all the finish and skilful elaboration, without the labored workmanship and meretricious faults, that mark the later development and decay of Sanskrit art-poetry. One might be reminded in his lyric poetry and descriptive narrative, for example, of the lavishness and exuberance of Marlowe, or of the beauty, color, and passionate effusiveness of Keats. He excels in poetic outbursts of pure fancy, but he can reflect in philosophic tone, and can be stirred by the pomp of war and the trumpet's blare; yet these passages are not common. His description of natural scenery and his love of animals seem almost Wordsworthian; for nature is nearer to the soul of Kalidasa than to almost any other poet's heart. In dramatic work, if such comparison be possible, his hand is rather the hand of the earlier Shakespeare, or the touch of the later romantic Shakespeare, than the Shakespeare of the great tragic period; for the Hindu dramatic canon practically excluded Kalidasa from tragic subjects. Taken for all in all, he is a poet worthy to be studied by a poet and by any true lover of poetry, and his work well merits a place in the best literature of the world.

A. V. Williams Jackson

FROM THE 'RAGHUVANÇA'

HYMN ADDRESSED TO VISHNU BY THE DEITIES

THREEFOLD yet One, who first didst all things frame,
Upholdest now, and wilt at last destroy!
As rain from Heaven is one, yet forms diverse
In various lands assumes, so Thou, unchanged
In essence, workest various; Thou all worlds,
Thyself unmeasured, metest; feeling none,
Thou fillest all desires; Unconquered, all
Thou conquerest; veiled Thyself, Thou dost display
The World of seeming. Thee men know far off,
Yet dwelling in their hearts; from passion free,
Primal Ascetic; quick to sympathize,
Though Thee no pain can touch; by Age's hand
Untouched art Thou, yet Ancient; all unknown,
All-Knowing; Womb of all things, sprung from none;
Supreme, Thou know'st no ruler; One, yet manifold!
Thee all adore; praised in the Seven Heavens,
On Oceans seven thou sleep'st — Whose lips breathe out
The seven Fires, sole Refuge of seven Worlds.
Four-branched in knowledge, Ages four bound Time,
Four orders hath mankind, from Thy four mouths
Proceed all worlds. Oh, heart's resplendent goal!
For Thee ascetics yearn, their lusts subdued
By painful exercise, and seek from Thee
The Good Supreme. Unborn, yet taking flesh;
Not seeking triumph, Thou dost smite Thy foes;
Thou sleep'st, yet watchest ever: — who can tell
Thy being's truth? The binding chains of sense,
Of hearing and all else, at will Thou tak'st;
Endurest harshest toil — dost shield Thy worlds —
Yet dwellest high apart. The ways of Bliss,
Diversely shown and taught, all lead to Thee,
As Ganga's parted streams seek Ocean's breast.
Who fix their hearts on Thee, and trust to Thee
All working, free from lust — these find in Thee
That happy way which none need travel more.
Thy greatness none can grasp, though in the worlds
Thou clothe Thyself in matter: who shall tell
Thy worship forth, which Holy Writ alone

And thought profound can reach? The soul of man
Thou purgest wholly, if his thought on Thee
Be purely fixed: how fruitful then must be
Soul-union with Thee! Yet as Ocean far
Outshines the gems he hides, as o'er his rays
The Sun shines glorious, so Thy greatness, Lord,
Transcends our halting praise! Nor want hast Thou,
Nor aught allures Thee; Birth Thou tak'st and Toil,
That through the Worlds Salvation may be wrought!
Here cease we from Thy praise, exhausted, weak:
Thou art exhaustless, boundless spreads Thy might!
So hymned the Gods that Soul unthinkable,
And strove to paint His essence, not exalt.

Translated by Peirce de Lacy Johnstone

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FROM 'ÇAKUNTALA; OR, THE LOST RING'

Scene: A Forest. Enter King Dushyanta, *armed with a bow and arrow, in a chariot, chasing an antelope, attended by his* Charioteer.

CHARIOTEER [*looking at the deer and then at the King*]. Great Prince,
When on the antelope I bend my gaze,
And on your Majesty, whose mighty bow
Has its string firmly braced — before my eyes
The god that wields the trident seems revealed,
Chasing the deer that flies from him in vain.

King. Charioteer, this fleet antelope has drawn us far from my attendants. See! there he runs:

Aye and anon his graceful neck he bends
To cast a glance at the pursuing car;
And dreading now the swift-descending shaft,
Contracts into itself his slender frame:
About his path, in scattered fragments strewn,
The half-chewed grass falls from his panting mouth;
See! in his airy bounds he seems to fly,
And leaves no trace upon th' elastic turf.

[*With astonishment.*] How now! swift as is our pursuit, I scarce can see him.

Charioteer. Sire, the ground here is full of hollows; I have therefore drawn in the reins and checked the speed of the chariot. Hence the deer has somewhat gained upon us. Now that we are passing over level ground, we shall have no difficulty in overtaking him.

King. Loosen the reins, then.

Charioteer. The King is obeyed. [*Drives the chariot at full speed.*] Great Prince, see! see!

Responsive to the slackened rein, the steeds,
Chafing with eager rivalry, career
With emulative fleetness o'er the plain;
Their necks outstretched, their waving plumes that late
Fluttered above their brows, are motionless!
Their sprightly ears, but now erect, bent low;
Themselves unsullied by the circling dust
That vainly follows on their rapid course.

King [*joyously*]. In good sooth, the horses seem as if they would outstrip the steeds of Indra and the Sun.

That which but now showed to my view minute
Quickly assumes dimension; that which seemed
A moment since disjoined in diverse parts
Looks suddenly like one compacted whole;
That which is really crooked in its shape,
In the far distance left, grows regular;
Wondrous the chariot's speed, that in a breath
Makes the near distant and the distant near.
Now, Charioteer, see me kill the deer. [*Takes aim.*]

A voice behind the scenes. Hold, O King! this deer belongs to our hermitage. Kill it not! kill it not!

Charioteer [*listening and looking*]. Great King, some hermits have stationed themselves so as to screen the antelope at the very moment of its coming within range of your arrow.

King [*hastily*]. Then stop the horses.

Charioteer [*stops the chariot*]. I obey.

[*Enter a* Hermit, *and two others with him.*]

Hermit [*raising his hand*]. This deer, O King, belongs to our hermitage. Kill it not! kill it not!

Now heaven forbid this barbèd shaft descend
Upon the fragile body of a fawn,
Like fire upon a heap of tender flowers!
Can thy steel bolts no meeter quarry find
Than the warm life-blood of a harmless deer?
Restore, great Prince, thy weapon to its quiver.

More it becomes thy arms to shield the weak,
Than to bring anguish on the innocent.

King [*replaces the arrow in its quiver*]. 'Tis done.

Hermit. Worthy is this action of a Prince, the light of Puru's race.

Well does this act befit a Prince like thee,
Right worthy is it of thine ancestry.
Thy guerdon be a son of peerless worth,
Whose wide dominion shall embrace the earth.

Both the other Hermits [*raising their hands*]. May Heaven indeed grant thee a son, a sovereign of the earth from sea to sea!

King [*bowing*]. I accept with gratitude a Brahman's benediction.

[*Here enter* Çakuntala, *with her two companions* Anasuya *and* Priyamvada, *carrying a watering-pot for sprinkling the flowers.*]

Çakuntala. This way, my dear companions, this way.

Anasuya. Dear Çakuntala, one would think that father Kanva had more affection for the shrubs of the hermitage even than for you, seeing he assigns to you, who are yourself as delicate as the fresh-blown jasmine, the task of filling with water the trenches which encircle their roots.

Çakuntala. Dear Anasuya, although I am charged by my good father with this duty, yet I cannot regard it as a task. I really feel a sisterly love for these plants. [*Continues watering the shrubs.*]

King. Can this be the daughter of Kanva? The saintly man, though descended from the great Kaçyapa, must be very deficient in judgment to habituate such a maiden to the life of a recluse.

The sage who would this form of artless grace
Inure to penance, thoughtlessly attempts
To cleave in twain the hard acacia's stem
With the soft edge of a blue lotos leaf.

Well! concealed behind this tree, I will watch her without raising her suspicions. [*Conceals himself.*]

Çakuntala. Good Anasuya, Priyamvada has drawn this bark dress too tightly about my chest. I pray thee, loosen it a little.

Anasuya. I will. [*Loosens it.*]

Priyamvada [*smiling*]. Why do you lay the blame on me? Blame rather your own blooming youthfulness, which imparts fullness to your bosom.

King. A most just observation!

This youthful form, whose bosom's swelling charms
By the bark's knotted tissue are concealed,
Like some fair bud close folded in its sheath,
Gives not to view the blooming of its beauty.

But what am I saying? In real truth, this bark dress, though ill suited to her figure, sets it off like an ornament.

The lotos with the Saivala entwined
Is not a whit less brilliant; dusky spots
Heighten the luster of the cold-rayed moon:
This lovely maiden in her dress of bark
Seems all the lovelier. E'en the meanest garb
Gives to true beauty fresh attractiveness.

Çakuntala [*looking before her*]. Yon Kesara-tree beckons to me with its young shoots, which, as the breeze waves them to and fro, appear like slender fingers. I will go and attend to it. [*Walks towards it.*]

Priyamvada. Dear Çakuntala, prithee, rest in that attitude one moment.

Çakuntala. Why so?

Priyamvada. The Kesara-tree, whilst your graceful form bends about its stem, appears as if it were wedded to some lovely twining creeper.

Çakuntala. Ah! saucy girl, you are most appropriately named Priyamvada [speaker of flattering things].

King. What Priyamvada says, though complimentary, is nevertheless true. Verily —

Her ruddy lip vies with the opening bud;
Her graceful arms are as the twining stalks;
And her whole form is radiant with the glow
Of youthful beauty, as the tree with bloom.

Anasuya. See, dear Çakuntala, here is the young jasmine, which you named "the Moonlight of the Grove," the self-elected wife of the mango-tree. Have you forgotten it?

Çakuntala. Rather will I forget myself. [*Approaching the plant and looking at it.*] How delightful is the season when the jasmine-creeper and the mango-tree seem thus to unite in mutual embraces! The fresh blossoms of the jasmine resemble the bloom of a young bride, and the newly formed shoots of the mango appear to make it her natural protector. [*Continues gazing at it.*]

Priyamvada [*smiling*]. Do you know, my Anasuya, why Çakuntala gazes so intently at the jasmine?

Anasuya. No, indeed; I cannot imagine. I pray thee tell me.

Priyamvada. She is wishing that as the jasmine is united to a suitable tree, so in like manner she may obtain a husband worthy of her.

Çakuntala. Speak for yourself, girl; this is the thought in your own mind. [*Continues watering the flowers.*]

King. Would that my union with her were permissible! and yet I hardly dare hope that the maiden is sprung from a caste different from that of the head of the hermitage. But away with doubt:

That she is free to wed a warrior-king
My heart attests. For, in conflicting doubts,
The secret promptings of the good man's soul
Are an unerring index of the truth.

However, come what may, I will ascertain the fact.

Çakuntala [*in a flurry*]. Ah! a bee, disturbed by the sprinkling of the water, has left the young jasmine, and is trying to settle on my face. [*Attempts to drive it away.*]

King [*gazing at her ardently*]. Beautiful! there is something charming even in her repulse.

Where'er the bee his eager onset plies,
Now here, now there, she darts her kindling eyes:
What love hath yet to teach, fear teaches now,
The furtive glances and the frowning brow.
[*In a tone of envy.*]
Ah, happy bee! how boldly dost thou try
To steal the luster from her sparkling eye;
And in thy circling movements hover near,
To murmur tender secrets in her ear,
Or, as she coyly waves her hand, to sip
Voluptuous nectar from her lower lip!
While rising doubts my heart's fond hopes destroy,
Thou dost the fullness of her charms enjoy.

Çakuntala. This impertinent bee will not rest quiet. I must move elsewhere. [*Moving a few steps off, and casting a glance around.*] How now! he is following me here. Help! my dear friends, help! deliver me from the attacks of this troublesome insect.

Priyamvada and *Anasuya.* How can we deliver you? Call Dushyanta to your aid. The sacred groves are under the King's special protection.

King. An excellent opportunity for me to show myself. Fear not — [*Checks himself when the words are half uttered. Aside.*] But stay, if I introduce myself in this manner, they will know me to be the King. Be it so: I will accost them, nevertheless.

[The King, filled with admiration, declares his love for Çakuntala, and in the next act he is espoused to her according to the Gandharva ceremonial, based simply on mutual consent. He then departs from the hermitage and returns to the royal city; but leaves with Çakuntala a precious ring which she is to present when she claims him as her lawful husband. Çakuntala, however, so deeply enamoured, becomes absent-minded and neglects to do some act of homage to an aged hermit, who consequently pronounces a malediction upon her that her beloved shall absolutely forget her until he sees the magic ring, which alone has power to remove the curse. Dushyanta accordingly loses all recollection of Çakuntala; and her foster-father, the saintly Kanva, determines to send her to the King, that her child may be born under the royal roof. The Fourth Act opens with her departure from the hermitage; and her touching farewell, as well as her tender leave-taking of her young friends, are presented

with much delicacy of feeling. Two hermits, and an aged matron, Gautami, accompany her on the journey. Her arrival at the palace, in the Fifth Act, is announced to the King by the Chamberlain of State.]

Chamberlain. Well, well: a monarch's business is to sustain the world, and he must not expect much repose; because —

Onward, forever onward, in his car
The unwearied Sun pursues his daily course,
Nor tarries to unyoke his glittering steeds;
And ever moving, speeds the rushing Wind
Through boundless space, filling the universe
With his life-giving breezes; day and night
The King of Serpents on his thousand heads
Upholds the incumbent earth: and even so,
Unceasing toil is aye the lot of kings,
Who, in return, draw nurture from their subjects.

I will therefore deliver my message. [*Walking on and looking about.*] Ah! here comes the King:

His subjects are his children; through the day,
Like a fond father, to supply their wants
Incessantly he labors: wearied now,
The monarch seeks seclusion and repose;
E'en as the prince of elephants defies
The sun's fierce heat, and leads the fainting herd
To verdant pastures, ere his way-worn limbs
He yields to rest beneath the cooling shade.

[*Approaching.*] Victory to the King! So please your Majesty, some hermits who live in a forest near the Snowy Mountains have arrived here, bringing certain women with them. They have a message to deliver from the sage Kanva, and desire an audience. I await your Majesty's commands.

King [*respectfully*]. A message from the sage Kanva, did you say?

Chamberlain. Even so, my liege.

King. Tell my domestic priest Somarata to receive the hermits with due honor, according to the prescribed form.

[The hermits introduce Çakuntala, accompanied by Gautami; and deliver the message from her father sanctioning her marriage with the King, and requesting her honorable reception into the palace.]

King. Holy men, I have revolved the matter in my mind; but the more I think of it, the less able am I to recollect that I ever contracted an alliance with this lady. What answer, then, can I possibly give you when I do not believe myself to be her husband, and I plainly see that she is soon to become a mother?

Çakuntala [*aside*]. Woe! woe! Is our very marriage to be called in question by my own husband? Ah me! is this to be the end of all my bright visions of wedded happiness?

Çarngarava. Beware!

Beware how thou insult the holy Sage!
Remember how he generously allowed
Thy secret union with his foster-child;
And how, when thou didst rob him of his treasure,
He sought to furnish thee excuse, when rather
He should have cursed thee for a ravisher.

Çaradvata. Çarngarava, speak to him no more. Çakuntala, our part is performed; we have said all we had to say, and the King has replied in the manner thou hast heard. It is now thy turn to give him convincing evidence of thy marriage.

Çakuntala. Since his feeling towards me has undergone a complete revolution, what will it avail to revive old recollections? One thing is clear — I shall soon have to mourn my own widowhood. [*Aloud.*] My revered husband — [*Stops short.*] But no — I dare not address thee by this title, since thou hast refused to acknowledge our union. Noble descendant of Puru! It is not worthy of thee to betray an innocent-minded girl, and disown her in such terms, after having so lately and so solemnly plighted thy vows to her in the hermitage.

King [*stopping his ears*]. I will hear no more. Be such a crime far from my thoughts!

What evil spirit can possess thee, lady,
That thou dost seek to sully my good name
By base aspersions? like a swollen torrent,
That, leaping from its narrow bed, o'erthrows
The tree upon its bank, and strives to blend
Its turbid waters with the crystal stream?

Çakuntala. If then thou really believest me to be the wife of another, and thy present conduct proceeds from some cloud that obscures thy recollection, I will easily convince thee by this token.

King. An excellent idea!

Çakuntala [*feeling for the ring*]. Alas! alas! woe is me! There is no ring on my finger! [*Looks with anguish at Gautami.*]

Gautami. The ring must have slipped off when thou wast in the act of offering homage to the holy water of Çaci's sacred pool, near Çakravatara.

King [*smiling*]. People may well talk of the readiness of woman's invention! Here is an instance of it.

Çakuntala. Say rather, of the omnipotence of fate. I will mention another circumstance, which may yet convince thee.

King. By all means let me hear it at once.

Çakuntala. One day, while we were seated in a jasmine bower, thou didst

pour into the hollow of thine hand some water, sprinkled by a recent shower in the cup of a lotos blossom —

King. I am listening; proceed.

Çakuntala. At that instant, my adopted child, the little fawn, with soft long eyes, came running towards us. Upon which, before tasting the water thyself, thou didst kindly offer some to the little creature, saying fondly, "Drink first, gentle fawn." But she could not be induced to drink from the hand of a stranger; though immediately afterwards, when I took the water in my own hand, she drank with perfect confidence. Then, with a smile, thou didst say, "Every creature confides naturally in its own kind. You are both inhabitants of the same forest, and have learnt to trust each other."

[King Dushyanta vainly tries to recall Çakuntala to mind, but the fatal power of the old sage's curse still clouds his memory. All efforts failing, she is suddenly swept from sight by a whirlwind and carried to a remote mountain, where she gives birth to a son, the ancestor of future kings. At this moment the enchanted ring, which had been swallowed by a fish, is unexpectedly brought to light, and Dushyanta's mental vision is at once restored. He deeply mourns the loss of his beloved Çakuntala, and finds distraction from his grief only in aiding the gods in a holy war against the demons. Some years elapse, and the god Indra, to reward Dushyanta's heroic service, transports him through the sky to the far-off mountain retreat of Çakuntala and their little son. The reunion of the King with his wife and child is touchingly presented in the last act of the drama.]

[*Enter a* Child, *attended by* two Women *of the hermitage, and dragging a lion's cub by the ears.*]

Child. Open your mouth, my young lion; I want to count your teeth.

First Attendant. You naughty child, why do you tease the animals? Know you not that we cherish them in this hermitage as if they were our own children? In good sooth, you have a high spirit of your own, and are beginning already to do justice to the name Sarvadamana [All-taming], given you by the hermits.

King. Strange! my heart inclines towards the boy with almost as much affection as if he were my own child. What can be the reason? I suppose my own childlessness makes me yearn towards the sons of others.

Second Attendant. This lioness will certainly attack you if you do not release her whelp.

Child [*laughing*]. Oh! indeed! let her come. Much I fear her, to be sure! [*Pouts his under lip in defiance.*]

King. The germ of mighty courage lies concealed
Within this noble infant, like a spark
Beneath the fuel, waiting but a breath
To fan the flame and raise a conflagration.

First Attendant. Let the young lion go, like a dear child, and I will give you something else to play with.

Child. Where is it? Give it me first. [*Stretches out his hand.*]

King [*looking at his hand*]. How's this? His hand exhibits one of those mystic marks which are the sure prognostic of universal empire. See!

His fingers stretched in eager expectation
To grasp the wished-for toy, and knit together
By a close-woven web, in shape resemble
A lotos blossom, whose expanding petals
The early dawn has only half unfolded.

Second Attendant. We shall never pacify him by mere words, dear Suvrata. Be kind enough to go to my cottage, and you will find there a plaything belonging to Markandeya, one of the hermit's children. It is a peacock made of chinaware, painted in many colors. Bring it here for the child.

First Attendant. Very well. [*Exit.*]

Child. No, no: I shall go on playing with the young lion. [*Looks at the female attendant and laughs.*]

King. I feel an unaccountable affection for this wayward child.

How blest the virtuous parents whose attire
Is soiled with dust, by raising from the ground
The child that asks a refuge in their arms!
And happy are they while with lisping prattle,
In accents sweetly inarticulate,
He charms their ears; and with his artless smiles
Gladdens their hearts, revealing to their gaze
His tiny teeth just budding into view.

Attendant. I see how it is. He pays me no manner of attention. [*Looking off the stage.*] I wonder whether any of the hermits are about here. [*Seeing the King.*] Kind sir, could you come hither a moment and help me to release the young lion from the clutch of this child, who is teasing him in boyish play?

King [*approaching and smiling*]. Listen to me, thou child of a mighty saint:

Dost thou dare show a wayward spirit here?
Here, in this hallowed region? Take thou heed
Lest, as the serpent's young defiles the sandal,
Thou bring dishonor on the holy sage,
Thy tender-hearted parent, who delights
To shield from harm the tenants of the wood.

Attendant. Gentle sir, I thank you; but he is not the saint's son.

King. His behavior and whole bearing would have led me to doubt it, had not the place of his abode encouraged the idea.

[*Follows the child, and takes him by the hand, according to the request of the attendant.*] [*Aside.*]

I marvel that the touch of this strange child
Should thrill me with delight; if so it be,
How must the fond caresses of a son
Transport the father's soul who gave him being!

Attendant [*looking at them both*]. Wonderful! Prodigious!

King. What excites your surprise, my good woman?

Attendant. I am astonished at the striking resemblance between the child and yourself; and what is still more extraordinary, he seems to have taken to you kindly and submissively, though you are a stranger to him.

King [*fondling the child*]. If he be not the son of the great sage, of what family does he come, may I ask?

Attendant. Of the race of Puru.

King [*aside*]. What! are we then descended from the same ancestry? This no doubt accounts for the resemblance she traces between the child and me. Certainly it has always been an established usage among the princes of Puru's race —

To dedicate the morning of their days
To the world's weal, in palaces and halls,
'Mid luxury and regal pomp abiding;
Then, in the wane of life, to seek release
From kingly cares, and make the hallowed shade
Of sacred trees their last asylum, where
As hermits they may practise self-abasement,
And bind themselves by rigid vows of penance.

[*Aloud.*] But how could mortals by their own power gain admission to this sacred region?

Attendant. Your remark is just; but your wonder will cease when I tell you that his mother is the offspring of a celestial nymph, and gave him birth in the hallowed grove of Kaçyapa.

King [*aside*]. Strange that my hopes should be again excited! [*Aloud.*] But what, let me ask, was the name of the prince whom she deigned to honor with her hand?

Attendant. How could I think of polluting my lips by the mention of a wretch who had the cruelty to desert his lawful wife?

King [*aside*]. Ha! the description suits me exactly. Would I could bring myself to inquire the name of the child's mother! [*Reflecting.*] But it is against propriety to make too minute inquiries about the wife of another man.

First Attendant [*entering with the china peacock in her hand*]. Sarvadamana, Sarvadamana, see, see, what a beautiful *çakunta* [bird].

Child [*looking round*]. My mother! Where? Let me go to her.

Both Attendants. He mistook the word "*çakunta*" for "*Çakuntala.*" The boy dotes upon his mother, and she is ever uppermost in his thoughts.

Second Attendant. Nay, my dear child: I said, look at the beauty of this *çakunta.*

King [*aside*]. What! is his mother's name Çakuntala? But the name is not uncommon among women. Alas! I fear that the mere similarity of a name, like the deceitful vapor of the desert, has once more raised my hopes only to dash them to the ground.

Child. Dear nurse, what a beautiful peacock! [*Takes the toy.*]

First Attendant [*looking at the child in great distress*]. Alas! alas! I do not see the amulet on his wrist.

King. Don't distress yourself. Here it is. It fell off while he was struggling with the young lion. [*Stoops to pick it up.*]

Both Attendants. Hold! hold! Touch it not, for your life. How marvelous! He has actually taken it up without the slightest hesitation. [*Both raise their hands to their breasts and look at each other in astonishment.*]

King. Why did you try to prevent my touching it?

First Attendant. Listen, great monarch. This amulet, known as "The Invincible," was given to the boy by the divine son of Marichi soon after his birth, when the natal ceremony was performed. Its peculiar virtue is, that when it falls on the ground, no one excepting the father or mother of the child can touch it unhurt.

King. And suppose another person touches it?

First Attendant. Then it instantly becomes a serpent, and bites him.

King. Have you ever witnessed the transformation with your own eyes?

Both Attendants. Over and over again.

King [*with rapture, aside*]. Joy! joy! Are then my dearest hopes to be fulfilled? [*Embraces the child.*]

Second Attendant. Come, my dear Survata, we must inform Çakuntala immediately of this wonderful event, though we have to interrupt her in the performance of her religious vows. [*Exeunt.*]

Child [*to the King*]. Do not hold me. I want to go to my mother.

King. We will go to her together, and give her joy, my son.

Child. Dushyanta is my father, not you.

King [*smiling*]. His contradiction convinces me only the more.

[*Enter* Çakuntala, *in widow's apparel, with her long hair twisted into a single braid.*]

Çakuntala [*aside*]. I have just heard that Sarvadamana's amulet has retained its form, though a stranger raised it from the ground. I can hardly believe in my good fortune. Yet why should not Sanumati's prediction be verified?

King [*gazing at Çakuntala*]. Alas! can this indeed be my Çakuntala?

Clad in the weeds of widowhood, her face
Emaciate with fasting, her long hair
Twined in a single braid, her whole demeanor

Expressive of her purity of soul:
With patient constancy she thus prolongs
The vow to which my cruelty condemned her.

Çakuntala [*gazing at the King, who is pale with remorse*]. Surely this is not like my husband; yet who can it be that dares pollute by the pressure of his hand my child, whose amulet should protect him from a stranger's touch?

Child [*going to his mother*]. Mother, who is this man that has been kissing me and calling me his son?

King. My best beloved, I have indeed treated thee most cruelly, but am now once more thy fond and affectionate lover. Refuse not to acknowledge me as thy husband.

Çakuntala [*aside*]. Be of good cheer, my heart. The anger of Destiny is at last appeased. Heaven regards thee with compassion. But is he in very truth my husband?

King. Behold me, best and loveliest of women,
Delivered from the cloud of fatal darkness
That erst oppressed my memory. Again
Behold us brought together by the grace
Of the great lord of Heaven. So the moon
Shines forth from dim eclipse, to blend his rays
With the soft luster of his Rohini.

Çakuntala. May my husband be victorious —

[*She stops short, her voice choked with tears.*]

King. O fair one, though the utterance of thy prayer
Be lost amid the torrent of thy tears,
Yet does the sight of thy fair countenance
And of thy pallid lips, all unadorned
And colorless in sorrow for my absence,
Make me already more than conqueror.

Child. Mother, who is this man?

Çakuntala. My child, ask the deity that presides over thy destiny.

King [*falling at Çakuntala's feet*].
Fairest of women, banish from thy mind
The memory of my cruelty; reproach
The fell delusion that o'erpowered my soul,
And blame not me, thy husband — 'tis the curse
Of him in whom the power of darkness reigns,
That he mistakes the gifts of those he loves
For deadly evils. Even though a friend
Should wreathe a garland on a blind man's brow,
Will he not cast it from him as a serpent?

Çakuntala. Rise, my own husband, rise. Thou wast not to blame. My own evil deeds, committed in a former state of being, brought down this judgment upon me. How else could my husband, who was ever of a compassionate disposition, have acted so unfeelingly? [*The King rises.*] But tell me, my husband, how did the remembrance of thine unfortunate wife return to thy mind?

King. As soon as my heart's anguish is removed, and its wounds are healed, I will tell thee all.

Oh! let me, fair one, chase away the drop
That still bedews the fringes of thine eye;
And let me thus efface the memory
Of every tear that stained thy velvet cheek,
Unnoticed and unheeded by thy lord,
When in his madness he rejected thee.

[*Wipes away the tear.*]

Çakuntala [*seeing the signet-ring on his finger*]. Ah! my dear husband, is that the Lost Ring?

King. Yes; the moment I recovered it, my memory was restored.

Çakuntala. The ring was to blame in allowing itself to be lost at the very time when I was anxious to convince my noble husband of the reality of my marriage.

King. Receive it back, as the beautiful twining plant receives again its blossom in token of its reunion with the spring.

Çakuntala. Nay; I can never more place confidence in it. Let my husband retain it.

[*Enter* Matali.]

Matali. I congratulate your Majesty. Happy are you in your reunion with your wife; happy are you in beholding the face of your own son.

Translated by Sir Monier Monier-Williams

FROM THE 'MEGHADUTA,' OR 'CLOUD MESSENGER'

WHERE Ramagiri's cool, dark woods extend,
And those pure streams, where Sita bathed, descend;
Spoiled of his glories, severed from his wife,
A banished Yaksha passed his lonely life:
Doomed, by his lord's stern sentence, to sustain
Twelve tedious months of solitude and pain.
To these drear hills through circling days confined,

In dull unvaried grief, the god repined;
And sorrow, withering every youthful charm,
Had slipped the golden bracelet from his arm;
When with Ashadha's glooms the air was hung,
And one dark Cloud around the mountain clung;
In form, some elephant, whose sportive rage,
Ramparts, scarce equal to his might, engage.
Long on the mass of mead-reviving dew
The heavenly exile fixed his eager view;
And still the melancholy tear suppressed,
Though bitterest sorrow wrung his heaving breast.
For e'en the happy husband, as he folds
His cherished partner in his arms, beholds
This gathering darkness with a troubled heart:
What must they feel, whom fate and distance part!
Such were the Yaksha's thoughts; but fancy found
Some solace in the glooms that deepened round;
And bade him hail amidst the laboring air
A friendly envoy to his distant fair;
Who, charged with grateful tidings, might impart
New life and pleasure to her drooping heart.
Cheered with the thought, he culled each budding flower.

. . . . . .

Due homage offered, and oblations made,
The Yaksha thus the Cloud majestic prayed: —
Hail, friend of Indra, counsellor divine,
Illustrious offspring of a glorious line!
Wearer of shapes at will; thy worth I know,
And bold intrust thee with my fated woe:
For, better far, solicitation fail
With high desert, than with the base prevail.
Thou art the wretch's aid, affliction's friend;
To me, unfortunate, thy succor lend:
My lonely state compassionate behold,
Who mourn the vengeance of the god of gold;
Condemned amidst these dreary rocks to pine,
And all I wish, and all I love, resign.
Where dwell the Yakshas in their sparkling fields,
And Çiva's crescent groves surrounding gilds,
Direct thy licensed journey, and relate
To her who mourns in Alaka,[1] my fate.

[1] The capital of Kuvera, the "god of gold," whose wrath the Yaksha had incurred.

There shalt thou find the partner of my woes,
True to her faith, and stranger to repose.

. . . . . .

Still, as thou mountest on thine airy flight,
Shall widowed wives behold thee with delight,
With eager gaze, their long locks drawn apart,
Whilst hope reanimates each drooping heart:
Nor less shall husbands, as thy course they trace,
Expect at hand a faithful wife's embrace;
Unless, like me, in servitude they bend,
And on another's lordly will depend.
The gentle wind shall fan thy stately way,
In sportive wreaths the Cranes around thee play;
Pleased on thy left the Cataka,[2] along
Pursue thy path, and cheer it with his song;
And when thy thunders soothe the parching earth,
And showers, expected, raise her mushroom birth;
The Swans for mount Kailasa shall prepare,
And track thy course attendant through the air.

. . . . . .

Yet ere thine ear can drink what love inspires,
The lengthened way my guiding aid requires,
Oft on whose path full many a lofty hill
Shall ease thy toils, and many a cooling rill.

[And in fairest colors of a poet's brush he paints the northward journey of the cloud to the home where the lonely spouse awaits her banished lord's return.]

Translated by H. H. Wilson

FROM KALIDASA'S 'UNION OF SEASONS'

THE SUMMER

NOW the thirsty gazelle hastens after water, its palate dry, glowing with the mighty heat, when like a herd of elephants the clouds appear. The snake which, warmed by the sun's rays, once stretched himself in the burning hot sand, now hissing turns and seeks the shade. The lion, with thirsty throat, hunts the elephant no more. Courage fails him,

[2] A bird supposed to drink only rain-water. The time is laid in the month Ashadha, which usually marks the beginning of the southwest monsoon, or rainy season.

his tongue trembles. . . . Forest fires have destroyed the young grass, the gust of the wind drives fiercely the dry leaves. The waters are dried up in every pool. In sighs ceases the song of the birds, as they cluster upon the trees decked only with faded leaves. The weary monkeys crawl slowly on the hill. The buffaloes wander about seeking for water. . . . But he that lives by the lotus-pond drinks the fragrance of the flowers, wets with cool streams the floors of the house, and by moonlight sports with his beloved in song and jest; he forgets the heat of summer.

THE SPRING

The springtime-god, the god of love, comes, beloved, to wound the hearts of happy men; the god who has made the bees his bowstring, and mango blossoms his arrows. The maiden loves, the light breeze blows fragrantly, the trees are in bloom, and the lotus adorns the pool. Peaceful is the night and refreshing is the day. How lovely is all in spring! When the lakes are bright with jewels [blossoms], and like the moon in splendor shines every band of maidens; when mango-trees wave amid flowers, then comes the joy of spring. The fair girls wander out, at the call of the love-god, with garlands on the breast, with cool sandals on the feet, and their breath fragrant with betel. Fearless they go, and *karnikara* flowers make their ear-rings, while *açoka* buds are nestling in their dark locks; and the jasmine lies upon their heads. The heart of the young man is filled with joy, as the *atimuktas* open their fragrant buds, and the drunken bees kiss the shining flowers, while delicately back and forth sway the tendrils of every plant touched by the light zephyrs. But he that is repulsed by his love is pierced in his heart as by an arrow.

After the Translation by Peter von Bohlen

A LYRIC

THY face, a lovely lily,
Thine eyes, the lotus blue,
Thy teeth are jasmine blossoms,
Thy lips, the rosebud's hue.

The velvet touch of the champak
Thy tender skin doth own—
How comes it the Creator
Hath made thy heart a stone?

Translated by A. V. Williams Jackson

JAYADEVA

THE Sanskrit lyric poet Jayadeva, author of the 'Gitagovinda' ['Shepherd's Canticle'] is believed to have flourished in the twelfth century of our era and to have been a native of Kinduvilva in the district of Bengal. Of his life little is known, save that a passing mention in his poem implies that his father's name was Bhojadeva, and his mother's, Ramadevi; and we may also be certain that he was a fervent Vaishnavite, since he sings in melting strains the divine love of the god Vishnu, incarnate as a herdsman and shepherd on the banks of the River Jumna.

The 'Gitagovinda,' one of the most celebrated compositions in Sanskrit literature, is a lyrico-dramatic piece, a musical pastoral. Vishnu, incarnate as Krishna or Hari, has strayed from the true love of his heart, the herdsman's daughter Radha, and disports himself with the *gopis,* or shepherd damsels, in all the enchanting ecstasies of transitory passion. The neglected and grieving Radha searches for her erring lover to reclaim him; and a handmaiden, her lone companion, bears the messages to Krishna, who, his fleeting frenzied passion for the shepherdesses soon spent, longs for his soul's idol, the perfect maiden. All this is rendered with genuine dramatic power, yet there is no dialogue: the poet simply tells the story, but in so vivid a way that it is truly dramatic. The handmaid finally brings about the reconciliation of the lovers, and accomplishes their reunion in a moonlit bower amid a scene flooded with Oriental coloring.

The 'Gitagovinda' is frequently interpreted as an allegory, portraying figuratively a struggle of the soul amid human passions and the final attainment of supreme spiritual bliss. Such figurative methods of expression and symbolic imagery in poetry have indeed prevailed in the East since time immemorial, as is seen in the case of Hafiz; and it is scarcely to be questioned that a religious element is present in the 'Gita,' for Jayadeva's oft-repeated refrains of pious devotion ring forth clearly amid the erotic strains. On the other hand, the sacred erotism of the poem may show something of the sensuality of the Vishnu-Krishna cult; but in whichever way we criticize the lines, we must allow for the presence of a devotional element.

As a poem, the 'Gitagovinda' is a masterpiece of art. To read it in the original is the only true way to gain an idea of the charm and artistic finish of the composition. The ever-changing rhythms, the rich rhymes often interlaced or concealed, the alliteration, assonance, fanciful metrical devices, and a dozen subtle graces which belong to Sanskrit poetic art surprise by their variety and their abundance. The diversity in tone and shade adds to the effect; the feeling is tender and delicate, though sometimes passionate to excess, and expressed with a warmth and lavishness of Oriental coloring that is occasionally too exuberant for Occidental taste. The poem is divided into

twelve short cantos, and contains more than twenty lyrical gems. The text provides for musical accompaniments in different measures and modes, suited to the lyrical effusion which forms its burden or which is expressed in its refrain. It is almost impossible in translation to convey a true idea of the delicacy of the original, though Sir Edwin Arnold's paraphrase, 'The Indian Song of Songs,' may well be read to catch something of its spirit.

A. V. Williams Jackson

RADHA AND KRISHNA

RADHA long sought her love Krishna in vain, and her thoughts were confounded by the fever of desire; she roved in the vernal morning among the twining Vasantis covered with soft blossoms, when a damsel thus addressed her with youthful hilarity: "The gale that has wantoned round the beautiful clove-plants breathes now from the hills of Malaya; the circling arbors resound with the notes of the Kokila [cuckoo] and the murmurs of the honey-making swarms. Now the hearts of damsels whose lovers travel at a distance are pierced with anguish; while the blossoms of Bakul are conspicuous among the flowerets covered with bees. The Tamala, with leaves dark and odorous, claims a tribute from the musk which it vanquishes; and the clustering flowers of the Palaça resemble the nails of Kama [Cupid], with which he rends the hearts of the young. The full-blown Keçara gleams like the scepter of the world's monarch, Love; and the pointed Thyrse of the Ketaka resembles the darts by which lovers are wounded. See the bunches of the Patali-flowers [trumpet flowers] filled with bees, like the quiver of Smara full of shafts; while the tender blossom of the Karuna smiles to see the whole world laying shame aside. The far-scented Madhavi [spring creeper] beautifies the trees round which it twines; and the fresh Mallika [jasmine] seduces with rich perfume even the hearts of hermits; while the Amra-tree with blooming tresses is embraced by the gay creeper Atimukta, and the blue streams of Yamuna wind round the groves of Vrindavan. In this charming season, which gives pain to separated lovers, young Krishna sports and dances with young damsels."

[The jealous Radha gives no answer, and the maid continues by describing how the forgetful Krishna disports with the gay shepherdesses.]

I, 12. "With a garland of wild flowers descending even to the yellow mantle that girds his azure limbs, distinguished by smiling cheeks and by ear-rings that sparkle as he plays, Krishna exults in the assemblage of amorous damsels. One of them presses him to her swelling breast, while she warbles

with exquisite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, stands meditating on the lotos of his face. A third, on pretense of whispering a secret in his ear, approaches his temples and kisses them with ardor. One seizes his mantle and draws him toward her, pointing to the bower on the banks of Yamuna, where elegant Vanjulas interweave their branches. He applauds another, who dances in the sportive circle, whilst her bracelets ring and she beats time with her palms. Now he caresses one, and kisses another, smiling on a third with complacency; and now he chases her whose beauty has most allured him. Thus the wanton Krishna frolics, in the season of sweets, among the maids of Vraja, who rush to his embraces as if he were Pleasure itself assuming a human form; and one of them, under a pretext of hymning his divine perfections, whispers in his ear: 'Thy lips, my beloved, are nectar.'"

II, 1. Radha remains in the forest: but resenting the promiscuous passion of Krishna, and his neglect of her beauty which he once thought superior, she retires to a bower of twining plants, the summit of which resounds with the humming of swarms engaged in their sweet labors; and there, falling languid on the ground, she thus addresses her female companion: "Though he take recreation in my absence, and smile on all around him, yet my soul remembers him."

[She portrays the depth of her love for the errant Krishna and begs the maid to bring him to her bower.]

III, 1. Meantime the destroyer of Kansa, having brought to his remembrance the amiable Radha, forsook the beautiful damsels of Vraja: he sought his devoted Radha in all parts of the forest; his old wound from love's arrow bled again; he repented his levity, and seated in a bower near the bank of the Yamuna, the blue daughter of the sun, thus poured forth his lamentation.

"She is departed: she saw me, no doubt, surrounded by the wanton shepherdesses; yet, conscious of my fault, I durst not intercept her flight. Woe is me! She feels a sense of injured honor, and is departed in wrath. How will she conduct herself? How will she express her pain in so long a separation? What is wealth to me? What are numerous attendants? What are the pleasures of the world? What joy can I receive from a heavenly abode? I seem to behold her face with eyebrows contracting themselves through her just resentment; it resembles a fresh lotos over which two black bees are fluttering: I seem, so present is she to my imagination, even now to caress her with eagerness. Why then do I seek her in this forest? Why do I lament without cause? O slender damsel! anger, I know, has torn thy soft bosom; but whither thou art retired I know not. How can I invite thee to return? Thou art seen by me, indeed, in a vision; thou seemest to move before me.

Ah! why dost thou not rush, as before, to my embrace? Do but forgive me: never again will I commit a similar offense. Grant me but a sight of thee, O lovely Radha, for my passion torments me."

IV, 1. The damsel commissioned [as confidante] by Radha [to seek the erring Krishna] found the disconsolate god under an arbor of spreading Vaniras by the side of Yamuna; where, presenting herself gracefully before him, she thus described the affliction of his beloved: —

"She despises essence of sandalwood, and even by moonlight sits brooding over her gloomy sorrow; she declares the gale of Malaya to be venom, and the sandal-trees through which it has breathed to have been the haunt of serpents. Thus, O Madhava, is she afflicted in thy absence with the pain which love's dart has occasioned; her soul is fixed on thee. Fresh arrows of desire are continually assailing her, and she forms a net of lotos-leaves as armor for her heart, which thou alone shouldst fortify. She makes her own bed of the arrows darted by the flowery-shafted god; but when she hoped for thy embrace, she had formed for thee a couch of soft blossoms. Her face is like a water-lily veiled in the dews of tears, and her eyes appear like moons eclipsed."

[Krishna now sends a message in return by the damsel, who pictures to Radha the longing of her lover's heart.]

V, 2. "Whilst a sweet breeze from the hills of Malaya comes wafting on his plumes the young god of Desire; while many a flower points his extended petals to pierce the bosoms of separated lovers, the deity crowned with sylvan blossoms laments, O friend, in thy absence. Even the dewy rays of the moon burn him; and as the shaft of love is descending, he mourns inarticulately with increasing distraction. When the bees murmur softly, he covers his ears; misery sits fixed in his heart, and every returning night adds anguish to anguish. He quits his radiant palace for the wild forest, where he sinks on a bed of cold clay, and frequently mutters thy name. In yon bower, to which the pilgrims of love are used to repair, he meditates on thy form, repeating in silence some enchanting word which once dropped from thy lips, and thirsting for the nectar which they alone can supply. Delay not, O loveliest of women; follow the lord of thy heart: behold, he seeks the appointed shade, bright with the ornaments of love, and confident of the promised bliss. Having bound his locks with forest flowers, he hastens to yon arbor, where a soft gale breathes over the banks of Yamuna; there, again pronouncing thy name, he modulates his divine reed. Oh! with what rapture doth he gaze on the golden dust which the breeze shakes from expanded blossoms; the breeze which has kissed thy cheek! With a mind languid as a dropping wing, feeble as a trembling leaf, he doubtfully expects thy approach, and timidly looks on the path which thou must tread."

[The damsel returns, and narrates to Krishna the love-born misery and weakness of Radha.]

VI, 1. "She mourns, O sovereign of the world, in her verdant bower; she looks eagerly on all sides in hope of thy approach; then, gaining strength from the delightful idea of the proposed meeting, she advances a few steps, and falls languid on the ground. When she rises, she weaves bracelets of fresh leaves; she dresses herself like her beloved, and looking at herself in sport, exclaims, 'Behold the vanquisher of Madhu!' Then she repeats again and again the name of Krishna, and catching at a dark blue cloud, strives to embrace it, saying, 'It is my beloved who approaches.' Thus, while thou art dilatory, she lies expecting thee; she mourns; she weeps; she puts on her gayest ornaments to receive her lord."

VII, 1. By this time the moon spread out a net of beams over the groves of Vrindavan, and looked like a drop of liquid sandal on the face of the sky, which smiled like a beautiful damsel; while its orb with many spots betrayed, as it were, a consciousness of guilt, in having often attended amorous maids to the loss of their family honor. The moon, with a black fawn couched on its disk, advanced in its nightly course; but Madhava had not advanced to the bower of Radha, who thus bewailed his delay with notes of varied lamentation.

VII, 3. "The appointed moment is come; but Krishna, alas! comes not to the grove. Must the season of my unblemished youth pass thus idly away? Oh! what refuge can I seek, deluded as I am by the guile of my female adviser? The god with five arrows has wounded my heart; and I am deserted by him for whose sake I have sought at night the darkest recess of the forest. Since my best beloved friends have deceived me, it is my wish to die; since my senses are disordered, and my bosom is on fire, why stay I longer in this world?"

[As Krishna does not accompany the damsel, Radha supposes him to be false; and fired by jealousy, she passes in anguish a sleepless night imagining her Krishna reposing in a rival's arms.]

VII, 5. Her form is transfigured by the touch of her divine lover; her garland quivers over her swelling bosom; her face like the moon is graced with clouds of dark hair, and trembles, while she quaffs the nectarous dew on his lip; her bright ear-rings dance over her cheeks, which they radiate; and the small bells on her girdle tinkle as she moves.

[But Krishna is faithful now to his true love, whom he fears he has lost. His prolonged trial is at an end, in penitence he seeks Radha and falls weeping at her feet.]

x, 2. "Speak but one mild word, and the rays of thy sparkling teeth will dispel the gloom of my fears. My trembling lips, like thirsty *cakoras,* long to drink the moonbeams of thy cheek. O my darling, who art naturally so tender-hearted, abandon thy causeless indignation. At this moment the flame of desire consumes my heart: oh, grant me a draught of honey from the lotos of thy mouth! Or, if thou beëst inexorable, grant me death from the arrows of thy keen eyes; make thy arms my chains; and punish me according to thy pleasure. Thou art my life; thou art my ornament; thou art a pearl in the ocean of my mortal birth: oh! be favorable now, and my heart shall eternally be grateful."

[And the reconciliation takes place in a beautiful moonlit bower.]

Translated by Sir William Jones

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

TAGORE is the first modern poet of the East to command popular appreciation in the West. In 1912, when he was already known as the author of about forty works in Bengali, his native tongue, he translated his 'Gitanjali' or 'Song Offerings' into English. Fame was his at once, and in 1913 this became yet more certain, for the Nobel literature prize of that year was awarded to him, while he received a knighthood from the British Government. Since that time a dozen volumes of poems, dramas, short stories, philosophical essays, and reminiscences have appeared in English from his pen. Some of these are of earlier composition than 'Gitanjali' which is distinctly a product of his matured spirituality. Most of them, also, were first written in Bengali, from which they were translated, usually by the author himself. It was only later that he undertook actual composition in English, though the facility and charm of his work, generally considered, might lead one to suppose that he had always done so.

Joyfulness is perhaps his fundamental characteristic. He believes in it as a principle, holding that it is one with love (as important in his scheme as it is in Shelley's). "Love, which is the ultimate meaning of everything around us, is the joy that is at the root of all creation." He feels it also, and in a profoundly spiritual sense: for it is the color of his creative genius constantly renewed by the processes of creation, and these are, in his philosophy, so many contacts with God — "In art the person in us is sending its answers to the Supreme Person who reveals himself to us in a world of endless beauty."

The emphasis on joy seems to be his peculiar contribution. He believes, like all Hindus, in the Universal Soul, a Central Personality which gives unity

to the total scheme of things, and (through this) the only reality which this world possesses. But he also believes in the multiform manifestations of the Universal Soul, which is not an abstraction to be realized outside of normal life, in abstinence or asceticism, for its infinity is to be found in the bonds of form, its comfort in effort and labor, its eternal freedom in love.

This is the essence of his doctrine, founded upon an intuitive knowledge, eventual and undebatable; and this realization is the goal of his poems, which divide themselves into groups according to their method of attaining it.

First, in order of development, come those on nature and love, a represensative group of which is given in 'The Gardener.' Involved with natural beauty of tropical fulness, they record an insistent feeling that behind it all is something ultimate. "Looking back on childhood's days," he says in his 'Reminiscences,' "the thing that recurs most often is the mystery which used to fill both life and the world. Something undreamt of was lurking everywhere and the uppermost question every day was: 'When, O when would we come across it?'" The same mood, grown a little older, expresses itself in these poems. Youth with its ardors and its uncertainties speaks through them. It desires the infinite, but it does not know the way. It says, "I am restless . . . I am athirst for far away things . . . O Great Beyond, O the keen call of thy flute." It cries, "I lose my way and I wander, I seek what I cannot get, I get what I do not seek."

Then Love comes. It is a passionate, yet gentle love, whose setting is actual and whose beauty the more real because shed abroad upon the tasks, the very vessels of village life. The lanes through which it walks are fragrant with mango flowers; when the linseed of *her* people is ripe for harvest, the hemp is in bloom in the field of *his* folk. Here she walked by the riverside with full pitcher at her hip, here came to tryst, ashamed of her anklets growing louder at every step. Here they met in moonlit March, blowing with henna, and their love was without confusion: "This love between you and me is simple as a song." He speaks of her as "the Beautiful End;" and thus it is that the "Great Beyond" is attained.

Not long after the composition of these pieces (which had their counterpart in the poet's own domestic happiness) he suffered the loss of his young wife, and the world took on a new meaning for him. 'Gitanjali' was the outcome of this experience. His personal sorrow has direct voice in it, and indirect expression also in the wistful anticipation of his own death which comes again and again. It finds, moreover, other manifestations, most pathetic and most noble of all in that power, which grows in him, to discover his own vanished joy in the Joy of the Universe at that "brink of Eternity from which nothing can vanish, no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears."

The next volume, 'Fruit Gathering,' is an extension of this same mood, or somewhat less personal derivatives of it. New themes appear, some of which

are familiar in our own poetry. "Make me thy poet, Night, veiled Night," for instance, has a distinctly Shelleyan accent; "I fled and fled behind my day's work and my night's dreams" might be an epitome of Thomson's 'The Hound of Heaven.' Yet they have a distinct individuality. Slighter in workmanship, without the opulent dramatic circumstance of the two English poems, without Shelley's sense of attainment (as in 'The Ode to the West Wind'), they effect a more immediate pathos, which is not wholly the result of their transparent sincerity. They have art; and it has constrained them to present only the essential. Other poems in the collection are not always so fortunate, some being without fine definition; some, especially those of a political bearing, strained.

Be that as it may, there seems at least nothing of the sort for Time to find out in his poems of 'The Crescent Moon.' They are woven of the fabric of children's dreams which to stretch is to destroy. He makes no attempt to mingle any maturer mood with them — except love, and this is of such an inspired sort that it is never obtrusive. It is guided by two principles, either one of which could have furnished out a lesser poet. One of these is a tender understanding of childhood, sustained by an intimate recollection of his own and its pathetic aspiration between the forbidden mystery of the zenana and the forbidden mystery of the out-of-doors. The other is an equally sympathetic understanding of womanhood.

These twin sympathies also give exquisite color to other spheres of his work — especially the drama and the short story. The first of these, being for the most part untroubled with plot and of easy epic development, gives constant opportunity for it. The children are obsessed with the wonder of the world and become (like Browning's Pippa) its messengers to those who have forgotten it. So Amal in 'The Post Office,' in the midst of illness and inability to explore the world, draws the secret of infinite horizons into his little room; and the young girl in 'The Ascetic' wins back to Universal Joy (manifest in herself) the hermit who would have lost himself in denial.

His women sometimes show almost the same gift, being thoroughly Oriental and wise in elementals. Among them, however, is one of an antipodal type who seems to be the poet's ideal, a modern among moderns. The sublime as well as the simple is articulate in her. Her delight in the beauty the gods lend is full of fragrant and fervent passages — but so also is her desire for the life of mind and for equality in it with her mate. "I am Chitra," she says, in the drama of the same name: "No goddess to be worshiped, nor yet the object of common pity to be brushed aside like a moth with indifference. If you deign to keep me by your side in the path of danger and denial, if you allow me to share the great duties of your life, then you will know my true self."

In the stories the ideal types of the plays are of infrequent occurrence. Simple folk and village life is the rule; color (Arabian in opulence when it

occurs) the exception. There is evident art of the highest order none the less, which out of particulars, deftly realized, and arrayed with certainty and swiftness, summons a vision of the universal. So, once at least, in 'My Lord the Baby' — a simple tale of devotion and ingratitude — he calls up as it were a vision of "the flowing of all men's tears"; and in instances far from single (though the best are yet to appear) in one joy he harvests the richness of many Springs.

BROOKS HENDERSON

FROM 'THE POST OFFICE'

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ACT II

[Amal *in bed*.]

AMAL. Can't I go near the window today, Uncle? Would the doctor mind that too?

Madhav. Yes, darling, you see you've made yourself worse squatting there day after day.

Amal. Oh, no, I don't know if it's made me more ill, but I always feel well when I'm there.

Madhav. No, you don't; you squat there and make friends with the whole lot of people round here, old and young, as if they are holding a fair right under my eaves — flesh and blood won't stand that strain. Just see — your face is quite pale.

Amal. Uncle, I fear my fakir'll pass and not see me by the window.

Madhav. Your fakir, whoever's that?

Amal. He comes and chats to me of the many lands where he's been. I love to hear him.

Madhav. How's that? I don't know of any fakirs.

Amal. This is about the time he comes in. I beg of you, by your dear feet, ask him in for a moment to talk to me here.

[Gaffer *enters in a Fakir's guise*.]

Amal. There you are. Come here, Fakir, by my bedside.

Madhav. Upon my word, but this is —

Gaffer [*winking hard*]. I am the fakir.

Madhav. It beats my reckoning what you're not.

Amal. Where have you been this time, Fakir?

Fakir. To the Isle of Parrots. I am just back.

Madhav. The Parrots' Isle!

Fakir. Is it so very astonishing? Am I like you, man? A journey doesn't cost a thing. I tramp just where I like.

Amal [*clapping*]. How jolly for you! Remember your promise to take me with you as your follower when I'm well.

Fakir. Of course, and I'll teach you such secrets too of traveling that nothing in sea or forest or mountain can bar your way.

Madhav. What's all this rigmarole?

Gaffer. Amal, my dear, I bow to nothing in sea or mountain; but if the doctor joins in with this uncle of yours, then I with all my magic must own myself beaten.

Amal. No. Uncle shan't tell the doctor. And I promise to lie quiet; but the day I am well, off I go with the fakir and nothing in sea or mountain or torrent shall stand in my way.

Madhav. Fie, dear child, don't keep on harping upon going! It makes me so sad to hear you talk so.

Amal. Tell me, Fakir, what the Parrots' Isle is like.

Gaffer. It's a land of wonders; it's a haunt of birds. There's no man; and they neither speak nor walk, they simply sing and they fly.

Amal. How glorious! And it's by some sea?

Gaffer. Of course. It's on the sea.

Amal. And green hills are there?

Gaffer. Indeed, they live among the green hills; and in the time of the sunset when there is a red glow on the hillside, all the birds with their green wings flock back to their nests.

Amal. And there are waterfalls?

Gaffer. Dear me, of course; you don't have a hill without its waterfalls. Oh, it's like molten diamonds; and, my dear, what dances they have! Don't they make the pebbles sing as they rush over them to the sea. No devil of a doctor can stop them for a moment. The birds looked upon me as nothing but a man, quite a trifling creature without wings — and they would have nothing to do with me. Were it not so I would build a small cabin for myself among their crowd of nests and pass my days counting the sea waves.

Amal. How I wish I were a bird! Then —

Gaffer. But that would have been a bit of a job; I hear you've fixed up with the dairyman to be a hawker of curds when you grow up; I'm afraid such business won't flourish among birds; you might land yourself into serious loss.

Madhav. Really this is too much. Between you two I shall turn crazy. Now, I'm off.

Amal. Has the dairyman been, Uncle?

Madhav. And why shouldn't he? He won't bother his head running errands for your pet fakir, in and out among the nests in his Parrots' Isle. But he has left a jar of curd for you saying that he is rather busy with his niece's wedding in the village, and he has got to order a band at Kamlipara.

Amal. But he is going to marry me to his little niece.

Gaffer. Dear me, we are in a fix now.

Amal. He said he would find me a lovely little bride with a pair of pearl drops in her ears and dressed in a lovely red *sāree;* and in the morning she would milk with her own hands the black cow and feed me with warm milk with foam on it from a brand new earthen cruse; and in the evenings she would carry the lamp round the cow-house, and then come and sit by me to tell me tales of Champa and his six brothers.

Gaffer. How delicious! The prospect tempts even me, a hermit! But never mind, dear, about this wedding. Let it be. I tell you when you wed there'll be no lack of nieces in his household.

Madhav. Shut up! This is more than I can stand. [*Exit.*]

Amal. Fakir, now that Uncle's off, just tell me, has the King sent me a letter to the Post Office?

Gaffer. I gather that his letter has already started; but it's still on the way.

Amal. On the way? Where is it? Is it on that road winding through the trees which you can follow to the end of the forest when the sky is quite clear after rain?

Gaffer. That's so. You know all about it already.

Amal. I do, everything.

Gaffer. So I see, but how?

Amal. I can't say; but it's quite clear to me. I fancy I've seen it often in days long gone by. How long ago I can't tell. Do you know when? I can see it all; there's the King's postman coming down the hillside alone, a lantern in his left hand and on his back a bag of letters; climbing down for ever so long, for days and nights, and where at the foot of the mountain the waterfall becomes a stream he takes to the footpath on the bank and walks on through the rye; then comes the sugar-cane field and he disappears into the narrow lane cutting through the tall stems of sugar-canes; then he reaches the open meadow where the cricket chirps and where there is not a single man to be seen, only the snipe wagging their tails and poking at the mud with their bills. I can feel him coming nearer and nearer and my heart becomes glad.

Gaffer. My eyes aren't young; but you make me see all the same.

THE SECOND BIRTH

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BUT this Supreme Person, the center of all reality, is not merely a passive, a negatively receptive being. *Ananda-rupam amrtam yad vibhati.* He is the joy which reveals itself in forms. It is his will which creates.

Will has its supreme response, not in the world of law, but in the world of freedom, not in the world of nature, but in the spiritual world.

This we know in ourselves. Our slaves do our bidding, furnish us with our necessaries, but in them our relation is not perfect. We have our own freedom of will which can find its true harmony only in the freedom of other wills. Where we are slaves ourselves, in our selfish desires, we feel satisfaction in slaves. For slaves reflect our own slavery, which comes back to us, making us dependent. Therefore when America freed her slaves she truly freed herself, not only from the spiritual, but also from the material slavery. Our highest joy is in love. For there we realize the freedom of will in others. In friends, the will meets our will in fulness of freedom, not in coercion of want or fear; therefore, in this love, our personality finds its highest realization.

Because the truth of our will is in its freedom, therefore all our pure joy is in freedom. We have pleasure in the fulfilment of our necessity — but this pleasure is of a negative nature. For necessity is a bondage, the fulfilment of which frees us from it. But there comes its end. It is different with our delight in beauty. It is of a positive nature. In the rhythm of harmony, whatever may be its reason, we find perfection. . . . The revelation of unity in its passive perfection, which we find in nature, is beauty; the revelation of unity in its active perfection, which we find in the spiritual world, is love. This is not in the rhythm of proportions, but in the rhythm of wills. The will, which is free, must seek for the realization of its harmony other wills which are also free, and in this is the significance of spiritual life. The infinite center of personality, which radiates its joy by giving itself out in freedom, must create other centers of freedom to unite with it in harmony. Beauty is the harmony realized in things which are bound by law. Love is the harmony realized in wills which are free.

In man, these centers of freedom have been created. It is not for him to be merely the recipient of favors from nature; he must fully radiate himself out in his creation of power and perfection of love. His movement must be towards the Supreme Person, whose movement is towards him. The creation of the natural world is God's own creation, we can only receive it and by receiving it make it our own. But in the creation of the spiritual world we are God's partners. In this work God has to wait for our will to harmonize with his own. It is not power which builds this spiritual world; there is no passivity in its remotest corner, no coercion. Consciousness has to be made clear of all mists of delusion, will has to be made free from all contrary forces of passions and desires, and then we meet with God where he creates. There can be no passive union — because he is not a passive being. With him our relationship as that of a mere receiver of gifts is not fully true, for that is a one-sided and therefore imperfect relationship. He gives us from his own fulness and we also give him from our abundance. And in this, not only is true joy for us, but for God also.

In our country the Vaishnavas have realized this truth and boldly asserted

it by saying that God has to rely on human souls for the fulfilment of his love. In love there must be freedom, therefore God has not only to wait till our souls, out of their own will, bring themselves into harmony with his own, but also to suffer when there are obstacles and rebellions.

Therefore in the creation of the spiritual world, in which man has to work in union with God, there have been sufferings of which animals can have no idea. In the tuning of the instruments discords have shrieked loud, and strings have often snapped. When seen from this aspect, such work of collaboration between man and God has seemed as though meaninglessly malevolent. Because of the ideal that there is in the heart of this creation, every mistake and misfit has come as a stab and the world of soul has bled and groaned. . . .

Our greatest hope is in this, that suffering is there. It is the language of imperfection. Its very utterance carries in it the trust in the perfect, like the baby's cry which would be dumb, if it had no faith in the mother. This suffering has driven man with his prayer knocking at the gate of the infinite in him, the divine, thus revealing his deepest instinct, his unreasoning faith in the reality of the ideal — the faith shown in the readiness for death in the renunciation of all that belongs to the self. God's life flowing in its outpour of self-giving has touched man's life who is also abroad in his career of freedom. When the discord rings out, man cries — "*asato ma sad gamaya.*" Help me to pass through the unreal to the real. It is the surrender of his self to be tuned for the music of the soul. This surrender is waited for, because the spiritual harmony cannot be effected except through freedom. Therefore man's willing surrender to the infinite is the commencement of the union. Only then can God's love fully act upon man's soul through the medium of freedom. This surrender is our soul's free choice of its life of co-operation with God — co-operation in the work of the perfect molding of the world of law into the world of love.

In the history of man moments have come when we have heard the music of God's life touching man's life in perfect harmony. We have known the fulfilment of man's personality in gaining God's nature for itself in utter self-giving out of abundance of love. Men have been born in this world of nature, with our human limitations and appetites, yet they proved that they breathed in the world of spirit, that the highest reality was the freedom of personality in the perfect union of love. They freed themselves pure from all selfish desires, from all narrowness of race and nationality, from the fear of man and the bondage of creeds and conventions. They became one with their God in the free active life of the infinite, in their unlimited abundance of renunciation. They suffered and loved. They received in their breasts the hurts of the evil of the world and proved that the life of the spirit was immortal. Great kingdoms change their shapes and vanish like clouds, institutions fade in the air like dreams, nations play their parts and disappear in obscurity, but these individuals carry the deathless life of all humanity in themselves. Their ceaseless life flows like a river of a mighty volume of flood, through the green fields and

deserts, through the long dark caverns of oblivion into the dancing joy of the sunlight, bringing water of life to the door of multitudes of men through endless years, healing and allaying thirst and cleansing the impurities of the daily dust, and singing, with living voice, through the noise of the markets the song of the everlasting life — the song which runs thus:

That is the Supreme Path of This.
That is the Supreme Treasure of This.
That is the Supreme World of This.
That is the Supreme Joy of This.

CHINESE LITERATURE

CHINESE literature is significant not only because it has enjoyed a continuous history for over three thousand years, but because it has interpenetrated and molded more than one quarter of the human race living in the Far East. Japan and Korea regard China as the mother of their civilization and treasure her literature as their own; in spite of differences of language and dialect, the people of the eastern half of Asia have understood Chinese literature and have been welded by it into a spiritual unity without parallel in the world.

The Chinese themselves provided the means for the preservation and perpetuation of literature when Ts'ai Lun invented paper in 105 A.D.; but the most valuable contribution was the discovery of printing in the ninth century, which in due time reached the west and made possible the great development of literature in modern times.

Literature is enshrined in written signs, and so it is quite natural that these should leave their impress upon thought and its expression. In China the earliest characters were pictures of various objects, but since such a system was scarcely suitable for literature, two pictures were subsequently combined to represent an abstract idea. Quite early the phonetic symbol was invented, and language became written sound. The picture element, however, was never lost, with the result that, whereas most literatures are intended for the ear, Chinese is written primarily for the eye and only secondarily for the ear. This fact makes it the most universal language in the world — a Chinese text can be understood in all parts not merely of China, but also of Korea and Japan.

This picture element gives Chinese a peculiar power. Recent experiments have shown that the organs of speech play some part in thought, which in China involves not only sounds, but also visual images and movements of the hand. Just as the eyes, hand, and vocal muscles co-operate in the production of a piece of writing, so in the enjoyment of it there is a harmony of responses of hand, vocal organs, and eyes. The Chinese scholar enjoys a mystic participation with the literary work which it is difficult to appreciate and which no translation can satisfactorily convey.

In China writing is an art, and the author was usually an artist — in fact, his fame rested quite as much on style as on content. Many of the poets were also artists, and their pictures and poems belong together. This art was not confined, however, to single characters, for the clauses and sentences must have symmetry and balance, so that Chinese writing has become a mosaic in which color, form, and rhythm blend in a higher harmony.

The implements employed in writing have also left their impress on Chinese literature. The early writing was done on slips of wood or bamboo with a bamboo brush dipped in lacquer made from the sap of a tree. Since this process was slow and arduous, the early Chinese were sparing in their use of words, and sentences were brief, but crowded with meaning. Later, when the brush was employed on silk and paper, and cursive script came into vogue, the style became less laconic and more flexible, though the parsimony of early days left a permanent mark on the Chinese. A page of Chinese requires at least a third of a page more when translated into a Western language.

Literature in China has been the product of an aristocracy of learning which was not merely patronized by the Emperor but was the ruling class. Several of the Emperors won fame in literature, and most of the great literary men were also officials of no mean ability. This fact has influenced the content of Chinese writing: the classics and, in fact, all the orthodox literature contain little about the people. In ancient times the 'Book of Poetry' reflected the colorful life of the common folk, but the commentaries soon covered it over with a veil of Confucian conventionality; and though the novel and drama arose later as a reaction against rigid traditionalism, they did not attract the best minds.

This official class limited the spirit and method of literature; it was bound by institutions and traditions, and was essentially a conservative lover of the past. In China the chief literary works are dictionaries, encyclopedias, concordances, and general histories; but that literature which is the expression of the unfettered human spirit flourished only when the dead hand of tradition was lifted. The great periods were those in which the central authority was weak, or was in the hands of foreigners. The end of the Chou dynasty (500–250 B.C.) marked in many ways the zenith of Chinese thinking; the disturbed period between the end of the Han and the T'ang (222–618 A.D.) favored the assimilation of Buddhist religion and culture; during the Mongol dynasty (1280–1368) the novel and drama flourished; and the Manchu dynasty witnessed a higher criticism of the classics which preceded the higher criticism of the Bible by a century and more and which was carried on in a modern scientific spirit. On the other hand, the periods of peace and good rule produced vast collections of dead authors, encyclopedias, and dictionaries.

Literature expresses the civilization of a people. In China the family is the unit of social and political organization. The individual functions through the group; he does not possess individuality, but a status; he is an official, subject, father, son, elder brother, or younger brother. This throws light upon the emphasis on "face," for the individual, merged in the group, extends to it any criticism leveled at him just as a modern extends to his nation the slights offered to fellow-nationals. In Chinese art and literature the characters represent types and not living individuals: marriage is not an achievement, but the gift of society; the romance of courtship is a rare and forbidden fruit;

status is not something which must be won, but something into which the individual grows.

Chinese civilization possesses characteristics which differentiate it from that of the West, and one of these may be called inwardness. The Chinese are influenced more through ideas, especially if they are old, than they are through the senses, as is abundantly illustrated in the different periods of their literature. The later historians adopted the ouline of Sze-ma Ch'ien, the Herodotus of China; the poets of the T'ang dynasty (618–907) reflect the situation of the Han dynasty (206 B.C.–220 A.D.); a Chinese writer describing a modern situation will employ words and phrases used to depict similar situations in the past.

This attitude is connected with the theory that the saints and sages not only knew all there was to be known about man and the world, but that they put it down in writing for the benefit of posterity, and thus the old books became the authoritative sources for all thinking and writing. According to the canons of literature, the text of the classics was not subject to debate; they could be quoted as proof, or by way of illustration, but it was not permitted to discuss the contents of a passage. As Han Yü (768–824) said, "The classics were by the hands of the former saints. How can discussion come up to them?" Any suspicion regarding the matter of a section in them put one in the category opposed to the saints and sages and in favor of lawlessness.

This reverential attitude was changed by the scholars of the last dynasty, who subjected the classics to a thorough examination and distinguished between them and ancient books, examining the text critically and determining the meaning of passages. They even compared Confucius with other philosophers of China and of other lands, and their work prepared the way for the modern renaissance.

With this inwardness and backward look is connected the power of the Chinese to analyze their concepts and to describe their feelings, which seem more like racial phenomena than the experiences of an individual; but, on the other hand, they are weak in constructive imagination. The Chinese, however, have not always been conservative, for some of the great radicals of the world were Chinese. Yang Chu (fourth and fifth centuries B.C.) has no rival as a pessimist; Lao Tzu (604 B.C.) set himself against the benevolence, justice, propriety, and sincerity of the Confucianists; and Wang An-shih (1021–1086) put into operation reforms which included state loans to peasants, an income tax, and the nationalization of commerce.

Such emphasis on ideas and tradition has led to the overvaluation of man and his thought as opposed to nature; and this, combined with great reverence for literature, has made the Chinese an outstanding example of a people among whom the spiritual has greater power than the material. If they have any contribution to make to the West, it will be not so much in content as in a re-establishment of the authority of the human spirit in the modern world.

The Chinese in the T'ang dynasty (618–907) divided their literature into four "libraries": classics, history, philosophy, and belles-lettres, categories which, with minor changes, have been followed to the present day. In 1787, the best extant works were collected and a catalogue published; in 1800, a supplementary catalogue was issued; and more recently the literature of China has been enriched by books found in Japan and in Central Asia.

The Chinese classics, like those of other nations, represent the growth of many centuries. In 175 A.D., when they were engraved on stone, they included the 'Book of History,' the 'Book of Change,' the 'Book of Rites' ('I Li'), 'Spring and Autumn' with Kung Yang's Commentary, and the 'Analects of Confucius.' Later several other works were added.

In the catalogue of the last dynasty, the 'Yih Ching,' ['Book of Change'] is placed first. This is a work of divination, consisting of sixty-four hexagrams of whole and broken lines ( ) with observations on each hexagram and on each line, followed by commentaries. Outside of the hexagrams, the ideas of the work belong to the period following Confucius, and some have regarded them as fossil remnants of a Central Asiatic dialect.

The book has played an interesting rôle in the intellectual life of the Chinese. In spite of its unintelligible character, or perhaps because of it, it has stirred up thought and has been for generations a storehouse of all sorts of philosophical theories, so that 336 works dealing exclusively with it are listed in the great collection of the last dynasty.

The 'Shu Ching' ['Book of History'], concerned with events between 2356 and 621 B.C., has undergone a thorough critical investigation, with the result that twenty-four of its fifty-eight chapters have been found to be forgeries. The genuine portions contain valuable material, but much of it is a product of a later time, the 'Yao-tien,' for example, being subsequent to Confucius. Other portions betray, through their geography, philosophy, and ideas, an age posterior to that assumed by the titles and contents, while the emperors Yao, Shun, and Yü are the creations of a later period.

The 'Shih Ching' ['Book of Poetry'] consists of 305 odes, most of them written from 1000 to 600 B.C., and five of them perhaps having an earlier date, between the tenth and the eighteenth centuries B.C. The old story that they were selected by Confucius from a large number of poems as suitable for moral and social instruction is no longer tenable, for the collection was made by the state musicians under the Chou dynasty and was known by Confucius in its present form. The part of Confucius in the book was the arrangement of the music which accompanied the poems, but which, unfortunately, has been lost.

The work is divided into four parts: the first, 'Kuo-feng,' or feudal odes, consists of the ballads of fifteen feudal states; the second and third are the 'Hsiao Ya' and 'Ta Ya' pieces, sung at the small and great festivities at the courts; and the fourth, 'Sung,' are hymns used at the worship of feudal an-

cestors. The work is the best source for our knowledge of the customs and social life of ancient China.

The 'Ch'un Ch'iu' ['Spring and Autumn'], the only work from the hand of Confucius, is a chronicle of his native state, Lu, from 722 to 481 B.C. It is a dry narrative, recording only the barest events, but in recent years, new prominence has been given to it by Kang Yu-wei, who found in it evidences that Confucius was a great religious and moral reformer.

There are two commentaries on the work, one by Kung-yang Kao and one by Ku-liang Ch'ih, both being quite ordinary works. The 'Tso Chuan,' attributed to Tso Ch'iu-ming, is not a commentary on the 'Ch'un Ch'iu' of Confucius, but on another 'Ch'un Ch'iu' of the state of Lu, and is the work of a scholar a hundred or more years after the time of the sage. It is not only a well-written book, but contains valuable material on the history of the time.

Among the classics is the 'Li Chi,' consisting of three books on rites and ceremonies, a subject of great importance to the Chinese from earliest times. The rites were employed as the method of social control for the nobility in ancient China and prescribed appropriate conduct for every station in life, being essential to a situation where status is all-important and where the individual has not yet emerged. The 'Li Chi,' as a collection, dates from the second or third century B.C. and is an important key to the understanding of the social life of the Chinese.

Another book on ceremonies, the 'I Li,' is concerned entirely with the upper circles, and the 'Chou Li' is also classed with the rites; but though it purports to describe the officials of the Chou dynasty and their duties, in reality it resembles our 'Utopia' and was written some time after the Chou. The government which it portrays could never have functioned, least of all in ancient China so far as we know it from contemporary documents.

The 'Four Books,' while originally regarded as lower than the classics, have attained a very important place in the last five centuries because the subjects of the examination essays were drawn from them. The chief of these 'Books' is the 'Lun Yü' ['Analects' or 'Discourses'], taken down by the pupils of Confucius and published after his death. The 'Great Learning,' or 'Learning for Adults' ('Ta Hsüeh'), was the product of the end of the Chou dynasty, or the beginning of the Han, 250–150 B.C., and was originally a part of the 'Book of Rites.' It was raised to its present prominence by Chu Hsi, who found his logical method in one of its paragraphs, which reads as follows: "Things being investigated, knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete, their thoughts were sincere; their thoughts being sincere, their minds were rectified. Their minds being rectified, their persons were cultivated; their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their states were rightly governed. Their states being rightly governed, the whole empire was made tranquil and happy." The

'Doctrine of the Mean' ('Chung Yung'), traditionally ascribed to a grandson of Confucius, is the product of the Han dynasty and advocates the tenet of the middle way, which has been embodied not only in the morality of the Chinese, but also in their art and institutions. The last of the 'Four Books' bears the name of Mencius, who expressed the democratic ideals of his people in larger measure than did Confucius.

Outside the 'Five Classics' and the 'Four Books,' several works are regarded as secondary classics. In addition to the 'Chou Li' and 'I Li,' which belong to this category, is the 'Hsiao Ching' ['Book of Filial Piety'] written during the Han dynasty and representing the later Confucian tradition, which began to stress the external aspects of filial piety. The 'Erh Ya' ['Literary Expositor'] is a dictionary arranged according to categories and dating from the beginning of our era.

Dictionaries, which are also included among the classics, are divided into three classes: (1) those arranged under categories, as the 'Erh Ya'; (2) those arranged by radicals, like the 'Shuo Wen,' published about 100 A.D.; and (3) those arranged according to tones and rhymes.

The second "library" of Chinese literature is that of history, for the Chinese not only have a long history, but have composed lengthy historical works. The official histories are known as the 'Twenty-four Dynastic Histories,' the model for all these being the 'Historical Records' of Sze-ma Ch'ien (145–80 B.C.), who arranged his material under five heads: (1) annals of the ruling house; (2) tables of the reigns of the kings; (3) the 'Eight Books,' consisting of chapters on rites, music, measures, calendar, astronomy, religion, waterways, and commerce; (4) families of the feudal princes and their reigns; and (5) geography, ethnography, and biography. On the whole, Chinese histories are reliable, the least trustworthy being the 'History of the Mongols,' which was written in great haste, being completed in one year.

Besides these official histories, there is a great variety of historical works, such as chronicles, unofficial histories, calendars, treatises on geography, administration, constitution, historical criticism, and catalogues. There are also extensive histories of each province and district, and of many of the cities and towns; and these contain much valuable material, as when, for example, the early trade between China and the Philippines is described in the histories of Kwangtung and Fukien. A conspicuous feature of Chinese literature is the large number of outlines of history, the most famous being by Sze-ma Kuang (1009–1086), which was later extended by other writers.

The third "library," philosophy, embraces a variety of subjects, including not only philosophy proper, but also military tactics, agriculture, science, and arts. Among the Confucian group is Hsün Tzu, who held that human nature was bad and that it had to be trained to do the right and compelled by force to obey law, whereas Mencius and his successors regarded human nature as good and requiring only the upright example of the ruler to make it do right.

After the break-up of the Han dynasty, the best minds turned their attention to Buddhism; and it was only in the eleventh and twelfth centuries that Confucian philosophy began to flourish. Chou Tun-i and the Ch'eng brothers with their disciples, especially Chu Hsi (1130–1200), produced a philosophy which represented the integration of Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism; while Wang Yang-ming, of the Ming dynasty, a pragmatic mystic, further developed the idealistic side. During the Manchu dynasty, however, scholars examined the philosophy both of Chu Hsi and of Wang Yang-ming, and finding that it had departed from the teachings of the saints and sages, they separated the genuine classics from the forgeries and secondary works which had gained authority because of their antiquity, thus laying the foundation for the modern renaissance, whose problem is to integrate Chinese thought with modern science and philosophy. Such scholars as Kang Yu-wei, Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, Hu Shih, and others have made a beginning in the long task of grafting modern ideas on the ancient tree of Chinese thought.

The leader of the Taoist school, Lao Tzu (604 B.C.), author of the 'Tao Teh Ching,' advocated return to a state of nature, his ideal being the village-state with its simple life undisturbed by the regulations of the Confucian system. Chuang Tzu (330 B.C.), one of the most brilliant writers of China, was not so much the exponent of a philosophy as a mystic who strove to understand the world by actively appropriating its meaning through his esoteric practices.

Between these two schools is the school of Mo-ti, who advocated universal love and argued against Confucian determinism and morality. When China was reorganized under the T'sin and Han dynasties, his philosophy was ignored; and interest in his work has revived only in the last fifty years.

In this department are listed the large Taoist Collection, 'Tao Ts'ang,' and the Buddhist Tipitaka, 'San Ts'ang'; while to this class also belong the encyclopedias in which China leads the world. The largest literary work of man, the 'Yung Lo Ta Tien,' was published in 1409, in 22,877 books; and the 'T'u Shu Chi Ch'eng,' issued by the last dynasty, is a mine of information for Chinese civilization.

The fourth "library," and the largest, consists of the collected prose and poetry of single writers, and also of anthologies of excerpts from several writers, as well as of critiques of literature. The Chinese have never become accustomed to periodicals as a means of bringing literature before the public and also as a means of burying that which deserves oblivion. The first subdivision is devoted to the 'Elegies' of Ch'u, written by Ch'ü Yüan in the fourth century B.C., which are interesting because they contain the first signs of a world-weariness of the Chinese, and a longing to find satisfaction in an ideal world, which became more and more popular, as is manifested by the large number of commentaries.

The second subdivision comprises individual collections, consisting of the

productions of single writers from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day. The titles preserved, which are very numerous, represent only a portion of the vast library of productions which have disappeared; but among those which have been preserved, popularity still attaches to a collection of poems of Li Po, who, with Tu Fu, represents the verse of the T'ang dynasty.

The third subdivision, originating in the sixth century, consists of general collections of prose and poetry, the first of these made by a prince of the house of Liang in 530 B.C.; the fourth is composed of critiques on poetry and literature; and the fifth (and last) is called 'Rhymes and Songs,' which are given this place because they are deemed least important. Ungoverned by laws of versification, and consisting of rhyming lines of indeterminate length, they include compositions which came into vogue in the Mongol dynasty and which, written in dialect, are divided, from the linguistic point of view, into Northern and Southern.

The term "Songs" (*chüeh*) has been extended to cover dramas; but the drama and the novel, being couched in the colloquial language, are not included in the four "libraries." Nevertheless, this form of literature is not merely extensive, but has exerted a great influence upon the popular mind. The drama in China arose in connection with the ancestor cult and the ceremonies connected with war, the chase, and the worship of the gods. Dancing and posturing were added, at first with a magic import and later, when this was no longer appreciated, as means of recreation. To these dances were fitted words and dialogues, some of which are still preserved in the 'Book of Poetry.' By the time of the T'ang, this drama flowered into a beautiful form; and it flourished especially during the Mongol dynasty, when many scholars, prevented from serving their country, turned to this popular form of literature. One of the best collections of dramas dates from the Mongol dynasty, and several were produced during the Ming period. More recently, the Chinese theater has been adopting Western ways, and drama is again coming to the front, forming, together with moving pictures, a growing influence in the education of the people.

The novel has also been excluded from the four "libraries" because of its lowly origin and its use of the vernacular. Among the people, however, it has had considerable vogue and, like the drama, it goes back to ancient roots. In ancient China there were the 'Journeys of King Mu'; certain sections of the 'Shu Ching' are historical novels; and the 'Land and Water Classic' is a travel romance with interesting stories about foreign lands. Perhaps the most interesting specimen is the 'Chou Li,' which is so really a Utopia, published with a view to influencing the government of the time, that its true character cannot be concealed by the fact that it has become a classic. While these are precursors, the novel is the product of the Mongol dynasty (1280–1368).

Through their use of the vernacular the novel and the drama have prepared the way for the modern literary revolution; and during the last ten

years they have changed greatly in content and style due to the influence of the West, Russian writers in particular serving as models for the novelists of more recent days.

Since 1842, a large number of foreign works have been translated by Chinese and foreigners. Between 1842 and 1895, versions of scientific works predominated, as when Yen Fu rendered Spencer and Huxley into beautiful Chinese. From 1895 to 1912, translations of books on government and law headed the list; and since 1912, works on philosophy, science, and sociology have taken a prominent place. The abandonment of the stilted classical style and the adoption of the colloquial Mandarin as the medium of expression are bringing about a literary revolution of wide-reaching influence.

At present, Chinese literature is in a state of transition; but there is no doubt that when the message of Western science and thought has been assimilated, it will flower again in beautiful forms.

LEWIS HODOUS

ILLUSIONS

From the 'Nan Hua Chen Ching' of Chuang Tzu

HOW do I know that love of life is not a delusion after all? How do I know but that he who dreads to die is as a child who has lost the way and cannot find his home?

The lady Li Chi was the daughter of Ai Feng. When the Duke of Chin first got her, she wept until the bosom of her dress was drenched with tears. But when she came to the royal residence, and lived with the Duke, and ate rich food, she repented of having wept. How then do I know but that the dead repent of having previously clung to life?

Those who dream of the banquet wake to lamentation and sorrow. Those who dream of lamentation and sorrow wake to join the hunt. While they dream, they do not know that they dream. Some will even interpret the very dream they are dreaming; and only when they awake do they know it was a dream. By and by comes the Great Awakening, and then we find out that this life is really a great dream. Fools think they are awake now, and flatter themselves they know if they are really princes or peasants. Confucius and you are both dreams; and I who say you are dreams — I am but a dream myself. This is a paradox. Tomorrow a sage may arise to explain it; but that tomorrow will not be until ten thousand generations have gone by.

Granting that you and I argue: If you beat me, and not I you, are you necessarily right and I wrong? Or, if I beat you and not you me, am I necessarily right and you wrong? Or are we both partly right and partly wrong? Or are we both wholly right or wholly wrong? You and I cannot know this, and consequently the world will be in ignorance of the truth.

Whom shall I employ as arbiter between us? If I employ some one who takes your view, he will side with you. How can such a one arbitrate between us? If I employ some one who takes my view, he will side with me. How can such a one arbitrate between us? And if I employ some one who either differs from or agrees with both of us, he will be equally unable to decide between us. Since then you, and I, and man, cannot decide, must we not depend upon Another? Such dependence is as though it were not dependence. We are embraced in the obliterating unity of God. . . .

Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzu, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I awaked, and there I lay, myself again. Now, I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man. Between man and a butterfly there is necessarily a barrier. The transition is called metempsychosis.

Translated by Lionel Giles

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THE METAL-BOUND COFFER

From the 'Shu Ching' ['Book of History']

[The events belong to the eleventh century B.C., but the narrative is much later.]

TWO years after the conquest of the Shang dynasty, the king fell ill and was quite disconsolate. The two dukes said, "Let us reverently consult the tortoise[1] concerning the king"; but the Duke of Chow said, "You may not so distress our former kings."

He then took the business on himself and made three altars of earth on the same cleared space; and, having made another altar on the south, facing the north, he there took his own position. The convex symbols were put *on these altars*[2] and he himself held his mace, while he addressed the kings of T'ae, Ke, and Wan.

The *grand* historian *by his order* wrote on tablets his prayer to the following effect: — "A.B., your chief descendant, is suffering from a severe and dangerous sickness; — if you three kings have in heaven the charge of *watch-*

[1] The lines on the carapace of the tortoise were consulted for purposes of divination.

[2] Words in italics are supplied to complete the sense.

ing over him, *Heaven's* great son, let me Tan [3] be a substitute for his person. I have been lovingly obedient to my father; I am possessed of many abilities and arts which fit me to serve spiritual beings. Your chief descendant on the other hand has not so many abilities and arts as I, and is not so capable of serving spiritual beings. And moreover he was appointed in the hall of God to extend his aid to the four quarters *of the empire,* so that he might establish your descendants in this lower world. The people of the four quarters stand in reverent awe of him. Oh! do not let that precious Heaven-conferred appointment fall to the ground, and *all* our former kings will also have a perpetual reliance and resort. I will now seek for your orders from the great tortoise. If you grant *what I request,* I will take these symbols and this mace, and return and wait for the issue. If you do not grant it, I will put them by."

The duke then divined with the three tortoises, and all were favorable. He took a key, opened and looked at the *oracular* responses which also were favorable. He said, "According to the form *of the prognostic,* the king will take no injury. I, who am but a child, have got his appointment renewed by the three kings, by whom a long futurity has been consulted for. I have to wait the issue. They can provide for our one man." *Having said this,* he returned, and placed the tablets in the metal-bound coffer; and the next day the king got better.

Afterwards, upon the death of King Woo, *the duke's* elder brother, he of Kwan and his younger brothers spread a baseless rumor through the kingdom, saying: "The duke will do no good to the *king's* young son." Upon this the Duke of Chow represented to the two dukes, saying, "If I do not take the law *to these men,* I shall not be able to make my report to our former kings."

He resided accordingly in the east for two years, when the criminals were got and *brought to justice.* Afterwards, he made a poem to present to the king and called it 'The Owl.' The king on his part did not dare to blame the duke.

In the autumn, when the grain was abundant and ripe, but before it was reaped, Heaven sent a great storm of thunder and lightning, along with wind, by which the grain was all beaten down, and great trees torn up. The people were greatly terrified; and the king and great officers, all in their caps of state, proceeded to open the metal-bound coffer, and examine the writings, when they found the words of the Duke of Chow when he took on himself the business of taking the place of King Woo. The king and the two dukes asked the *grand* historian and all the other officers about the thing. They replied, "Ah! it was really thus; but the duke charged us that we should not presume to speak about it." The king held the writing, and wept, saying, "We need not *now* go on reverently to divine. Formerly the duke was thus earnest for the royal House, but I, being a child, did not know it. Now,

[3] The Duke of Chow.

Heaven has moved its terrors to display the virtue of the Duke of Chow. That I meet him a new man, is what the rules of propriety of our empire require."

The king then went out to the borders, when Heaven sent down rain; and by virtue of a contrary wind, the grain all rose up. The two dukes gave orders to the people to take up all the large trees which had fallen, and replace them. The year then turned out very fruitful.

THE DISCOURSES AND SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS

From the 'Lun Yü'

THE Master said, "Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and application? Is it not delightful to have friends coming from distant quarters? Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?"

The Master said, "He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north polar star, which keeps its place and all the stars turn towards it." . . . The Master said, "If the people be led by laws, and uniformity sought to be given them by punishments, they will try to avoid *the punishment*, but have no sense of shame. If they be led by virtue, and uniformity sought to be given them by the rules of propriety, they will have the sense of shame, and moreover will become good."

The Master said, "Riches and honors are what men desire. If it cannot be obtained in the proper way, they should not be held. Poverty and meanness are what men dislike. If it [*i. e.* riches and honors] cannot be obtained in the proper way, they should not be avoided."

A man of the village of Ta-hsiang said, "Great indeed is the philosopher K'ung [Confucius]! His learning is extensive, and yet he does not render his name famous by any *particular* thing." The Master heard the observation, and said to his disciples, "What shall I practise? Shall I practise charioteering, or shall I practise archery? I will practise charioteering."

Ch'an K'ang asked Po-yü [the son of Confucius], saying, "Have you heard any lessons *from your father* different *from what we have all* heard?" Po-yü replied, "No. He was standing alone once, when I passed below the hall with hasty steps, and said to me, 'Have you learned the Odes?' On my replying, 'Not yet,' *he added*, 'If you do not learn the Odes, you will not be fit to converse with.' I retired and studied the Odes. Another day, he was in the same way standing alone, when I passed below the hall with hasty steps, and he said to me, 'Have you learned the rules of Propriety?' On my replying, 'Not yet,' *he added*, 'If you do not learn the rules of Propriety, your character cannot be established.' I then retired, and learned the rules of Propriety. I have heard only these two things from him."

Ch'an K'ang retired, and, quite delighted, said, "I asked one thing, and I have got three things. I have heard about the Odes. I have heard about the rules of Propriety. I have also heard that the superior man maintains a distant reserve towards his son."

MENCIUS

THE Philosopher Kao said, "*Man's* nature is like the *ch'i*-willow, and righteousness is like a cup or a bowl. The fashioning benevolence and righteousness out of man's nature is like the making cups and bowls from the *ch'i*-willow."

Mencius replied, "Can you, leaving untouched the nature of the willow, make with it cups and bowls? You must do violence and injury to the willow, before you can make cups and bowls with it. If you must do violence and injury to the willow in order to make cups and bowls with it, *on your principles* you must, in the same way, do violence and injury to humanity in order to fashion from it benevolence and righteousness! Your words, alas! would certainly lead all men on to reckon benevolence and righteousness to be calamities."

The philosopher Kao said, "*Man's* nature is like water whirling round *in a corner*. Open a passage for it to the east, and it will flow to the east; open a passage for it to the west, and it will flow to the west. Man's nature is indifferent to good and evil, just as water is indifferent to the east and west."

Mencius replied, "Water indeed *will flow* indifferently to the east or west, but will it flow indifferently up or down? The tendency of man's nature to good is like the tendency of water to flow downwards. There are none but have this tendency to good, *just as* all water flows downwards. Now, by striking water and causing it to leap up, you may make it go over your forehead, and, by damming and leading it, you may force it up a hill;—but are such movements according to the nature of water? It is the force applied which causes them. When men are made to do what is not good their nature is dealt with in this way."

The philosopher Kao said, "Life is what we call nature." Mencius asked him, "Do you say that by nature you mean life, just as you say that white is white?" "Yes, I do," was the reply. Mencius added, "Is the whiteness of a white feather like that of white snow, and the whiteness of white snow like that of a white gem?"

Kao again said, "Yes."

"Very well," *pursued Mencius*. "Is the nature of a dog like the nature of an ox, and the nature of an ox like the nature of a man?"

The philosopher Kao said, "*To enjoy* food and *delight in* colors is nature.

Benevolence is internal and not external; righteousness is external and not internal."

Mencius asked him, "What is the ground of your saying that benevolence is internal and righteousness external?" He replied, "There is a man older than I, and I give honor to his age. It is not that there is *first* in me a principle of such reverence to age. It is just as when there is a white man, and I consider him white; — according as he is so externally to me. On this account, I pronounce *of righteousness* that it is external."

Mencius said, "There is no difference between our pronouncing a white horse to be white and our pronouncing a white man to be white. But is there no difference between the regard with which we acknowledge the age of an old horse and that with which we acknowledge the age of an old man? And what is it which is called righteousness? — the fact of a man's being old? or the fact of our giving honor to his age?"

Kao said, "There is my younger brother; — I love him. But the younger brother of a man of Ch'in I do not love: that is, the feeling is determined by myself, and therefore I say that benevolence is internal. *On the other hand*, I give honor to an old man of Ch'u, and I also give honor to an old man of my own *people;* that is, the feeling is determined by the age, and therefore I say that righteousness is external."

Mencius answered him, "Our enjoyment of meat roasted by a man of Ch'in does not differ from our enjoyment of meat roasted by ourselves. Thus, *what you insist on* takes place also in the case of such things, and will you say likewise that our enjoyment of a roast is external?"

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UNIVERSAL LOVE

By Mo Ti (fourth and fifth centuries B.C.)

THE protagonist of limited love says: "How can I do for my friend as I do for myself, for my friend's parents as I do for my parents?" And so, when he sees his friend hungry, he does not feed him; cold, he does not clothe him; sick, he does not nurse and nourish him; and dead, he does not bury him. Such are the words and actions of the protagonist of limited love.

The words and acts of the advocate of mutual love are not thus. He says: "I have heard that the exalted man in the empire does for his friend as he does for himself, does for his friend's parents as he does for his own parents." And so he becomes the exalted man in the empire. Therefore, when he sees

his friend hungry, he feeds him; cold, he clothes him; sick, he nurses and nourishes him; dead, he buries him. Such are the words and deeds of the protagonist of universal love.

PART OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF CONFUCIUS

From the 'History' by Sze-ma Ch'ien

THE princes of Lu transmitted from generation to generation the custom of making offerings to Confucius at stated seasons of the year. On the other hand, the literati also took part in the ceremonies, including the district feast and the contest with bows at the tomb of Confucius. The burial ground of Confucius is a *ch'ing* in size [16 acres]. The hall in which the disciples lived during the time of mourning has been transformed into a funerary temple by later generations, where they deposited the garments of Confucius, his ceremonial cap, his lute, his chariot, and his writings. All were preserved without interruption for two hundred years, until the coming of the Han. When Emperor Kao passed through the country of Lu [195 B.C.], he offered a sacrifice of three great victims at the tomb of Confucius [bull, sheep, and pig]. When the rulers, the high officials, and councilors arrived in the State of Lu, they always first made a visit to the tomb and then engaged in the work of the government. . . .

The Grand Astrologer said: "The Book of Poetry contains these words:

> The high mountain sets exalted ideals.
> The great road beckons to noble goals."

Confucius, though not able to attain, kept his heart directed to the final goal. As for myself, when I read the writings of Confucius, I thought I knew what kind of a man he was; then when I came to the country of Lu where I saw the hall of the funerary temple of Chung-ni, his garments, his ritual utensils, when I saw all the scholars who, at stated seasons, take part in the rites in his house, I was filled with reverence. I lingered and could not get away. In the world, there are legions of those who, from sovereigns to sages, enjoy during their life a glory which ends at their death. But Confucius, though a common man, transmitted his fame for ten generations. Those who devote themselves to study regard him as their master. From the Son of Heaven, the kings, and princes, all those in the Middle Kingdom who discourse on the six liberal arts judge themselves and regulate themselves according to the Master. This is what can be called perfect sainthood. . . .

Confucius went to Chow to inquire about the rites of Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu said: "I have heard that the good merchant carefully hides his treasures, as

though he were poor, while the wise man, full of virtue, looks as though he were unlearned. Put away your proud spirit, together with your many desires, your appearance of power, and your lustful inclination. All these are of no benefit to you. That is all I have to say to you."

Confucius departed and said to his pupils: "Birds, we know, are able to fly, fish are able to swim, and beasts are able to walk. For the beasts, we make traps; for the fish, which swim, we make nets; and for the birds, who fly in the air, we make winged arrows. But, as to the dragons, I do not know how they mount the wind and clouds and ascend to heaven. I have seen Lao Tzu today. Is he not like the dragon?"

Translations by Lewis Hodous

A LYRIC FROM THE 'BOOK OF POETRY'

YOU seemed a guileless youth enough,
Offering for silk your woven stuff;
But silk was not required by you;
I was the silk you had in view.
With you I crossed the ford, and while
We wandered on for many a mile
I said, "I do not wish delay,
But friends must fix our wedding-day. . . .
Oh, do not let my words give pain,
But with the autumn come again."

And then I used to watch and wait
To see you passing through the gate;
And sometimes, when I watched in vain,
My tears would flow like falling rain;
But when I saw my darling boy,
I laughed and cried aloud for joy.
The fortune-tellers, you declared,
Had all pronounced us duly paired;
"Then bring a carriage," I replied,
"And I'll away to be your bride."

The mulberry-leaf, not yet undone
By autumn chill, shines in the sun.
O tender dove, I would advise,
Beware the fruit that tempts thy eyes!
O maiden fair, not yet a spouse,
List lightly not to lovers' vows!

A man may do this wrong, and time
Will fling its shadow o'er his crime;
A woman who has lost her name
Is doomed to everlasting shame.

The mulberry-tree upon the ground
Now sheds its yellow leaves around.
Three years have slipped away from me
Since first I shared your poverty;
And now again, alas the day!
Back through the ford I take my way.
My heart is still unchanged, but you
Have uttered words now proved untrue;
And you have left me to deplore
A love that can be mine no more.

For three long years I was your wife,
And led in truth a toilsome life;
Early to rise and late to bed,
Each day alike passed o'er my head.
I honestly fulfilled my part,
And you — well, you have broke my heart.
The truth my brothers will not know,
So all the more their gibes will flow.
I grieve in silence and repine
That such a wretched fate is mine.

Ah, hand in hand to face old age! —
Instead, I turn a bitter page.
O for the river-banks of yore;
O for the much-loved marshy shore;
The hours of girlhood, with my hair
Ungathered, as we lingered there.
The words we spoke, that seemed so true,
I little thought that I should rue;
I little thought the vows we swore
Would some day bind us two no more.

A LAMENT ON HIS FATHER'S DEATH

By Liu Heng (died 157 B.C.)

I LOOK up, the curtains are there as of yore;
I look down, and there is the mat on the floor;
These things I behold, but the man is no more.

To the infinite azure his spirit has flown,
And I am left friendless, uncared-for, alone,
Of solace bereft, save to weep and to moan.

The deer on the hillside caressingly bleat,
And offer the grass for their young ones to eat,
While birds of the air to their nestlings bring meat.

But I a poor orphan must ever remain,
My heart, still so young, overburdened with pain,
For him I shall never set eyes on again.

'Tis a well-worn old saying, which all men allow,
That grief stamps the deepest of lines on the brow:
Alas for my hair, it is silvery now!

Alas for my father, cut off in his pride!
Alas that no more I may stand at his side!
Oh, where were the gods when that great hero died?

MYSTERIOUS NATURE

By Hsiao Yen (sixth century A.D.)

TREES grow, not alike,
by the mound and the moat;
Birds sing in the forest
with varying note;
Of the fish in the river
some dive and some float.
The mountains rise high
and the waters sink low,
But the why and the wherefore
we never can know.

AN IDEAL TRIO

By Li Po (705–762 A.D.)

AN arbor of flowers
and a kettle of wine:
Alas! in the bowers
no companion is mine.
Then the moon sheds her rays
on my goblet and me,
And my shadow betrays
we're a party of three.

Though the moon cannot swallow
her share of the grog,
And my shadow must follow
wherever I jog —
Yet their friendship I'll borrow
and gaily carouse,
And laugh away sorrow
while springtime allows.

See the moon — how she glances
response to my song;
See my shadow — it dances
so lightly along!
While sober I feel
you are both my good friends;
When drunken I reel,
our companionship ends.
But we'll soon have a greeting
without a good-bye,
At our next merry meeting
away in the sky.

Translations by Herbert A. Giles

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AN OLD HOUSE UNROOFED BY AN AUTUMN GALE

By Tu Fu (712–770)

THE roof of my house has been blown away
By the fiercest of autumn winds today;
It was merely of grass and branches built—
Yet my only shelter save a wadded quilt.

Across the river it scurried and whirled,
In tangled tufts, by the hurricane hurled,
Ascending in gusts till caught by the trees,
Or falling in ponds and on furrowed leas.

In great delight the village urchins shout,
And say I'm old and cannot run about;
And now before my face the rogues begin
To steal things, and then run away and grin.

At last I drive them off and hobble back
To find my home is shelterless, alack!
My lips are parched, my tongue is stiff and dry;
My strength is gone, I can but rest and sigh.

The wind has slackened but dark clouds affright,
And wintry is the fast approaching night;
My bed is worn and hard, my clothing spare,
I cannot sleep for pain and anxious care.

The rain still drizzles through the rafters high,
'Tween which I see the drifting stormy sky,
And everything is damp and comfortless:
What can be done to lighten such distress?

Oh, would there were a mansion of delight,
A hundred million rooms both fair and bright,
To shelter all the poor beneath the skies,
And give the joy which lasting peace supplies.

Could I but see this mansion rise sublime
Before my eyes at this, or any time;
My house and life to lose I'd be content,
Could such great blessing to the world be sent.

A SONG OF THE MARCHES

By Li Tai Po (699–762)

THE Tien-shan peaks still glisten
In robes of spotless white;
To songs of Spring I listen,
But see no flowers around.

The ground is bare and dreary,
No voice of Spring I hear,
Save the 'Willow Song,' so eerie,
I play upon my flute.

At morn the fight will follow
The sound of bugle call;
Each man, in sleep, the hollow
Across his saddle clasps.

And by his side, unrusted,
His sword is closely laid,
With which he long has trusted
The tyrant foe to slay.

On noble chargers riding,
And fleeter than the wind,
All fears and risks deriding,
They cross the river Wei.

Their bows are tautened tightly,
Their quivers full of shafts,
They face the danger lightly,
And charge the haughty foe.

As rocks by lightning riven
Their ranks are rent apart;
As clouds by tempest driven,
They break and flee away.

Then on the sand, blood-streaming,
The weary victors sleep,
Their swords with hoar-frost gleaming,
Their bows dark shadows cast.

The Pass has been defended,
The foes are scattered far,
The soldiers' wives untended
May seek their homes again.

Translations by Charles Budd

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AN AUTUMN DIRGE

By Ou-yang Hsiu (1007–1072 A.D.)

ONE night I had just sat down to my books, when suddenly I heard a sound far away towards the southwest. Listening intently, I wondered what it could be. On it came, at first like the sighing of a gentle zephyr . . . gradually deepening into the plash of waves upon a surf-beat shore . . . the roaring of huge breakers in the startled night, amid howling storm-gusts of wind and rain. It burst upon the hanging bell, and set every one of its pendants tinkling into tune. It seemed like the muffled march of soldiers, hurridly advancing, bit in mouth, to the attack, when no shouted orders rend the air, but only the tramp of men and horses meet the ear.

"Boy," said I, "what noise is that? Go forth and see." "Sir," replied the boy on his return, "the moon and stars are brightly burning: the Silver River spans the sky. No sound of man is heard without: 'tis but the whispering of the trees."

"Alas!" I cried, "autumn is upon us. And is it thus, O boy, that autumn comes? — autumn, the cruel and the cold; autumn, the season of rack and mist; autumn, the season of cloudless skies; autumn, the season of piercing blasts; autumn, the season of desolation and blight! Chill is the sound that heralds its approach, and then it leaps upon us with a shout. All the rich luxuriance of green is changed, all the proud foliage of the forest swept down to earth, withered beneath the icy breath of the destroyer. For autumn is nature's chief executioner, and its symbol is darkness. It has the temper of steel, and its symbol is a sharp sword. It is the avenging angel, riding upon an atmosphere of death. As spring is the epoch of growth, so autumn is the epoch of maturity. And sad is the hour when maturity is passed, for that which passes its prime must die.

"Still, what is this to plants and trees, which fade away in their due season? . . . But stay; there is man, man the divinest of all things. A hundred cares wreck his heart, countless anxieties trace their wrinkles on his brow, until his inmost self is bowed beneath the burden of life. And swifter still he

hurries to decay when vainly striving to attain the unattainable, or grieving over his ignorance of that which can never be known. Then comes the whitening hair — and why not? Has man an adamantine frame, that he should outlast the trees of the field? Yet, after all, who is it, save himself, that steals his strength away? Tell me, O boy, what right has man to accuse his autumn blast?"

My boy made no answer. He was fast asleep. No sound reached me save that of the cricket chirping its response to my dirge.

Translated by Herbert A. Giles

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THE TAOIST PUPIL

From the 'Liao-chai Chi-i' (seventeenth century)

IN the district city, there lived a Mr. Wang. His personal name was Hang Ch'i, which means that he was the seventh son. He was the scion of an old family. As a young man, he was eager to learn the doctrine of the Taoists. He heard that at Lo Shan there were a number of hermits who were seeking perfection. With a bundle on his back, he started on his journey thither. As he climbed to the top of a hill, he saw a Taoist monastery standing solitary. A Taoist doctor was sitting on a round straw mat. His white beard covered his throat. The monastery appeared to be very flourishing and beautiful. Mr. Wang bowed with his head touching the ground, and said to the Taoist doctor: "The doctrine is very mysterious. I invite you to become my teacher." The Taoist doctor said: "I fear that you are too delicate and lazy and will not be able to endure the hardships of our calling." The young man answered that he was ready to endure anything for the sake of the doctrine, and so was received as a pupil.

The Taoist doctor had many pupils. At the twilight hour, they all gathered. Mr. Wang was with them and knocked his head [*i. e.*, kowtowed] to his future teacher and remained in the monastery. In the cold morning, the Taoist doctor called Mr. Wang, presented him with an ax, and sent him, with the rest of his pupils, to gather fire-wood. Mr. Wang received his orders attentively. A month and more passed by. His hands and feet were covered with blisters as large as cocoons. He could not endure the hardships of his apprenticeship. Secretly, he decided to return home. One night, as he was about to return, he saw two guests drinking with his teacher. It was already dark, and the candles were not yet lighted. The master cut a piece of paper in the shape of a round mirror and pasted it upon the wall. All of a sudden, the light of

the rising moon shone brightly upon the wall. The paper mirror scintillated with its light. All the pupils ran together and stood around listening. One of the guests said: "It is a beautiful evening and a very joyful occasion, and all of us should have a good time together." He accordingly took a wine-jug from the table and passed it around, urging each one to drink his fill. Wang thought to himself, "How can there be enough wine in one jug to go around seven or eight men?" Each one, however, found a cup and vied one with another in emptying it first. They only feared that the wine-jug would be empty. They ran back and forth to fill their cups, but the wine in the jug in no wise diminished. At this, they were much surprised. Whereupon, one of the guests said: "While the moon is shining and you are all quietly drinking, why not call the lady in the moon [1] to come down?" Thereupon, they stirred up the round paper moon on the wall with chopsticks, and there appeared a beautiful woman coming from the midst of the light. At first, she was not quite a foot high. When she came to earth, she was as tall as other women. Her waist was slender, and her neck graceful. With feet as nimble as the wind, she danced before them and sang as follows: "Hermit, hermit, come, return and establish me in the ether vast and cold."

Her voice was clear and high, pitched like that of the flute. Her song ended, she whirled around and arose, leaping on the table, and, while they were looking at her in fear, she turned into chopsticks. The Taoist doctor and his two guests laughed uproariously. Again the guest said: "This evening is very joyful, but we cannot overcome the strong wine. Why can we not take a journey together in the moon?"

The Taoist doctor and his two guests moved the table and gradually they entered the moon. All the pupils saw the three men sitting in the moon and drinking. Their beards, eyebrows, were all clearly visible like an image in a mirror. An hour passed by. The moon gradually grew dark. The pupils came with lighted candles. Then the Taoist doctor was found sitting alone, and his guests had vanished. On the table were scattered nuts. On the wall was the paper cut in the shape of a round mirror, and that was all. The Taoist doctor asked the pupils, "Have you had enough wine?" All said, "We have enough." He then said: "If you have enough, you must awake early and not neglect the gathering of fuel." They all nodded and retired.

Wang was secretly happy. His thoughts of going home were forgotten for the time being. Again a month passed by. He could not endure the hardship, and the Taoist doctor did not give him any instruction, not even one trick. His heart could not wait. On taking his leave, he said: "Your pupil has come several hundred *li* to learn the profession of a teacher. Although I have not obtained the art of prolonging life, could you perhaps teach me one little trick, and thus console a heart craving for instruction? Now two, three months have

[1] The lady in the moon was the wife of a celebrated archer. She stole the beverage of the immortals and took refuge in the moon.

passed by, and there has been nothing more than gathering fire-wood in the morning and returning in the evening. Your pupil, while with you, has not spoken to you of this hardship."

The Taoist doctor replied, smiling: "I said that you would not be able to endure the hardship. Today is already gone; tomorrow you may return." Wang said: "Your pupil has acted as an apprentice many days. Could you teach me a little magic, so that this my coming will not be fruitless?" The Taoist doctor asked, "What art do you wish?" Wang said: "Frequently I have seen the master walk, and solid walls were no obstacles to your progress. I should like to learn this trick, and then I shall be satisfied." The Taoist doctor laughed and granted him the favor. Thereupon, he taught him the magical formula and ordered him to repeat it. When he had finished repeating it, the Taoist doctor shouted, "Enter the wall!"

Wang faced the wall and did not dare enter. Again the Taoist doctor said, "Try to enter it." Wang made a dash forward, but found the wall obstructed his progress. The Taoist doctor said: "Bow your head and enter quickly; do not retrace your steps." Wang advanced against the wall a few steps, and then broke into a run and came to the wall. And, lo! it yielded to him as though it did not exist. He looked back and he was already on the outside of the wall. He was very happy. He came in and thanked the Taoist doctor. The doctor said: "When you return, if you do not perform your duties sincerely, the spell will not have the desired effect." Then, with good wishes and greetings to his family, he sent him home. On his return home, Wang boasted that he had met saintly hermits and that even a solid wall offered no hindrance to his progress. His wife did not believe his boasting. Wang imitated his former action. He went away from the wall a few feet. Then he started on a run and, with his head, butted into the solid wall with great violence. He fell back on the ground. His wife came to his assistance. On his forehead there was a lump as large as an egg. His wife raised her arms in ridicule. Wang was ashamed and angry at the old Taoist doctor, and cursed him for his dishonesty.

THE FOUR PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY

By Sun Yat Sen (1867–1925)

CONCERNING the methods of democracy, what are the newest discoveries in the world? First, the power of election. The most progressive nations in the world generally employ only this one method of democracy. Is this sufficient in government? Election is like a primitive weapon. The use of this instrument alone gives the power to advance, but does not have the power to retreat. The present methods have gone beyond the power of election.

Second is the power of recall. When people have this power, they possess the power to recall their officials. These two powers govern the officials. When the people possess this power, they may elect anyone to office; they may recall anyone from office. Election and recall proceed from the authority of the people. This is a new instrument. Election and recall should work automatically.

Outside of the control of officials, what other important things does the State have? There are laws. We have spoken of controlling men. Now we shall speak of determining laws. What power have the people to determine law? If every one regards a certain law as being very useful, the people should have the power to decide to enact it and turn it over to the officials for execution. This power is called initiative. This is the third power of the people.

If every one regards an old law as not beneficial, the people should have the power to repeal it. When the law has been repealed, the officials must administer law accordingly. To repeal an old law is called referendum. This is the fourth power of the people.

The people possess, on the one hand, four powers: election, recall, initiative, and referendum. Among the officials, there should be five powers. These five are: the executive, legislative, judicial, examinative, and censorate. Employing the people's four great powers to rule the five administrative powers of the officials will result in a complete democracy.

Translations by Lewis Hodous

AN HEIR IN HIS OLD AGE

[This comedy, the 'Laou-seng Urh,' is from the collection of plays of the Mongol dynasty (1280–1368), and its *dramatis personae* are members of a middle-class family: an old man and his wife, concubine, nephew, son-in-law, and daughter. The old man, having amassed a fortune and being without a son, takes a concubine from whom he is expecting in the near future an heir in his old age. To further this happy event he propitiates Heaven and the gods by consigning to the flames all accounts of small debts due him, and then promises one-half of his property to his wife and one-half to his son-in-law, while the nephew, who is hated by the old man's wife, is sent off with a hundred pieces of silver. Having thus appeased his conscience and the gods, the old man goes to his country estate, commending the concubine to the kindly treatment of the wife.

After the departure of the old man, the son-in-law confides to his wife fears for his future if the concubine bears a son; and she, seeming to be sympathetic with him, assures him that she will arrange everything for their interest. The concubine suddenly and mysteriously disappears, to the inconsolable sorrow of the old man who, believing that this misfortune has been sent upon him by

the gods on account of his misdeeds in business, decides to propitiate Heaven by bestowing alms on beggars in a temple. Among them comes his nephew in tattered garments, and so poor that he has had to live under the furnace of a pottery. He is insulted by the son-in-law and scolded by the wife of the old man; but the old man gives him a little money and some exhortations to be filial and perform the duties at the tombs of his ancestors.

In the spring of the year the nephew, scraping together a few simple offerings, repairs the tomb of his ancestors, which the old man and his wife also visit soon after his departure, finding the remains of the humble sacrifice and concluding that the nephew had been there. The wife relents and becomes reconciled with the nephew; but in the meantime the son-in-law and his wife appear at the tombs of the ancestors of the son-in-law, which so enrages the old man and his wife that they disown them both.

On the old man's birthday the daughter receives permission to congratulate the old man, and to his surprise she brings the concubine with a son three years old, both of whom she had secreted to prevent the son-in-law, her husband, from harming them. A reconciliation with the daughter follows, the son-in-law is separated from the daughter, and the old man divides his property among the son, daughter, and nephew, rejoicing in an heir in his old age.

The play, which is in four acts, moves rapidly; and its plot is centered about the misery arising from the want of an heir to perform the duties of filial piety for the living and the dead. The prologue and the first act are given here.]

Dramatis Personae

Lew-tsung-sheu, the old man.
Le-she, his wife.
Seaou-mei, his second wife.
Yin-chang, his daughter; wife to Chang-lang.
Chang-lang, his son-in-law.
Yin-sun, his nephew.
Servants, etc.

SIE–TSZE, OR OPENING

Scene: The Old Man's House

[*Enter* Lew-tsung-sheu, *his wife,* Chang-lang, *and* Yin-sun.]

LEW–TSUNG–SHEU [*comes forward and speaks*]. I am a man of Tung-ping-foo; my surname is Lew, my name Tsung-sheu. I am sixty years of age, and Le-she, my wife, fifty-eight. My daughter Yin-chang's age is twenty-seven, and that of her husband, Chang-lang, thirty. I

once had a brother, named Lew-tsung-taou, whose only son was in his infancy called Yin-sun. [*He sighs.*] This child has a most unhappy destiny! — my brother died very early, and left a widow. As she and my wife could not agree together, my sister-in-law wished, with her son, to spend the days of mourning in her own family. Thus she might, in the first place, depend on her parents for support; and secondly, by the labor of her hands, procure something towards her son's education. Soon afterwards, this sister-in-law suddenly died, and left her son destitute. His relations, upon this, said to him, "What are you doing here, child? Have you not an uncle at Tung-ping-foo, well known to every one? Why do you not go to him?" They gave the youth some money for the journey. He came to Tung-ping-foo to seek me, bringing his mother's bones with him; and I had them deposited with those of my brother. This young man is now twenty-five. Alas! that wife of mine still remembers her quarrel with his mother; for every slight occasion, she abuses him; and frequently causes him to be beaten. She cannot bear even the sight of my nephew!

Wife [*coming forward*]. What say you? — I cannot bear the sight of your nephew?

Lew. Ah! don't raise a disturbance! — It was only my way of talking: — don't let the people in the street laugh at us! [*To the nephew*] Yin-sun, you have sense enough to perceive, and it is needless for me to prove, that you cannot live here! On my estate there are two thatched cottages; you may have one cleared out for yourself, and get a livelihood by giving instructions to the village children.

Wife. I wish to retain those cottages, for the purpose of keeping my asses in them; so don't you meddle with my concerns.

Lew. What do you want with asses?

Wife. Want? — I want them for cultivating my ground, for grinding and winnowing my corn, for carrying provisions, and also for my own riding. How, then, can I do without them? — But you may give that fellow one of the cottages.

Lew. Well, then, one will do. — Chang-lang, do you count out two hundred ounces of silver, and give them to Yin-sun.

Chang. Very well.

Wife. What; do we owe him this money? — He shall not have two hundred ounces; I will allow him only one hundred.

Lew. You must be obeyed; — one hundred will do then!

Chang. So, he is to have one hundred ounces of silver. [*Aside*] As he is no calculator, I will just keep twenty for myself. Poor Yin-sun! you will come to nothing in this world: — when I have given you this money you will soon squander it away. [*Aside. Gives the money.*]

Lew. Now you have got this money, be careful of it, Yin-sun, and contrive some plan for your livelihood.

Yin. Thanks to you all, my relations. [*Solus*] My uncle would have given

me two hundred ounces, but that aunt of mine prevented him, and I have got only one hundred. Chang-lang was desired to count them for me; but I have known him to be given to nipping off corners for himself — so I will count them again. Sixty ounces — seventy ounces — eighty ounces; — here are only eighty ounces! — I will follow instantly, and inform my uncle.

Yin-sun, Lew-tsung-sheu, Wife, Chang-lang.

Wife. How then? — Do you dare to reject the money? Well, if you do not want it, return it to me.

Yin. I wish to ask my uncle how much money he ordered to be given to me.

Lew. I ordered you one hundred ounces.

Yin. And I have got only eighty.

Lew. Chang-lang, you were directed to give Yin-sun one hundred ounces; how happens it that you gave him only eighty? — Have you appropriated the other twenty for yourself?

Chang. Father, I gave him one hundred ounces.

Yin. Here is the money; do you count it.

Chang. Give it to me, and I will count it. — Seventy ounces — eighty ounces — [*shakes the rest from his sleeve*]. Is not the money here? — You made a mistake of twenty ounces!

Yin. It is you, Chang-lang, who have made the mistake; you have just shaken them from your sleeve. But, I now leave your doors; and, though I should be dying of cold and hunger, will never enter them again. [*Exit.*]

Yin-sun [*solus*].

My uncle, for the sake of my father, is willing to pay me some regard; but my aunt favors her son-in-law, Chang-lang. He who is so well off is surnamed Chang, and is of another family; while I, who am so persecuted, am surnamed Lew, and belong to the same. — Alas! Yin-sun, why dost thou inveigh against others, while thou shouldst be lamenting thy own unlucky destiny?

Supinely gazing, now I vent my sighs,
  Now, bending down, in tears my sorrow flows;
The wealthy alien claims connubial ties,
  The needy kinsman no relation knows! [*Exit.*]

Lew-tsung-sheu [*solus*].

So! Yin-sun is gone! I intended to divide my property equally between my daughter and my nephew; considering in my own mind that when once a man has attained the age of eight times eight, or sixty-four years, and a woman that of seven times seven, or forty-nine, they are not likely to have any more children; and I have only four years to reach that period. But Seaou-mei is now pregnant, but whether of a girl or a boy I know not. — I am fearful

that the rest of my family, looking only to my property, may change their disposition towards her; and I shall now, therefore, speak out my mind to them. — Chang-lang!

Lew-tsung-sheu, Wife, Daughter, Chang-lang, Seaou-Mei.

Wife. Now that your nephew is gone, you begin to think about your son-in-law.

Lew. Do you know what I am about to say to him?

Wife. Not I; what is it that you wish to say?

Lew. Chang-lang, you have now been my son-in-law these ten years. My wife and I have become old without having a son. How then could you bear to leave us alone? From this day forward take up your abode with us.

Wife. Children, you owe your thanks to your father.

Lew. You see, wife, they are very well satisfied. — Chang-lang, bring me the account-book, which contains all the money due to me, that I may see what the sum total amounts to.

Chang. Here is the book, sir.

Lew. Seaou-mei, bring me a lighted lamp.

Seaou. Here is the lamp.

Lew [*putting the papers into the flame*]. Thus I burn and destroy the whole. [*Chang-lang endeavors to snatch the papers.*] So, are you not afraid of burning your fingers? — What would the fellow do with the papers?

Wife. When I remember that your trading schemes in your younger days took you to the farthest extremes of north and south; that you traveled the canals in boats, and rode over the country on horseback; that you crossed rivers, and even the sea; and having lent out some of your money, obtained bonds for its security; — how is it that you now make so little account of the same as to destroy the whole in a blaze?

Lew. Where was the necessity of calculating upon such small sums? Don't you consider that I am worth one hundred thousand ounces?

Wife. Yes, and more.

Lew. I mean now to take my money, and to divide it equally, giving one half to you, my children; and the other half I shall deliver, wife, to you.

Wife. Children, return thanks to your father.

Chang. Father, receive our thanks.

Lew. They are very well pleased, you see. Wife, take good care of one-half of the money. — Every one in Tung-ping-foo says of me, "That old fellow is rich to no purpose; he cannot part with anything, he's a miserly slave." — I am now determined to make use of my money, and to pass a few jovial years with my friends.

Wife. You are very right, husband; you are very right.

Lew. I will spend a few days at my country house.

Wife. I shall give directions to prepare a horse for you. — When you are

gone, you need not concern yourself about the family affairs; as I am here, you may set your heart at rest on that score.

Lew. I have a word to say to you, wife; may I venture to say it?

Wife. Whatever you have to say, speak on.

Lew. Then I shall anxiously expect to receive a letter of congratulation from you. — What may Seaou-mei be compared to? — When I borrow a vessel from a neighbor, in order to procure wine at home, I wait only till the wine is obtained, and then return the vessel to its owner. Seaou-mei is now pregnant. Whether she produces a boy or a girl, the same will be your property. — You may then hire out her services, or sell her, as it best pleases you: the matter rests entirely with you.

Wife. You say very right, husband.

Lew. Wife!

Wife. What have you to say?

Lew. That girl, Seaou-mei, has sometimes been very troublesome to you, and I am afraid that she will continue to vex you. For my sake, however, when she deserves to be chastised, do you be satisfied with merely scolding her.

Wife. It is unnecessary for you to instruct me: I know my duty.

Lew. I wish to tell you, with regard to Seaou-mei, that if she offends you, and deserves a scolding, you may scold her as much as you please.

Wife. You may be at rest; I tell you I know what to do.

Lew. Wife!

Wife. Well! something more about Seaou-mei?

Lew. Well, well: that is enough!

Wife. What was your motive in taking the memorandums of what people owed to you, and burning them all?

Lew. Ah, you don't know; I had a motive indeed! [*Sings.*]

Do'st ask me why, by this rash hand,
A treasure to the flames was given?
Why, but t'avert, ere yet too late,
The vengeance of offended Heaven!

Full sixty years, by various arts,
For wealth I've toil'd without an heir;
Who knows but Heaven may now relent,
And listen to a suppliant's prayer?

Wife! What may I be compared to? —

See'st thou not yonder aged tree,
That flings its wither'd arms around?
Lo! from its roots a sucker breaks
Its passage through the yielding ground,

But this Seaou-mei — do you think, wife, you can treat her kindly? — What does she resemble?

See'st thou not yonder bending flower,
Whose roots the cooling waters lave?
Ah! see, it bows its head to meet
The freshness of the limpid wave!

Take care, wife, you do not apply boiling water to it!

Wife. I know, I know! — Son, do you attend your father to the cottage.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I

Scene: The Old Man's House

[*Enter* Daughter *and* Chang-lang.]

Chang [*aside*]. Misfortune has reached me ere my happiness was complete! — Why did I become the son-in-law of Lew-tsung-sheu? — It was entirely on account of the old fellow's great wealth, and his having no heir, that I allied myself to his family. — His money was my grand object! — I never thought that Seaou-mei would become pregnant, as she is. — If it proves to be a daughter, I have been considering that I must give up half the fortune; and if a son, the whole. — I shall thus have made an empty bargain!

Daughter. Chang-lang, how is it that your brows have lately assumed so mysterious a cast?

Chang. If you do not know, I will tell you, honestly, that my only reason for becoming your father's son-in-law was because he had no son; and, therefore, his whole fortune must afterwards become mine. — As Seaou-mei is now pregnant, I must part with either a half, or the whole of it, according as she produces a girl or a boy. — This is the cause of my trouble.

Daughter. I have long had the same idea with yourself: — how do you think I have contrived about Seaou-mei?

Chang. Surely you are something more than wife to me! [Literally, "you not my wife, but my mother!"] What said you?

Daughter. I will first tell my mother that Seaou-mei, under pretense of going out to buy something, has disappeared altogether.

Chang. An excellent device!

Daughter. I will tell her so in your presence. — Mother!

[*Enter* Wife.]

Wife. What do you want with me, child?

Daughter. Mother, Seaou-mei went out this morning under pretense of buying something, and has disappeared altogether.

Wife. Alas, no more! — My old man, having some hopes of an heir at his great age, is happy beyond measure, and waits at his cottage for a letter of congratulation! — How has this unlucky business happened? Surely you two have brought it about!

Daughter. If Seaou-mei has taken herself off early this morning, what affair is it of ours?

Wife. If she is really gone; — bring a carriage, there! — do you two go with me straight to the cottage, to inform my husband. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene: The Cottage

Lew-tsung-sheu, Hing-urh [*a Servant*].

Lew. Ever since my arrival here, I have been anxiously expecting a letter of congratulation from home. — I have been reflecting that no being on earth can transgress the duties of his station without meeting with an ample retribution, at least in his old age. If so, what have I to expect, who in my younger days, while engaged in trade, rose early and slept late, bore every anxiety, and knew not that I was deceiving myself, while I studied how to deceive and injure others.[1] 'I made use of what I had in seeking for more; and got on in every way, both at home and abroad. The money came in abundantly — I now fear that I cannot shake off the consequences of the injuries which I inflicted on others.' — Hing-urh, when you went into the town yesterday, what did you hear my friends say of me?

Hing. Sir, I went to buy oil; and heard some old gentlemen say that if you should have a daughter, well; but if a son, they will treat you like a horse until they make you give a feast.

Lew. Don't deceive me, Hing-urh!

Hing. Sir, I dare not deceive you.

Lew. Ah! those gentlemen say more than they intend to do. — 'If you give me a son, Seaou-mei, I will gladly return thanks to Heaven with the offering of fresh flowers! I will invite my neighbors, and kill my pigs and sheep. — Let them do as they promise, for if they do not abuse me, I shall not be without a son. What though I should even have a son deformed, for still he will be the gift of Heaven!' — It grows now so long that I fear something unfortunate has happened. — 'What signifies whether the hour of his birth was lucky or otherwise; for if I can only rock him in his cradle, I shall retire to my grave, and become a ghost with readiness!' — Hing-urh!

Hing. Sir, for what purpose did you call?

Lew. Do you look to the door, and see who has arrived.

[1] The parts which are sung in a sort of recitative in the original are marked off with single quotations in the translation. It is observable that Lew-tsung-sheu is the only person who sings throughout. It is in all cases confined to the principal characters.

[*Enter, without,* Wife, Daughter, *and* Chang-lang.]

Wife. We are arrived soon. — Hing-urh, tell your master that I am come.

Hing [*going in*]. Sir, my lady is at the door.

Lew. Is my wife arrived! Hing-urh, kill a sheep directly. — Invite your lady in.

Hing. My lady, you are requested to enter.

Wife. Children, do you stay at the door; I will go in first. — What can I say to him?

Lew-tsung-sheu, Wife.

Wife. Husband, in the quiet of this cottage your hearing has been undisturbed.

Lew. Welcome, welcome. — Have I a son?

Wife. Yes: you have a son indeed!

Lew. But what has Seaou-mei really produced?

Wife. I will tell you immediately; — don't be too anxious.

Lew. Then speak: — I am not anxious.

Wife. Since you came to this cottage, we all of us, in obedience to your wishes, treated Seaou-mei with the greatest kindness. We neither chastised her, nor scolded her. This morning she arose early, and under pretense of going out to buy something, has gone off altogether!

Lew. Gone! — alas, you will kill me! — This surely is only a story: — tell me the truth, and let me rejoice with you!

Wife. It is no story; but if you believe not me, your daughter too is at the door.

Lew. Is she also arrived? — ask her to come in.

Hing [*going out*]. My young lady, you are requested to enter.

Daughter. Chang-lang, stay at the door: — I will go in first.

Lew-tsung-sheu, Wife, Daughter.

Lew. Welcome, daughter, welcome! — Have you a brother? — You must nurse that brother, you know.

Daughter. Father, what brother?

Lew. That which Seaou-mei has just produced: — but after all, of what consequence is he? — I shall still be fond of you.

Daughter. Seaou-mei, without the least provocation, has run away with another man.

Lew. Run away! — Do you both now tell the truth. What is there to fear in my knowing it? — It is all a plan concerted between you and your mother. She said: "Yin-chang, when you see your father, say that Seaou-mei has run away. — If you say that he has a son, the good man is old, and it may be feared his joy will kill him." — This is all a plan concerted between you!

Wife. Seaou-mei has indeed run away.

Lew. And do you venture to tell such a story, daughter? — Of what consequence is Seaou-mei? — I shall still be fond of you and Chang-lang.

Daughter. If you do not believe me, Chang-lang is at the door.

Lew. Is my son-in-law also come? — Make haste and ask him to enter.

Hing [*going out*]. Sir, you are requested to enter.

Lew-tsung-sheu, Wife, Daughter, and Chang-lang.

Chang. Father, you have been very happy here; it is well that you came!

Lew. Welcome, son; welcome! — you must take care of your brother-in-law.

Chang. What brother-in-law?

Lew. That which Seaou-mei has just produced.

Chang. Seaou-mei! — She has, without the least provocation on our part, run away with another man.

Lew. Say not so! — How! gone?

Wife. If she is gone, she is gone. — Why should we deceive you? — Of what consequence is the departure of this girl?

Lew. What! are you an old mistress of a family, and does this not put you to the blush?

Wife. I have done nothing wrong; — what need I be ashamed of?

Lew. Of your jealousy! — When you, a woman and a wife, know not your duty, how can my family respect you? — Through the perverseness of your heart, you show all favor to your son-in-law. — The whole of my property is in your hands and engages all your attention without satisfying you, covetous and greedy as you are! — This last blow will be the death of me! [*Weeps.*]

Wife [*laughing*]. Alas! what folly to grieve for one who, without the least provocation, made off in such a shameful manner!

Lew. How vain have been my hopes; how empty my expectations, in looking forward to such happiness! — Can you thus speak of her without considering my age? — Chang-lang, go to the four gates of the city, and set up a notice, that if any poor and distressed persons will come tomorrow at break of day to Kae-yuen temple, I will distribute money among them. — Be witness, Heaven, that I have at last repented! — 'In the acquisition of my fortune, I transgressed my duty; now I have no son; and my hopes of posterity are cut off! — What else but my avarice brought this evil upon me? — Had I acted virtuously, I had not met with this!' — Hasten, Chang-lang, to give out the notice.

Chang. I obey.

Wife. So, you are going to squander your money in bestowing alms; — if you should not do so, no one will observe it; and if you do so, who will respect you the more?

Lew. 'Know you not that those whom I relieve will offer incense to me, and treat me as they do their ancestors?'

Wife. But, even if you should do all these good things, recollect that you

are old, and have not long to live. When you are dead, who will remember you?

Lew. 'Say you that because I am in the evening of my days, it will be useless! — When I am dead, inter my body on the brow of some unfrequented hill; and plant the fir and the cypress thickly around. — Then, if you fear that posterity will not know it, write my history plainly on my tomb. — Those who happen to pass will look on it with sorrow, and exclaim, "This is he who distributed money at Kae-yuen temple!"'

Wife. I believe you are right, husband; let us now return home.

Lew. Ay, let us return. — 'Sixty years have I lived here, during thirty of which I have been a rich man. — What I now suffer is the consequence of my errors, and proceeds not from any fault in my destiny. — Wife, I will go and fast for seven days successively. This, together with my alms, may, perhaps, wash away the misdeeds of half my life. I will no longer go hunting for wealth, nor any longer engage in litigation.' If I do these things, heaven will surely see them, and may perhaps yet reward me in my old age. [*Exeunt.*]

Translated by John Francis Davis

JAPANESE LITERATURE

CIVILIZATION in Japan bears date from a time much more recent than that generally ascribed to it. The uncritical writers who first made the land known to Occidental peoples accepted as a record of fact the historical traditions treasured by the Japanese, so that in the popular imaginings of the West Japan is a realm in which for at least twenty-five centuries an organized society, possessed of a relatively high though unique culture in the sciences and arts, has had place and development under a monarchy of unbroken descent. In recent decades, however, competent students have discovered that Japanese civilization is comparatively modern, and that they cannot carry its authentic history much further back than about halfway over the course traditionally allowed for it. No reliance can be placed upon any date or report in its records prior to near the opening of the fifth Christian century. Undoubtedly there was, as in all other lands, some basis for long-established tradition; but the glimpses of Japan and its people obtained through the Chinese and Korean annals of the early Christian centuries disclose the inhabitants of these islands, not with an organized State and society, peaceful, prosperous, and learned, but as segregated into clans or tribes practically barbarous and wholly illiterate, the clan occupying the peninsula east of the present cities of Kyoto and Osaka having then become leader and prospective sovereign. Certainly there was no knowledge whatever of letters in Japan until the third Christian century was well advanced; and certainly, too, there was no popular use or knowledge of writing until long after this art had been brought into the country.

The knowledge of letters was in all probability introduced into Japan by Korean immigrants, whose language and writing were Chinese. In the fourth century some learners of this fresh knowledge may have been Japanese, and the latter claim that in the fifth century their national traditions, hitherto transmitted orally, were written down by adepts in the new art. Whatever may be true of earlier centuries, it is perfectly clear that in the first half of the sixth century many scholars came to these islands from the continent and were given positions of trust in the administration of the dominant government in Yamato; and that from the year 552 A.D., with the acceptance of Buddhism by those highest in authority, and the full effect of Chinese influence upon society, literature began to have permanent place and power in Japan.

Japanese literature, however, does not date from the mere acquisition of a knowledge of letters, for, in all probability, it was only toward the end of the seventh century that any serious attempt was made to write in the language

of the people. The higher officials of the State and of the Church — the new Buddhism — had a monopoly of learning; and prior to the eighth century their writings were, so far as known, wholly Chinese in word and form. But when the eighth century opened, a medium was receiving shape for the production of a Japanese literature. A kind of script devised from Chinese ideographs was coming into use for the purpose of expressing Japanese speech: that is, Chinese characters were being written for the sake of their phonetic values; their sounds, not their meanings, reproduced Japanese words and sentences. The first material embodied in this so-called *manyokana* was, doubtless, that for which verbatim transliteration was necessary, such as ancient prayers and songs; but with this phonetic writing a native literature distinctively was made possible, and had its beginnings.

The earliest Japanese literary work now in existence is a marvelous summary of treasured tradition, called the 'Kojiki' ['Record of Ancient Matters'] written by imperial command in the year 712 and professing to be a history of creation, of the Divine genesis of the Imperial family of Japan, and of the career of this "people of the gods" down into the early part of the century preceding its composition. To the student of Japanese literature the 'Kojiki,' the sacred book of Shintoism, compiled by a high Court official named Yasumaro, is especially valuable because it preserves the oldest known products of the purely literary impulses of the nation. Long before they could write, they could sing; and there is good reason to accept the songs given in the 'Kojiki' as heritages from a much earlier past.

Within nine years after the appearance of the 'Kojiki,' another compilation of national tradition was made, bringing the story of the nation down to the close of the seventh century. This work is called 'Nihongi' ['Japanese Records'] but it is almost wholly Chinese in language and in construction, its special value, considered as part of Japanese literature, lying in its preservation of some old native verse.

The chief depository, however, of this literature in its beginnings is the treasury of poems (completed by Prince Moroe and the poet Yakamochi about 760) gathered during the Nara Era — the 'Manyoshu' ['Collection of Myriad Leaves']. In these books the choicest utterances in Japanese verse then existing were garnered, and they still remain an invaluable memorial of the intellectual awakening that followed the land's first historic intercourse with Korea and China.

As a means for literary expression the *manyokana* was altogether too cumbersome and difficult for continued and enlarged use. Consequently, as writing in the language of the people increased, the ideographs utilized for phonetic purposes became simpler and more conventional. About the time the 'Manyoshu' was finished, two syllabaries, the *katakana* (757), and the *hiragana* (834), were formed, by selection from these ideographs, and it became possible to write the Japanese language freely. The use of these syllabaries gradu-

ally spread, and at the close of the ninth century they gained honored recognition as the medium for embodying Japanese speech by their adoption in the writing of the preface to, and in the transcription of, a new collection of poems made by Tsurayuki, the earliest master of Japanese prose, under Imperial order — the 'Kokinshu' ['Ancient and Modern Songs'] (905). These show the full fruition of whatever poetic excellence the people of Nippon have gained, and they are today the most studied and most quoted of all the many gatherings from Japanese song.

Having received a vehicle adequate to its expression, and indorsed by the highest authority, Japanese literature, at the opening of the ninth century, entered upon an era which lasted nearly four hundred years, during which, with the co-operation of the general maturing civilization of the empire, it passed through what is now known as its Classic Age. In these four centuries the capital lost the nomadic character which it had possessed from time immemorial, and with the removal of the Imperial family from Nara in 794, it became fixed in Kyoto, where it remained for the next eleven hundred years. Through these four centuries the national development was for the most part serene. The ruling classes entered upon a career of high refinement and elegance of life that passed in the end into an excess of luxury, effeminacy, and dissipation. During the best part of these memorable centuries Japanese literature as *belles-lettres* culminated, leaving to after times, even to the present day, models for pure diction. The court nobles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries had abundant leisure for the cultivation of letters, and they devoted their time to this, as well as to the pursuit of whatever other refined or luxurious pleasures imagination could devise, such as reunions at daybreak among the spring flowers, and boat rides during autumnal moonlight nights, when aristocratic devotees of music and verse vied with one another to prove their skill in these arts. The cultivation of literature in Chinese never wholly ceased; but from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries the creation of letters in the language of the people was the chief pastime of the official and aristocratic Japanese. Before the rise of the Shogunate at the close of the twelfth century, no less than seven great compilations of the poetry of the times were made.

Especially notable among the works of this classic age are the prose writings. Critics call attention first to the diary of the famous poet and prose-writer, Tsurayuki, who made notes of his journey in 935, from Tosa, where he was governor, to Kyoto, the capital. This diary, the 'Tosa Nikki,' is regarded not only as a simple and charming story of travel, but as the best extant embodiment of uncontaminated Japanese speech. The same epoch produced many "romances" or "tales," *monogatari*, now much studied and valued for their linguistic excellences. Probably the earliest among them is the 'Taketori Monogatari' ['Story of a Bamboo-Cutter'] by an unknown author (tenth century), which tells of the fortunes of a Moon maiden exiled for a while in

this world, and which is said to have no rival in Japanese or Chinese fiction for purity of thought and language. The 'Ise Monogatari' ['Story of Ise'] (same period) also has admiring critics, its prose being studied as a model today, while its poetry is ranked next to that of the 'Kokinshu.' The 'Yamato Monogatari' is another choice work of the tenth century. Nearly all critics are agreed, however, that Japanese classic prose reached its culmination in the 'Romance of Prince Genji' and the 'Book of the Pillow' — the 'Genji Monogatari' (1003–4), and the 'Makura no Soshi' (1000–1050) — written by two ladies of the court, Murasaki no Shikibu and Sei Shonagon. The 'Genji' romance leads all works in Japanese literature in fluency and grace of diction; but the 'Pillow Book' is said to be matchless in ease and lightness and general artistic excellence of literary touch. These works mark the end of this memorable literary epoch, for at the close of the twelfth century Japan became a battle-field for civil strife: war and the interests of war became supreme; learning and letters were gradually relegated to priests; literature soon ceased to exist; and Chinese again became the chief vehicle of whatever literary work was done.

From the twelfth century to the rise of the Tokugawa Shogunate in the seventeenth century, the empire passed through its Middle or "Dark" Age. During this period much was written for political and religious purposes, but little was produced that can boast of importance for the history of Japanese literature. Some collections of verse, however, may be excepted from this judgment; and two bits of prose writing, the 'Hojoki' (1212?) of Kamo no Chomei and the 'Tsure-zure gusa' (1345?) of Kenko-Boshi, have qualities that make them especially noteworthy. The 'Hojoki' — the meditations of a hermit priest in a mountain hut, simple, fluent, vivacious, and yet forcible in style — are esteemed as preserving for the language an excellence like that of the 'Makkura no Soshi'; and the 'Tsure-zure gusa' ['Weeds of Idleness'] a collection of short essays, is the last notable example of the form and diction that gave the classic age its commanding position in the development of pure Japanese literature. The 'Weeds of Idleness,' moreover, has the distinction of opening the way for the literary dialect that came into full development in the seventeenth century, and has since been the language of Japanese letters. In these essays, Chinese words are set into Japanese forms of speech without doing violence to Japanese modes of expression; and the 'Tsure-zure gusa' has thus the double merit of embodying both the highest literary excellence of a past age and the beginnings of a new linguistic development.

The medieval centuries are of further importance in the history of the literature of Japan since it was this period which saw the development of a form of musical drama called *No no Utai,* originating in the ancient sacred dances and temple amusements provided by the priests — the only men of letters of the time. These lyric plays, dateless and anonymous, have considerable literary worth. Accompanying the more severe sacred drama, and serving as interludes

for them, many comedies, *kyogen,* were written in the ordinary colloquial language of the day, but their value is linguistic rather than literary.

The next noteworthy event in Japan's literary history was the revival, under the early Tokugawa Shoguns, of the study of the ancient Imperial records and of the writings of the classic age. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the great first Tokugawa Shogun, Ieyasu, subjected and quieted the warring clans of the country, and an age of peace began, destined to last for two hundred and fifty years. One of the most important results of the literary revival that accompanied these happy days was the full maturing of a standard language for literature. What Yoshida Kenko had begun in his 'Tsure-zure gusa' — the amalgamation of a Chinese vocabulary with purely Japanese forms of speech — was well carried forward by the Mito school of historians towards the opening of the eighteenth century (the "Age of Genroku," 1688–1703); and as the century advanced, this was perfected by the accomplished critics, novelists, and dramatists of the time. To such critics as Keichiu (1640–1701), Mabuchi (1700–1769), Motoöri (1730–1801), and Hirata (1776–1843), Japanese literature is indebted for elaborate commentaries upon the 'Kojiki,' the 'Manyoshu,' and the ancient Shinto ritual; and from them the writers of after days received models in composition and style. The novelists, especially Bakin (1767–1840) and Ikku (1763–1831), created much-prized works in fiction, the former, master of a style almost classical in quality, and the latter, notwithstanding an objectionable coarseness of subjects, displaying great literary skill. In the Tokugawa period two remarkable dramatists appeared, among many others: Takeda Idzumo (1690–1756) and Chikamatsu Monzayemon (1652–1724) — the latter showing such minute analysis of the motives of human character and action that he has been called the Japanese Shakespeare.

With mention of the work of these writers this sketch of the course of Japanese literature may close. Within the last three-quarters of a century the life of the people as a whole has been subjected to a radical revolution, and this secluded nation has opened its borders to free intercourse with the rest of the world. The recent history of its literature, interesting though it be, is yet in largest measure but a story of the importation and adaptation of Western thought to Japanese uses. For present purposes it need not come under consideration.

We may take a glance, in passing, at the literature of Japan in general. As a whole, it has been for the greater part Chinese in language and script, for, in the sense of being distinctly Japanese, it has had, in fact, only one period of dominance and high excellence — between the eighth and the thirteenth centuries. The eighteenth-century literary revival was not a return either to the *kana* writing or to the native language of the classics; it was at best an extension of the Chinese vocabulary and the amalgamation of Chinese ideographs with the *kana* script in sentences that were Japanese in idiom and in construction, so that the Japanese style of modern times has been a composite

of Chinese and Japanese words and writing. Chinese literature as affected by Japanese writers is at the present day rapidly decreasing in mass and in value.

The literature of Japan, which is exceedingly voluminous, consists of extensive libraries of history, State records, and private historical digests; of regulations of court ceremonial; of codifications and commentaries upon civil and other law; of statements and expositions of doctrine and ritual for Shinto and Buddhism in religion, and of the ethics of Confucianism; of treatises upon Chinese philosophies; of biographies, records of travel, and works in fiction; of disquisitions on art; of general encyclopedias of topography, zoölogy, botany, and other departments of natural phenomena; of dramatic works; of records of folk-lore; and last, though by no means least in mass, of poems and comments upon them. The art of block-printing was brought to Japan as early as the eighth century, and printing from movable types was known at the end of the fourteenth. Three hundred years later the use of the press became general, and large quantities of manuscripts hoarded for centuries reappeared as printed books, increasing in numbers until in recent times they have become one of the common possessions of the people throughout the empire.

It must be acknowledged that, generally speaking, the literature of Japan does not abound in matter of direct or living interest to Western readers. It had its springs in conditions and circumstances very different from those of the literature of the Occident, and its references to custom, historic events, and personages and places of tradition introduce the European and American reader into an environment almost wholly unfamiliar. Its motives for action, its praise and censure of conduct, are governed by standards which in many ways are unlike those dominant in the life of other peoples. Moreover, its modes of expression have scarcely anything in common with the ways of speech to which the mind of the West has become habituated, and which the Western mind enjoys. In fact, the Occidental reader, generally speaking, has neither the requisite mental habit and intelligence, nor the peculiar mood, needed for an appreciative interest in the literature of the Japanese.

It would be injustice, however, to much that is of real value to turn this judgment into a sweeping condemnation. Japanese literature is strange and alien; to the dweller in the West, as a rule, it is dull and unmeaning; and its diction is painfully minute and verbose, dwelling upon details that are passed with hardly a touch in European speech. Furthermore, in much that must be considered literature proper, such as *belles-lettres,* there is a free display of thought and act forbidden in recent centuries by the moral standard of the approved writings of the West. On the other hand, this mass of material holds the records of a peculiar and extensive mythology and folk-lore; it shows the origin and development of a unique system of government; it exhibits the elaboration of a social order of remarkable stability, and the operation of society under a system of ceremonial etiquette complex and refined in the

highest degree. In it the ethnologist, the psychologist, the student of comparative religion, the art critic, the historian, and often the general reader can find much pleasant entertainment and profitable study; and, notwithstanding a large amount of dull, prolix, and profitless matter, it makes a considerable contribution to the world's means of diversion and stores of knowledge. We must confess, however, that one would search it in vain for intellectual creativeness or invention. The Japanese mind is neither original nor adventurous by nature, and has never yet founded or materially advanced either philosophy or science. From a remote past the people of this empire have been learners and followers of nations endowed as pioneers and discoverers, their genius lying, for the most part, in appropriation and refinement of gains first made by others. Accepting their monarchy as a direct descent of heavenly power into the lower world, the Japanese from ancient times have subordinated themselves to it under the sway of the twin chief virtues of Confucian ethics, loyalty and filial piety. Through the influence of these principles a social order was developed, marked by a devotion to emperor, lord, parent, and to all superiors in the relations of man with man that showed a self-abnegation such as has probably never been seen among any other people. Accompanying this universal social systematization was a ceremonial refinement, a graceful complexity of etiquette, developed with consummate excellence, and dominating even the humblest parts of the civil and domestic organism. As a result of their social discipline, the Japanese as a people long ago accepted life as they were born to it, without disturbing impatience or restless ambitions; they achieved great contentment with only the smallest means for self-gratification; and they were prepared to yield life itself with a readiness almost unknown among self-assertive peoples. Receiving from abroad all their learning — that is, the Buddhism and Confucianism which really direct the people; the principles and much of the detail of their law; and whatever might be classed as science and philosophy — they elaborated it and, for the most part, refined it in the lapse of centuries. They originated scarcely any of the industries, and, we may say, none of the fine arts; yet they have carried such interests, their arts especially, to degrees of excellence that have won them universal admiration. Of all this, and of much else, Japanese literature bears good record, and, therefore, has interest and value for the peoples of remote lands.

In one department of letters, however, the Japanese may be said to have wrought from a beginning, and to have produced results that are specifically their own. Their poetry had its origin in a prehistoric age, and it has had a distinctively individual cultivation down to the present day. Much Chinese poetry has been written in Japan, and by Japanese writers; but, unlike prose, Japanese verse has never been subjected to Chinese ways of thought and expression. With little variation the oldest native song is still the model for Japanese poetry. In form it is an alternation of verses of five and seven syllables [*naga uta*]; in expression it is exceedingly compact and limited. There

are a few poems of some length, like the legend of 'Urashima Taro'; but the versification most in favor consists of only three or five of the fixed measures in five and seven syllables. The standard model is the *tanka,* a five-verse composition, containing thirty-one syllables in all, like the song of the god Susa no wo, sung at the building of a bridal palace for the gods. "When this Great Deity first built the palace of Suga," says the 'Kojiki,' "clouds rose up thence. Then he made an august song. That song said: —

Yakumo tatsu;
  Izumo yae gaki;
Tsuma gomi ni
  Yae gaki tsukuru:
  Sono yae gaki wo!

Or, in somewhat free translation: —

Many clouds appear:
  Eightfold clouds a barrier raise
Round the wedded pair.
  Manifold the clouds stand guard;
  Oh that eightfold barrier-ward!

The construction of Japanese verse requires certain special features, such as redundant expletives and conventional phrases called "pillow-words." These expressions are purely traditional ornaments or euphonisms; and much of the superior merit of this poetry depends also upon a serious use of puns and of other word-plays. The subject-matter of the verse is almost always some simple and serene emotion in reference to person or nature; its quality is daintiness, and its mood is meditation. Poetic imagination, as known in the West, has no place in Japan; instead, verse is given over to lyric fancies. It is conventional, suggestive, impressionist, like Japanese painting; it is not a chosen means for sounding and recording the depths of profound spiritual experience; and it has never been the vehicle of an epic. Japanese poetry, however, is well worth study, for it is the one original product of the Japanese mind.

It must be said that, as a whole, Japanese literature does not take a place among the great achievements of the human intellect. Yet its limitations came almost of necessity. The people of this empire — from time immemorial isolated in the farthest East; dependent upon their neighbors of the continent for their letters, laws, philosophy, ethics, science, religion and art; and hitherto denied by nature the creative or inventive genius — as a matter of course have been unable to go far or to rise to any great attainment in literary achievement. What they may hereafter do, no one can foretell. Today they are living in an environment unlike any they have ever before known. Japan is now in intimate

intercourse with the whole world, and her people are now appropriating with marvelous speed all that Europe and America have to offer them. A world-consciousness and a world-civilization are becoming dominant among them. To what heights they may reach, actuated by this power, to what grand goal they may yet move, only the future can show.

CLAY MACCAULEY

ARCHAIC WRITINGS

700–900 A.D.

WHY UNIVERSAL DARKNESS ONCE REIGNED

From the 'Kojiki'

AS the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu [Goddess of the Sun] sat in her sacred workroom, seeing to the weaving of the Grand Garments of the Gods, her brother Haya-Susano-o made a hole in the roof, and dropped down through it a Heavenly Piebald Horse which he had flayed backwards; at whose aspect the maidens weaving the Heavenly Garments were so much alarmed that they died. . . . At this sight was the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu so much terrified that, closing behind her the door of the Rocky Abode of Heaven, she made it fast and disappeared. Then was the whole High Plain of Heaven darkened, and darkened was the Middle Land of Reed-Plains [*i. e.*, Japan], in such wise that perpetual night prevailed. And the clamor of the myriad evil spirits was like unto the buzzing of flies in the fifth moon, and all manner of calamities did everywhere arise. Therefore did the eight myriad Gods assemble in a Divine Assembly on the banks of the river Amenoyasu, and bid the God Omoikane devise a plan. And Her Grandeur Ame-no-Uzume, binding up her sleeve with the Heavenly Moss from Mount Ame-no-Kagu, and braiding the Heavenly Masaki in her hair, and bearing in her hands the leaves of the bamboo-grass from Mount Ame-no-Kagu, did set a platform before the door of the Heavenly Abode, and stamp on it until it resounded. Then did the High Plain of Heaven tremble, and the eight myriad Gods did laugh in chorus. Then the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu was filled with amazement, and setting ajar the door of the Rocky Abode of Heaven, spake thus from the inside: "Methought that my retirement would darken the Plain of Heaven, and that darkened would be the whole Middle Land of Reed-Plains. How then cometh it to pass that Ame-no-Uzume thus frolics, and that all the eight myriad Gods do laugh?" To which Ame-no-Uzume replied: "If we laugh and rejoice, 'tis because there is here a Goddess more illustrious than

thou." And as she spake, their Grandeurs Ame-no-Koyane and Futotama brought out the mirror, and respectfully showed the same to the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu, who, ever more and more amazed, gradually came forth from the door to gaze upon it; whereupon the God Ame-no-Tajikarao, who had been lying in ambush, took her by the hand and drew her out. . . . And so when the Great and Grand Goddess Amaterasu had come forth, light was restored both to the High Plain of Heaven and to the Middle Land of Reed-Plains.

WHY THE SUN AND THE MOON DO NOT SHINE TOGETHER

From the 'Nihongi'

ONE account says that the Great Heaven-Shining Deity, being in heaven, said, "I hear that in the Central Land of Reed-Plains [Japan] there is a Food-Possessing Deity. Do thou thine Augustness Moon-Night-Possessor go and see." His Augustness the Moon-Night-Possessor, having received these orders, descended and arrived at the place where the Food-Possessing Deity was. The Food-Possessing Deity forthwith, on turning her head towards the land, produced rice from her mouth; again on turning to the sea, she also produced from her mouth things broad of fin and things narrow of fin; again on turning to the mountains, she also produced from her mouth things rough of hair and things soft of hair. Having collected together all these things, she offered them to the Moon-God as a feast on a hundred tables. At this time His Augustness the Moon-Night-Possessor, being angry and coloring up, said, "How filthy! how vulgar! What! shalt thou dare to feed me with things spat out from thy mouth?" and with these words he drew his saber and slew her. Afterwards he made his report to the Sun-Goddess. When he told her all the particulars, the Heaven-Shining Great Deity was very angry, and said, "Thou art a wicked Deity, whom it is not right for me to see"; and forthwith she and His Augustness the Moon-Night-Possessor dwelt separately day and night.

Translations by Basil Hall Chamberlain

URASHIMA TARO

From the 'Manyoshu'

WHEN the days of spring were hazy,
I went forth upon the beach of Suminoe;
And as I watched the fishing-boats rock to and fro
I bethought me of the tale of old;

[How] the son of Urashima of Midzunoe,
Proud of his skill in catching the *katsuwo* and *tai,*
For seven days not even coming home,
Rowed on beyond the bounds of the ocean,
Where with a daughter of the god of the sea
He chanced to meet as he rowed onwards.
When with mutual endearments their love had been crowned,
They plighted their troths, and went to the immortal land,
Where hand in hand both entered
Into a stately mansion within the precinct
Of the palace of the god of the sea,
There to remain for everlasting,
Never growing old, nor ever dying.
But this was the speech which was addressed to his spouse
By the foolish man of this world: —
"For a little while I would return home,
And speak to my father and my mother;
Tomorrow I will come back."
When he had said so, this was the speech of his spouse:
"If thou art to return again to the immortal land
And live with me as now,
Open not this casket at all."
Much did she impress this on him;
But he, having returned to Suminoe,
Though he looked for his house,
No house could he see:
Though he looked for his native village,
No village could he see.
"This is strange," said he; thereupon this was his thought: —
"In the space of three years since I came forth from my home,
Can the house have vanished without even the fence being left?
If I opened this casket and saw the result,
Should my house exist as before?"
Opening a little the jewel-casket,
A white cloud came forth from it
And spread away towards the immortal land.
He ran, he shouted, he waved his sleeves,
He rolled upon the earth, and ground his feet together.
Meanwhile, of a sudden, his vigor decayed and departed:
His body that had been young grew wrinkled;
His hair, too, that had been black grew white;
Also his breath became feebler night by night;
Afterwards, at last his life departed:

And of the son of Urashima of Midzunoe,
The dwelling-place I can see.

In the immortal land
He might have continued to dwell,
But of his own natural disposition:
How foolish was he, this wight!

Translated by W. G. Aston

A MAIDEN'S LAMENT

[Written by Lady Sakanoe, 700–750, daughter of a prime minister and wife of the Viceroy of the Island of Shikoku.]

FULL oft he sware with accents true and tender,
"Though years roll by, my love shall ne'er wax old!"
And so to him my heart I did surrender,
Clear as a mirror of pure burnished gold;

And from that day, unlike the seaweed bending
To every wave raised by the autumn gust,
Firm stood my heart, on him alone depending,
As the bold seaman in his ship doth trust.

Is it some cruel god that hath bereft me?
Or hath some mortal stolen away his heart?
No word, no letter since the day he left me;
Nor more he cometh, ne'er again to part!

In vain I weep, in helpless, hopeless sorrow,
From earliest morn until the close of day;
In vain, till radiant dawn brings back the morrow,
I sigh the weary, weary nights away.

No need to tell how young I am, and slender—
A little maid that in thy palm could lie:
Still for some message comforting and tender
I pace the room in sad expectancy.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

[Author unknown.]

WIFE

WHILE other women's husbands ride
Along the road in proud array,
My husband up the rough hillside
On foot must wend his weary way.

The grievous sight with bitter pain
My bosom fills, and many a tear
Steals down my cheek, and I would fain
Do aught to help my husband dear.

Come! take the mirror and the veil,
My mother's parting gifts to me;
In barter they must sure avail
To buy a horse to carry thee!

HUSBAND

An I should purchase me a horse,
Must not my wife still sadly walk?
No, no! though stony is our course,
We'll trudge along and sweetly talk.

MY CHILDREN

[Written by Yamagami no Okura, governor of the province of Chikuzen, 700–750.]

WHAT use to me the gold and silver hoard?
What use to me the gems most rich and rare?
Brighter by far — ay! bright beyond compare —
The joys my children to my heart afford!

ELEGY

[Written by a poet named Nibi, of whom nothing is known.]

THE gulls that twitter on the rush-grown shore
When fall the shades of night,
That o'er the waves in loving pairs do soar
When shines the morning light —
'Tis said e'en these poor birds delight
To nestle each beneath his darling's wing
That, gently fluttering,
Through the dark hours wards off the hoar-frost's might.

Like to the stream that finds
The downward path it never may retrace,
Like to the shapeless winds,
Poor mortals pass away without a trace:
So she I love has left her place,
And in a corner of my widowed couch,
Wrapped in the robe she wove me, I must crouch
Far from her fond embrace.

TO A FRIEND

[Written by Hitomaru, probably without a peer among Japan's ancient poets. Not of high rank among nobles, though of Imperial descent, he became a provincial officer, and died in the year 737.]

JAPAN is not a land where men need pray,
For 'tis itself divine:
Yet do I lift my voice in prayer, and say,
"May every joy be thine!

"And may I too, if thou those joys attain,
Live on to see thee blest!"
Such the fond prayer that, like the restless main,
Will rise within my breast.

ODE TO FUJI-YAMA

[The name of the writer of this ode is not known.]

THERE on the border, where the land of Kai
Doth touch the frontier of Suruga's land,
A beauteous province stretched on either hand,
See Fuji-yama rear his head on high!

The clouds of heaven in reverent wonder pause;
Nor may the birds those giddy heights essay
Where melt thy snows amid thy fires away,
Or thy fierce fires lie quenched beneath thy snows.

What name might fitly tell, what accents sing,
Thine awful, godlike grandeur? 'Tis thy breast
That holdeth Narusawa's flood at rest,
Thy side whence Fujikawa's water spring.

Great Fuji-yama, towering to the sky!
A treasure art thou given to mortal man,
A god-protector watching o'er Japan;
On thee forever let me feast mine eye!

FROM THE 'KOKINSHU'

SPRING

[Sosei, the writer of this verse, was a Buddhist abbot living in the latter part of the ninth century.]

AMID the branches of the silvery bowers
The nightingale doth sing: perchance he knows
That spring hath come, and takes the later snows
For the white petals of the plum's sweet flowers.

SUMMER

[Written by Henjo, a Buddhist bishop and one of the leading men of his time, 830–890. Prior to taking the vows of religion he was prominent in court circles, and was married. The poet Sosei was his son.]

O LOTUS–LEAF! I dreamt that the wide earth
Held naught more pure than thee — held naught more true;
Why then, when on thee rolls a drop of dew,
Pretend that 'tis a gem of priceless worth?

AUTUMN

By Chisato, Vice-governor of Iyo — 850–900

A THOUSAND thoughts of tender vague regret
Crowd on my soul, what time I stand and gaze
On the soft-shining autumn moon; and yet
Not to me only speaks her silvery haze.

WINTER

By Tsurayuki

WHEN falls the snow, lo! every herb and tree,
That in seclusion through the wintry hours
Long time had been held fast, breaks forth in flowers
That ne'er in spring were known upon the lea.

Translations by Basil Hall Chamberlain

AGE OF THE PROSE CLASSICS

900–1200 A.D.

THE MAID OF UNAI

From the 'Yamato Monogatari'

IN days of old there dwelt a maiden in the land of Settsu, whose hand was sought in marriage by two lovers. One, Mubara by name, was a native of the same country-side; the other, called Chinu, was a native of the land of Idzumi. The two were alike in years, alike in face, in figure, and

in stature; and whereas the maiden thought to accept the wooing of him that should the more dearly love her, lo! it fell out that they both loved her with the same love. No sooner faded the light of day than both came to do their courting, and when they sent her gifts the gifts were quite alike. Of neither could it be said that he excelled the other, and the girl meanwhile felt sick at heart. Had they been men of lukewarm devotion, neither would ever have obtained the maiden's hand; but it was because both of them, day after day and month after month, stood before the cottage gate and made evident their affection in ten thousand different ways, that the maiden pined with a divided love. Neither lover's gifts were accepted, and yet both would come and stand, bearing in their hands gifts. The maiden had a father and a mother, and they said to her: "Sad is it for us to have to bear the burden of thine unseemly conduct in thus carelessly, from month to month and from year to year, causing others to sorrow. If thou wilt accept the one, after a little time the other's love will cease." The maiden made answer: "That likewise was my thought. But the sameness of the love of both has made me altogether sick at heart. Alas! what shall I do?"

Now in olden days the people dwelt in houses raised on platforms built out into the river Ikuta. So the girl's father and mother, summoning to their presence the two lovers, spake thus: "Our child is pining with a love divided by the equal ardor of your worships. But today we intend, by whatever means, to fix her choice. One of you showeth his devotion by coming hither from a distant home; the other is our neighbor, but his love is boundless. This one and that are alike worthy of our pitying regard." Both the lovers heard these words with respectful joy; and the father and mother continued: "What we have further in our minds to say is this: Floating on our river is a water-bird. Draw your bows at it; and to him that shall strike it will we have the honor to present our daughter." "Well thought!" replied the lovers twain; and drawing their bows at the same instant, one struck the bird in the head and the other in the tail, so that neither could claim to be the better marksman. Sick with love, the maiden cried out:

> "Enough, enough! Yon swiftly-flowing wave
> Shall free my soul from her long anxious strife;
> Men call fair Settsu's stream the stream of life,
> But in that stream shall be the maiden's grave!"

and with these words, let herself fall down into the river from the platform that overlooked it.

While the father and mother, frantic with grief, were raving and shouting, the two lovers plunged together into the stream. One caught hold of the maiden's foot and the other of her hand, and the three sank together and perished in the flood. Terrible was the grief of the girl's father and mother,

as, amid tears and lamentations, they lifted her body out of the water and prepared to give it burial. The parents of the two lovers likewise came to the spot, and dug for their sons graves beside the grave of the maiden. But the father and mother of him that dwelt in the same country-side raised an outcry, saying, "That he who belongs to the same land should be buried in the same place, is just. But how shall it be lawful for an alien to desecrate our soil?" So the parents of him that dwelt in Idzumi laded a junk with Idzumi earth, in which, having brought it to the spot, they laid their son. And to this day the maiden's grave stands there in the middle, and the graves of her lovers on either side.

Translated by Basil Hall Chamberlain

HOW THE SEA WAS CALMED

From the 'Tosa Nikki'

MEANWHILE a sudden gale sprung up, and in spite of all our efforts we fell gradually to leeward, and were in great danger of being sent to the bottom. "This god of Sumiyoshi," said the captain, "is like other gods. What he desires is not any of the fashionable articles of the day. Give him *nusa* [pieces of silk carried by worshipers as temple offerings] as an offering." The captain's advice was taken, and *nusa* were offered; but as the wind, instead of ceasing, only blew harder and harder, and the danger from the storm and sea became more and more imminent, the captain again said, "Because the august heart of the god is not moved for *nusa,* neither does the august ship move; offer to him something in which he will take greater pleasure." In compliance with this advice, I thought what it would be best to offer. "Of eyes I have a pair — then let me give to the god my mirror, of which I have only one." The mirror was accordingly flung into the sea, to my very great regret; but no sooner had I done so than the sea itself became as smooth as a mirror.

Translated by W. G. Aston

DISCOVERY OF THE ISLE OF IMMORTAL YOUTH, MT. HORAI

From the 'Taketori Monogatari'

[Prince Kuramochi, a suitor for the hand of the moon maiden, bidden by her to fetch from Mount Horai a branch of the divine tree with roots of

silver, trunk of gold, and fruits of jewels, narrates to her foster-father, the aged bamboo-cutter, his adventures, which prove to be entirely fictitious, for his own workmen had made the branch which he brought.]

THEN the Ancient fell to busying himself with putting the chamber in order, and after a while went out and accosted the Prince again, saying, "Your servant would fain know what manner of place it may be where grows this tree — how wonderful a thing it is, and lovely and pleasant to see!" And the Prince answered: "The year before yester-year, on the tenth of the second month, we took boat at Naniwa and sculled out into the ocean, not knowing what track to follow: but I thought to myself, what would be the profit of continuing life if I might not attain the desire of my heart; so pressed we onwards, blown where the wind listed. If we perished even, what mattered it? While we lived we would make what way we could over the sea-plain, and perchance thus might we somehow reach the mountain men do call Horai. So resolved, we sculled further and further over the heaving waters, until far behind us lay the shores of our own land. And as we wandered thus, now, deep in the trough of the sea we saw its very bottom; now, blown by the gale we came to strange lands, where creatures like demons fell upon us and were like to have slain us. Now, knowing neither whence we had come nor whither we tended, we were almost swallowed up by the sea; now, failing of food we were driven to live upon roots; now again, indescribably terrible beings came forth and would have devoured us; or we had to sustain our bodies by eating of the spoil of the sea. Beneath strange skies were we, and no human creature was there to give us succor; to many diseases fell we prey as we drifted along, knowing not whitherwards; and so tossed we over the sea-plain, letting our boat follow the wind for five hundred days. Then about the hour of the dragon, four hours ere noon, saw we a high hill looming faintly over the watery waste. Long we gazed at it, and marveled at the majesty of the mountain rising out of the sea. Lofty it was and fair of form; and doubting not it was the mountain we were seeking, our hearts were filled with awe. We plied the oar and coasted it for two days or three, and then we saw a woman arrayed like an angel come forth out of the hills, bearing a silver vessel which she filled with water. So we landed and accosted her, saying, 'How call men this mountain?' and she said, ''Tis Mount Horai'; whereat our hearts were filled with joy."

Translated by F. Victor Dickins

COURT FESTIVALS IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

From the 'Makura no Soshi'

WHAT delightful anniversaries festivals are! Each one brings its special pleasures, but none to my mind is so enjoyable as New Year's Day. It is early springtime then, when the weather is settled, and the morning breaks serenely. A quiet haze is spread over hill and dale, which the sun disperses when he rises, and shows the dewdrops sparkling in his rosy beams. The world seems glad and happy; and in the shining faces of the neighbors, glowing from the frosty air of morning, content and peace is plainly written. How pleasant it is to watch them as they pass, in holiday attire, intent on making their congratulations to their master, and ignorant the while that their very lightness of heart is an unconscious compliment to themselves.

It is the seventh day of the month when people, tempted by the fineness of the weather, go out in company to pick the *wakana* [wild pot-herbs]. The snow is off the ground, and great is the excitement amongst the ladies of the court, who have so seldom the opportunity of a country trip. What fun to watch the farmers' wives and daughters, arrayed in all their hoarded finery, and riding in their wagons (made clean for the occasion), as they come to see the races in the courtyard of the palace. It is most diverting to observe their faces from our grated windows. How prim and proper they appear, all unconscious of the shock their dignity will get when the wagon jolts across the huge beam at the bottom of the gate, and knocks their pretty heads together, disarranging their hair, and worse still, mayhap breaking their combs. But that is after all a trifle when compared to their alarm if a horse so much as neighs. On this account the gallants of the court amuse themselves by slyly goading the horses with spear and arrow-point, to make them rear and plunge and frighten the wenches home in fear and trembling. How silly too the men-at-arms look, their foolish faces painted with dabs of white here and there upon their swarthy cheeks, like patches of snow left on a hillside from a thaw!

Then there is the fifteenth of the first month, when appointments for the next four years are made. How eagerly candidates for office rush here and there through falling snow and sleet, with their memorials in their hands! Some have the jaunty air and confidence of youth; but others, more experienced, are weary and dejected-looking. How the old white-headed suitors crave an audience of the ladies of the palace, and babble to them of their fitness for the places they seek! Ah! little do they suspect when they have turned their backs what mirth they have occasioned! How the ladies mimic them — whining and drawling!

Translated by W. G. Aston

ON THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN

From the 'Genji Monogatari'

"HOW varied are the characters and the dispositions of women! Some who are youthful and favored by nature strive almost selfishly to keep themselves with the utmost reserve. If they write harmlessly and innocently, yet at the same time they are choice in their expressions, which have delicate touches of bewitching sentiment, this might possibly make us entertain a suddenly conceived fancy for them; yet they would give us but slight encouragement. . . .

"Among characters differing from the above, some are too full of sentimental sweetness; whenever occasion offers them romance they become spoilt. Such would be decidedly better if they had less sentiment and more sense.

"Others again are singularly earnest — too earnest, indeed — in the performance of their domestic duty; and such, with their hair pushed back, devote themselves like household drudges to household affairs. Man, whose duties generally call him from home all the day, naturally hears and sees the social movements both of public and private life, and notices different things, both good and bad. Of such things he would not like to talk freely with strangers, but only with some one closely allied to him. Indeed, a man may have many things in his mind which cause him to smile or to grieve. Occasionally something of a political nature may irritate him beyond endurance. These matters he would like to talk over with his fair companion, that she might soothe him and sympathize with him. But a woman as above described is often unable to understand him, or does not endeavor to do so; and this only makes him more miserable. At another time he may brood over his hopes and aspirations; but he has no hope of solace. She is not only incapable of sharing these with him, but might carelessly remark, 'What ails you?' How severely would this try the temper of a man!" . . .

Thus Sama-no-Kami, though eloquent, not having come to one point or another, remained thoughtful for some minutes, and again resumed.

"After all, as I have once observed, I can only make this suggestion: That we should not too much consider either birth or beauty, but select one who is gentle and tranquil, and consider her to be best suited for our last haven of rest. If in addition she is of fair position, and is blessed with sweetness of temper, we should be delighted with her, and not trouble ourselves to search out or notice any trifling deficiency. And the more so as, if her conscience is clear and pure, calmness and serenity of features can naturally be looked for.

"There are women who are too diffident and too reserved, and carry their generosity to such an extent as to pretend not to be aware even of such an-

noyances as afford them just grounds for complaint. A time arrives when their sorrows and anxieties become greater than they can bear. Even then, however, they cannot resort to plain speaking and complain; but instead thereof they will fly away to some remote retreat among the mountain hamlets, or to some secluded spot by the seaside, leaving behind them some painful letter or despairing verses, and making themselves mere sad memories of the past. . . .

"But there are also women who are too self-confident and obtrusive. These, if they discover some slight inconsistency in men, fiercely betray their indignation and behave with arrogance. A man may show a little inconsistency occasionally, but yet his affection may remain; then matters will in time become right again, and they will pass their lives happily together. If therefore the woman cannot show a tolerable amount of patience, this will but add to her unhappiness. She should, above all things, strive not to give way to excitement; and when she experiences any unpleasantness, she should speak of it frankly but with moderation. And if there should be anything worse than unpleasantness, she should even then complain of it in such a way as not to irritate the man. If she guides her conduct on principles such as these, even her very words, her very demeanor, may in all probability increase his sympathy and consideration for her. One's self-denial, and the restraint which one imposes upon one's self, often depend on the way in which another behaves to us. The woman who is too indifferent and too forgiving is also inconsiderate. Remember, 'The unmoored boat floats about.' Is it not so?"

Translated by Kencho Suyematsu

MEDIEVAL LITERATURE

1200–1600 A.D.

MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT

From the 'Hojoki'

THE water incessantly changes as the stream glides calmly on; the spray that hangs over a cataract appears for a moment only to vanish away. Such is the fate of mankind on this earth and of the houses in which they dwell. If we gaze at a mighty town we behold a succession of walls, surmounted by tiled roofs which vie with one another in loftiness. These have been from generation to generation the abodes of the rich and of the poor, and yet none resist the destructive influence of time. Some are allowed to fall into decay; others are replaced by new structures. Their fate is

shared by their inmates. If after the lapse of a long period we return to a familiar locality, we scarcely recognize one in ten of the faces we were accustomed to meet long ago. In the morning we behold the light, and next evening we depart for our long home. Our destiny resembles the foam on the water. Whence came we, and whither are we tending? What things vex us, what things delight us, in this world of unreality? It is impossible truly to say. A house and its occupant, changing perpetually, may well be compared to a morning-glory flecked with dew. Sometimes it happens that the dew evaporates and leaves the flower to die in the first glare of day; sometimes the dew survives the flower, but only for a few hours; before sunset the dew also has disappeared.

Translated by J. M. Dixon

VAGRANT REVERIES

From the 'Tsure-zure gusa'

IF man did not disappear like the dew of the field, or vanish like the mists of Toribe hills, and continued his stay upon earth, then tenderness of heart, sympathy, pity, would perish. The unsettled changeableness of the present sublunary life is vastly to be preferred.

Of all living creatures man is the most long-lived. The ephemeral gnat comes into existence in the morning, and vanishes ere evening falls. The summer cicada knows never a spring or autumn. One year of a man's life in comparison with these things must be considered laborious and long. A life of a thousand years, if passed in discontent and clung to, would seem to fly away as a dream of the night. What profit is there in clinging to a life which results in deformity, and cannot after all continue forever? Longevity produces shame and disgrace. It is better to die before forty years are passed, and thus escape the shame of decrepitude.

A quiet talk with one perfectly of your own turn of mind is a very pleasant thing. It would give one great delight to speak freely with such a friend about things that are pleasant, and about the instability of earthly joys. But no such friendship is possible.

To spread open your books under the light of your lamp, and hold communion with men of bygone ages, is surpassingly comfortable.

Japanese poetry is especially charming. Even the toil of an awkward peasant or of a woodman, expressed in poetic form, delights the mind. The name of the terrible wild boar also, when styled "*fusui no toko*," sounds elegant.

The heart of man has been compared to flowers; but unlike them, it does not wait for the blowing of the wind to be scattered abroad. It is so fleeting and changeful.

Translated by C. S. Eby

'ATSUMORI,' A *NO NO UTAI*

By Seami (1363–1444)

PERSONS

THE PRIEST RENSEI (formerly the warrior Kumagai).
A YOUNG REAPER, who turns out to be the ghost of Atsumori.
HIS COMPANION.
CHORUS.

PRIEST. Life is a lying dream; he only wakes
Who casts the World aside.
I am Kumagai no Naozane, a man of the country of Musashi. I have left my home and call myself the priest Rensei; this I have done because of my grief at the death of Atsumori, who fell in battle by my hand. Hence it comes that I am dressed in priestly guise.
And now I am going down to Ichi-no-Tani to pray for the salvation of Atsumori's soul.

[*He walks slowly across the stage, singing a song descriptive of his journey.*]

I have come so fast that here I am already at Ichi-no-Tani, in the country of Tsu.
Truly the past returns to my mind as though it were a thing of today.
But listen! I hear the sound of a flute coming from a knoll of rising ground.
I will wait here till the flute-player passes, and ask him to tell me the story of this place.
Reapers [*together*]. To the music of the reaper's flute
No song is sung
But the sighing of wind in the fields.
Young Reaper. They that were reaping,
Reaping on that hill,
Walk now through the fields
Homeward, for it is dusk.
Reapers [*together*]. Short is the way that leads
From the sea of Suma back to my home.

This little journey, up to the hill
And down to the shore again, and up to the hill—
This is my life, and the sum of hateful tasks.
If one should ask me
I too would answer
That on the shore of Suma
I live in sadness.
Yet if any guessed my name,
Then might I too have friends.
But now from my deep misery
Even those that were dearest
Are grown estranged. Here must I dwell abandoned
To one thought's anguish;
That I must dwell alone.

Priest. Hey, you reapers! I have a question to ask you.

Young Reaper. Is it to us you are speaking? What do you wish to know?

Priest. Was it one of you who was playing on the flute just now?

Young Reaper. Yes, it was we who were playing.

Priest. It was a pleasant sound, and all the pleasanter because one does not look for such music from men of your condition.

Young Reaper. Unlooked for from men of our condition, you say!
Have you not read: —
"Do not envy what is above you
Nor despise what is below you"?
Moreover the songs of woodmen and the flute-playing of herdsmen,
Flute-playing even of reapers and songs of wood-fellers
Through poets' verses are known to all the world.
Wonder not to hear among us
The sound of a bamboo-flute.

Priest. You are right. Indeed it is as you have told me.
Songs of woodmen and flute-playing of herdsmen . . .

Reaper. Flute-playing of reapers . . .

Priest. Songs of wood-fellers . . .

Reapers. Guide us on our passage through this sad world.

Priest. Song . . .

Reaper. And dance . . .

Priest. And the flute . . .

Reaper. And music of many instruments . . .

Chorus. These are the pastimes that each chooses to his taste.
Of floating bamboo-wood
Many are the famous flutes that have been made;
Little-Branch and Cicada-Cage,
And as for the reaper's flute,

Its name is Green-leaf;
On the shore of Sumiyoshi
The Corean flute they play.
And here on the shore of Suma
On Stick of the Salt-kilns
The fishers blow their tune.

Priest. How strange it is! The other reapers have all gone home, but you alone stay loitering here. How is that?

Reaper. How is it? I am seeking for a prayer in the voice of the evening waves. Perhaps *you* will pray the Ten Prayers for me?

Priest. I can easily pray the Ten Prayers for you, if you will tell me who you are.

Reaper. To tell you the truth — I am one of the family of Lord Atsumori.

Priest. One of Atsumori's family? How glad I am!

Then the priest joined his hands [*he kneels down*] and prayed: —

NAMU AMIDABU.

Praise to Amida Buddha!
"If I attain to Buddhahood,
In the whole world and its ten spheres
Of all that dwell here none shall call upon my name
And be rejected or cast aside."

Chorus. "Oh, reject me not!
One cry suffices for salvation,
Yet day and night
Your prayers will rise for me.
Happy am I, for though you know not my name,
Yet for my soul's deliverance
At dawn and dusk henceforward I know that you will pray."

So he spoke. Then vanished and was seen no more.

[*Here follows the Interlude between the two Acts, in which a recitation concerning Atsumori's death takes place. These interludes are subject to variation and are not considered part of the literary text of the play.*]

Priest. Since this is so, I will perform all night the rites of prayer for the dead, and calling upon Amida's name will pray again for the salvation of Atsumori.

[*The ghost of* Atsumori *appears, dressed as a young warrior.*]

Atsumori. Would you know who I am
That like the watchmen at Suma Pass
Have wakened at the cry of sea-birds roaming
Upon Awaji shore?
Listen, Rensei. I am Atsumori.

Priest. How strange! All this while I have never stopped beating my gong and performing the rites of the Law. I cannot for a moment have dozed, yet I thought that Atsumori was standing before me. Surely it was a dream.

Atsumori. Why need it be a dream? It is to clear the karma of my waking life that I am come here in visible form before you.

Priest. Is it not written that one prayer will wipe away ten thousand sins? Ceaselessly I have performed the ritual of the Holy Name that clears all sin away. After such prayers, what evil can be left? Though you should be sunk in sin as deep . . .

Atsumori. As the sea by a rocky shore,
Yet should I be salved by prayer.

Priest. And that my prayers should save you . . .

Atsumori. This too must spring
From kindness of a former life.[1]

Priest. Once enemies . . .

Atsumori. But now . . .

Priest. In truth may we be named . . .

Atsumori. Friends in Buddha's Law.

Chorus. There is a saying, "Put away from you a wicked friend; summon to your side a virtuous enemy." For you it was said, and you have proven it true.

And now come tell with us the tale of your confession, while the night is still dark.

Chorus. He[2] bids the flowers of Spring
Mount the tree-top that men may raise their eyes
And walk on upward paths;
He bids the moon in autumn waves be drowned
In token that he visits laggard men
And leads them out from valleys of despair.

Atsumori. Now the clan of Taira, building wall to wall,
Spread over the earth like the leafy branches of a great tree;

Chorus. Yet their prosperity lasted but for a day;
It was like the flower of the convolvulus.
There was none to tell them

[1] Atsumori must have done Kumagai some kindness in a former incarnation. This would account for Kumagai's remorse.

[2] The Buddha.

That glory flashes like sparks from flint-stone,
And after — darkness.
Oh wretched, the life of men!

Atsumori. When they were on high they afflicted the humble;
When they were rich they were reckless in pride.
And so for twenty years and more
They ruled this land.
But truly a generation passes like the space of a dream.
The leaves of the autumn of Juyei[3]
Were tossed by the four winds;
Scattered, scattered (like leaves too) floated their ships.
And they, asleep on the heaving sea, not even in dreams
Went back to home.
Caged birds longing for the clouds —
Wild geese were they rather, whose ranks are broken
As they fly to southward on their doubtful journey.
So days and months went by; Spring came again
And for a little while
Here dwelt they on the shore of Suma
At the first valley.[4]
From the mountain behind us the winds blew down
Till the fields grew wintry again.
Our ships lay by the shore, where night and day
The sea-gulls cried and salt waves washed on our sleeves.
We slept with fishers in their huts
On pillows of sand.
We knew none but the people of Suma.
And when among the pine-trees
The evening smoke was rising,
Brushwood, as they called it,[5]
Brushwood we gathered
And spread for carpet.
Sorrowful we lived
On the wild shore of Suma,
Till the clan Taira and all its princes
Were but villagers of Suma.
But on the night of the sixth day of the second month
My father Tsunemori gathered us together.
"Tomorrow," he said, "we shall fight our last fight.
Tonight is all that is left us."
We sang songs together, and danced.

[3] The Taira evacuated the Capital in the second year of Juyei, 1188.
[4] Ichi-no-Tani means "First Valley."
[5] The name of so humble a thing was unfamiliar to the Taira lords.

Priest. Yes, I remember; we in our siege-camp
Heard the sound of music
Echoing from your tents that night;
There was the music of a flute . . .
Atsumori. The bamboo-flute! I wore it when I died.
Priest. We heard the singing . . .
Atsumori. Songs and ballads . . .
Priest. Many voices . . .
Atsumori. Singing to one measure.

[*Atsumori dances.*]

First comes the Royal Boat.
Chorus. The whole clan has put its boats to sea.
He [6] will not be left behind;
He runs to the shore.
But the Royal Boat and the soldiers' boats
Have sailed far away.
Atsumori. What can he do?
He spurs his horse into the waves.
He is full of perplexity.
And then
Chorus. He looks behind him and sees
That Kumagai pursues him;
He cannot escape.
Then Atsumori turns his horse
Knee-deep in the lashing waves,
And draws his sword.
Twice, three times he strikes; then, still saddled,
In close fight they twine; roll headlong together
Along the surf of the shore.
So Atsumori fell and was slain, but now the Wheel of Fate
Has turned and brought him back.

[*Atsumori rises from the ground and advances towards the Priest with uplifted sword.*]

"There is my enemy," he cries, and would strike,
But the other is grown gentle
And calling on Buddha's name
Has obtained salvation for his foe;
So that they shall be reborn together
On one lotus-seat.
"No, Rensei is not my enemy.
Pray for me again, oh pray for me again."

[6] Atsumori. This passage is mimed throughout.

'ESASHI JUO' ['THE BIRD-CATCHER IN HELL'], A *KYOGEN*

PERSONS

YAMA, King of Hell.
KIYOYORI, the bird-catcher.
DEMONS.
CHORUS.

YAMA. Yama the King of Hell comes forth to stand
At the Meeting of the Ways.[7]

[*Shouting.*]

Yai, yai. Where are my minions?

Demons. Haha! Here we are.

Yama. If any sinners come along, set upon them and drive them off to Hell.

Demons. We tremble and obey.

[*Enter the bird-catcher,* Kiyoyori.]

Kiyoyori. "All men are sinners." What have I to fear
More than the rest?

My name is Kiyoyori the Bird-Catcher. I was very well known on the Terrestrial Plane. But the span of my years came to its appointed close; I was caught in the Wind of Impermanence; and here I am, marching to the Sunless Land.

Without a pang
I leave the world where I was wont to dwell,
The Temporal World.
Whither, oh whither have my feet carried me?
To the Six Ways already I have come.

Why, here I am already at the meeting of the Six Ways of Existence. I think on the whole I'll go to Heaven.

Demon. Haha! That smells like a man. Why, sure enough here's a sinner coming. We must report him. [*To Yama.*] Please, sir, here's the first sinner arrived already!

Yama. Then bustle him to Hell at once.

Demon. I tremble and obey. Listen, you sinner!
Hell is ever at hand, which is more than
Can be said of Heaven. [*Seizing Kiyoyori.*]
Come on, now, come on! [*Kiyoyori resists.*]

[7] The Buddhist "Six Ways."

Yai, yai!
Let me tell you, you're showing a great
Deal more spirit that most sinners do.
What was your job when you were on the
Terrestrial Plane?

Kiyoyori. I was Kiyoyori, the famous bird-catcher.

Demon. Bird-catcher? That's bad. Taking life from morning to night. That's very serious, you know. I am afraid you will have to go to Hell.

Kiyoyori. Really, I don't consider I'm as bad as all that. I should be very much obliged if you would let me go to Heaven.

Demon. We must ask King Yama about this. [*To Yama.*] Please, sir —

Yama. Well, what is it?

Demon. We must ask King Yama about this. [*To Yama.*] Please, sir — a well-known bird-catcher. Now that means taking life all the time; it's a serious matter, and he certainly ought to go to Hell. But when we told him so, he said we'd entirely misjudged him. What had we better do about it?

Yama. You'd better send him to me.

Demon. Very well. [*To Kiyoyori.*] Come along, King Yama says he'll see you himself.

Kiyoyori. I'm coming.

Demon. Here's that sinner you sent for.

Yama. Listen to me, you sinner. I understand that when you were in the world you spent your whole time snaring birds. You are a very bad man and must go to Hell at once.

Kiyoyori. That's all very well. But the birds I caught were sold to gentlemen to feed their falcons on; so there was really no harm in it.

Yama. "Falcon" is another kind of bird, isn't it?

Kiyoyori. Yes, that's right.

Yama. Well then, I really don't see that there *was* much harm in it.

Kiyoyori. I see you take my view. It was the falcons who were to blame, not I. That being so, I should be very much obliged if you would allow me to go straight to Heaven.

Yama [*reciting in the* No *style*]. Then the great King of Hell —
Because, though on the Hill of Death
Many birds flew, he had not tasted one,
"Come, take your pole," he cried, and here and now
Give us a demonstration of your art.
Then go in peace.

Kiyoyori. Nothing could be simpler.
I will catch a few birds and present them to you.
Then he took his pole, and crying
"To the hunt, to the hunt! . . ."

Chorus. "To the bird-hunt," he cried,
And suddenly from the steep paths of the southern side of the Hill of Death
Many birds came flying.
Then swifter than sight his pole
Darted among them.
"I will roast them," he cried.
And when they were cooked,
"Please try one," and he offered them to the King.

Yama [*greedily*]. Let me eat it, let me eat it.

[*Eats, smacking his lips.*]

Well! I must say they taste uncommonly good!

Kiyoyori [*to the Demons*]. Perhaps you would like to try some?

Demons. Oh, thank you! [*They eat greedily and snatch.*] I want that bit! No, it's mine! What a flavor!

Yama. I never tasted anything so nice. You have given us such a treat that I am going to send you back to the world to go on bird-catching for another three years.

Kiyoyori. I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure.

Chorus. You shall catch many birds,
Pheasant, pigeon, heron, and stork.
They shall not elude you, but fall
Fast into the fatal snare.

So he, reprieved, turned back towards the World;
But Yama, loth to see him go, bestowed
A jeweled crown, which Kiyoyori bore
Respectfully to the Terrestrial Plane,
There to begin his second span of life.

Translations by Arthur Waley

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THE DOMINANT NOTE OF THE LAW

[A Buddhist 'Wasan,' or hymn, from the latter part of the sixteenth (?) century, written by a priest, Kwaihan. The translation follows the Japanese meter of the *naga uta,* each line containing two series of alternating five and seven syllable measures.]

IN spending my days chasing things that are trifles,
In sowing the seed of the sixfold migration,
I pass through the world with my life-purpose baffled.
Since gaining a birth among those that are human,
Just now I have learned that I may become godlike;
So now I seek Buddha's help, trusting the promise.
This world, after all — it is only a dream-world;
And we, after all, are vain selves with dust mingled.
Our jealousies, angers, and scoffing reproaches,
All evils we do, though disguised by our cunning,
At last become massed like the bulk of a mountain,
And we are cast down to "The River of Three Paths";[1]
A fitting reward for our self-prompted actions,
Whose ills each must bear, never blaming another.
Live I a long life — 'tis like flashing of lightning.
Live I but one life — lo! 'tis lived in a dream-world.
Grow I into one life with wife and with children,
The love of such one life abides but a moment.
Think, how to the depths has my heart been affected!
Engrossed by my bonds to a world that is fleeting,
Naught led me to pray — "*Namu Amida Buddha*";[2]
As wind to a horse-ear were things of the future;
Reminded of death's blast, I answered, "When comes it?"
The preacher I trusted not; thought he spoke falsely:
And so has my time sped to this very moment.
Desire I thought was for good that would follow; —
Oh! how I lament as I think of what has been.
But yet in this troubled life comes consolation:
Adorable Buddha enlightens the dark way;
Has pity on all those who live in these last days;
To all gives compassion and blessed redemption,
Whose depth or whose height passes ocean or mountain.
To Buddha's salvation so bountiful, boundless,
Thanksgiving forever; — to me it is given.
Up pointing towards heaven, down pointing 'neath heaven,[3]
The Buddha sheds light upon all who are living.
Now, knowing the Law as the Law has been given,
The blest triple treasure — Rite, Priesthood, and Buddha[4] —

[1] A river in the underworld over which the souls of the dead must go. Three paths there lead to the realms of "Demons," "Brutes," and the "Hungry Ones."

[2] A sacred phrase by repetition of which salvation may be gained.

[3] The attitude taken by the Buddha immediately after his birth into this world.

[4] The three precious things of Buddhism — Law, Congregation, and Nirvana.

I lift up my song, though I sing in a dream-world.
If sorrow and knowing are both the mind's flowering,
If demon or Buddha with each is attendant,
Then let all my faith upon knowing be centered.
Up-striving, away from "The River of Three Paths,"
A glance at the Fullness Divine of all Goodness
Will gladden my eyes — the reward of my striving.
Recite then the Prayer; — for by its mere virtue
Your pathway will enter the "Land of the Holy."

Translated by Clay MacCauley

MODERN LITERATURE UNDER THE TOKUGAWA SHOGUNATE

1600–1850 A.D.

FROM THE 'RAKU-KUN'

A treatise on the philosophy of pleasure by Kaibara Yekken (1630–1714).

IF we make inward pleasures our chief aim, and use the ears and eyes simply as the means of procuring such delights from without, we shall not be molested by the lusts of these senses. If we open our hearts to the beauty of heaven, earth, and the ten thousand created things, they will yield us pleasure without limit, pleasure always before our eyes, night and morning, full and overflowing. The man who takes delight in such things becomes the owner of the mountains and streams, of the moon and flowers, and needs not to pay his court to others in order to enjoy them. They are not bought with treasure. Without the expenditure of a single cash he may use them to his heart's content, and yet never exhaust them. And although he enjoys possession of them as his own, no man will wrangle with him in order to deprive him of them. The reason is that the beauty of mountain and river, moon and flowers, has from the beginning no fixed owner.

He who knows the boundless sources of delight which are thus contained in the universe, and who finds his enjoyment therein, envies not the luxurious pleasures of the rich and great; for such enjoyments are beyond those of wealth and honors. He who is unconscious of them cannot enjoy the delectable things in the greatest abundance which are every day before his eyes.

Vulgar pleasures, even before they pass, become a torment to the body. If, for example, carried away by desire, we eat and drink our fill of dainty things, it is pleasant at first, but disease and suffering soon follow. In general, vulgar

pleasures corrupt the heart, injure the constitution, and end in misery. The pleasures of the man of worth, on the other hand, nourish the heart and do not entice us astray. To speak in terms of outward things, the pleasures which we derive from the love of the moon or of flowers, from gazing on the hills and streams, from humming to the wind or following the flight of birds with envy, are of a mild nature. We may take delight in them all day long and do ourselves no harm. Man will not blame us, nor God remonstrate with us for indulgence in it. It is easy to be attained, even by the poor and needy, and has no ill consequences. The rich and great, absorbed in luxury and indolence, know not these pleasures; but the poor man, little affected by such hindrances, may readily procure them if he only chooses to do so.

Translated by W. G. Aston

From W. G. Aston, 'A History of Japanese Literature.' Copyright by D. Appleton and Company, New York, and reprinted by their permission.

CLOSING SCENE FROM THE 'CHIUSHINGURA' (1748)

[This story, 'Chiushingura,' records the celebrated fidelity of the "Forty-seven Ronin," the great heroes of feudal Japan, 1701–2. It embodies the dearest ideals of a large part of the Japanese people, and in dramatic form it receives repeated rendering in Japanese theaters. The translation follows the modified text of a famous dramatist, Takeda Idzumo, who wrote about the middle of the eighteenth century, and who shares a wide popularity with Chikamatsu.]

ANOTHER moment, and the body of Moranao lay on the floor, covered with wounds.

The conspirators crowded round it, wild with excitement, shouting: —

"Oh, rare sight! Oh, happy fortune! Happy are we as the *moki* when he found his waif,[1] fortunate as though we gazed upon the flower of the *udonge,* that blossoms but once in three thousand years."

Cutting off their enemy's head with the dagger with which their dead master had committed *seppuku* [suicide by *hara kiri,* or cutting open the abdomen], they resumed their orgy, exclaiming: —

"We deserted our wives, we abandoned our children, we left our aged folk uncared-for, all to obtain this one head. How auspicious a day is this!"

[1] Some drift-wood by which this sea-tortoise (*moki*) beheld the light it had longed in vain to see for three thousand years.

They struck at the head in their frenzy, gnashed at it, shed tears over it; their grief and fury, poor wretches, beggared description.

Yuranosuke, drawing from his bosom the *ihai* [tablet holding the posthumous name of the dead, and date of death] of his dead master, placed it reverently on a small stand at the upper end of the room; and then set the head of Moronao, cleansed from blood, on another opposite to it. He next took a perfume from within his helmet, and burnt it before the tablet of his lord, prostrating himself and withdrawing slowly, while he bowed his head reverently three times, and then again thrice three times.

"O thou soul of my liege lord, with awe doth thy vassal approach thy mighty presence, who art now like unto him that was born of the lotos-flower [Buddha], to attain a glory and eminence beyond the understanding of men! Before the sacred tablet tremblingly set I the head of thine enemy, severed from his corpse by the sword thou deignedst to bestow upon thy servant in the hour of thy last agony. O thou that art now resting amid the shadows of the tall grass, look with favor on my offering." Bursting into tears, the *Karo* of Yenya thus adored the memory of his lord.

"And now, comrades," he resumed after a pause, "advance each of you, one after the other, and burn incense before the tablet of your master."

"We would all," cried Yoshida, "venture to ask our chief first among us to render that honor to our lord's memory."

"Nay," answered the *Karo,* "'tis not I who of right should be the first. Yazama Jiutaro, to you of right falls that honor."

"Not so," cried Yazama: "I claim no such favor. Others might think I had no right to it, and troubles might thus arise."

"No one will think that," exclaimed Yuranosuke. "We have all freely ventured our lives in the struggle to seize Moronao, but to you — to you fell the glory of finding him, and it was you who dragged him here alive, into our presence. 'Twas a good deed, Yazama, acceptable to the spirit of our master; each of us would fain have been the doer of it. Comrades, say I not well?"

Yoshida assented on behalf of the rest.

"Delay not, Yazama," resumed Yuranosuke; "for time flies fast."

"If it must be so," cried Yazama, as he passed forward, uttering *gomen* ["pardon me" (for going forward)] in a low tone, and offered incense the first of the company.

"And next our chief," exclaimed Yoshida.

"Nay," said the *Karo,* "there is yet one who should pass before me."

"What man can that be?" asked Yoshida wonderingly, while his comrades echoed his words.

The *Karo,* without replying, drew a purse made of striped stuff from his bosom. "He who shall precede me," cried the *Karo,* "is Hayano Kampei. A negligence of his duty as a vassal prevented him from being received into our number; but, eager to take at least a part in the erection of a monument to his

liege lord, he sold away his wife, and thus became able to furnish his share toward the expense. As his father-in-law had the money, and was murdered, and I caused the subscription to be returned to him, mad with despair he committed *seppuku* and died — a most miserable and piteous death. All my life I shall never cease to regret having caused the money to be returned to him; never for a moment will be absent from my memory that through my fault he came to so piteous an end. During this night's struggle the purse has been among us, borne by Heiyemon. Let the latter pass forward, and in the name of his sister's dead husband, burn incense before the tablet of our lord."

Heiyemon, thus addressed, passed forward, exclaiming, "From amidst the shadows of the tall grass blades the soul of Kampei thanks you for the unlooked-for favor you confer upon him." Laying the purse upon the censer, he added: —

"'Tis Hayano Kampei who, second in turn, offers incense before the tablet of his liege lord."

The remainder followed, offering up in like manner — amid loud cries of grief, and with sobs and tears, and trembling in the anguish of their minds — incense before the tablet of their master.

Suddenly the air is filled with the din of the trampling of men, with the clatter of hoofs, and with the noise of war drums.

Yuranosuke does not change a feature.

"'Tis the retainers of Moronao who are coming down upon us: why should we fight with them?"

The *Karo* is about to give the signal to his comrades to accomplish the final act of their devotion, by committing *seppuku* in memory of their lord, when Momonoi Wakasanosuke appears upon the scene, disordered with the haste he had used, in his fear of being too late.

"Moroyasu, the young brother of Moronao, is already at the great gate," cried Momonoi. "If you commit *seppuku* at such a moment it will be said that you were driven to it by fear, and an infamous memory will attach to your deed. I counsel you to depart hence without delay, and betake yourselves to the burial-place of your lord, the Temple of Komyo."

"So shall it be," answered Yuranosuke after a pause. "We will do as you counsel us, and will accomplish our last hour before the tomb of our ill-fated lord. We would ask you, Sir Wakasanosuke, to prevent our enemies from following us."

Hardly had Yuranosuke concluded, when Yakushiji Jirozayemon and Sagisaka Bannai suddenly rushed forth from their hiding-places, shouting — "Oboshi, villain, thou shalt not escape!" and struck right and left at the *Karo*. Without a moment's delay Rikiya hastened to his father's assistance, and forced the wretches to turn their weapons against himself. The struggle did not last long. Avoiding a blow aimed at him by Yakushiji, Rikiya cut the fellow down, and left him writhing in mortal agony upon the ground. Bannai

met with a similar fate: a frightful gash upon the leg brought him to his knee — a pitiable spectacle enough — and a few moments afterward the wretch breathed his last.

" A valiant deed, a valiant deed! "

For ever and ever shall the memory endure of these faithful clansmen; and in the earnest hope that the story of their loyalty — full bloom of the bamboo leaf [the name of each heir to the Tokugawa Shogunate contained the name *take* (bamboo)] — may remain a bright example as long as the dynasty of our rulers shall last, has the foregoing tale of their heroism been writ down.

Translated by F. Victor Dickins

OPENING TO 'GLIMPSES OF DREAMLANDS'

[The 'Musobioye Kosho Monogatari' of Kiokutei Bakin (1767–1848) describes a journey through the Lands of Childhood, Lust, Drunkenness, and Avarice, and the Villages of Sinful Desires, Grief, and Pleasure.]

THE length of man's life is fifty years, and even in ancient times men rarely reached seventy. A merely limited life is received from Heaven-and-Earth by man, but his passions have no limit. He is bound like a slave to the cent which he wears his nails to the very quick to obtain. Before the six-monthly term days arrive, payments and receipts are being briskly carried on, pleadings for grace or money, and loud lamentations; men borrowing with the meek, downcast look of a stone saint, yet rushing off to evil deeds with it whenever they grasp the desired treasure, and then repaying their loan with visage scowling like the King of Hell when he has his mouth smeared with red incense.

The popular proverb that " even in hell sins are estimated in money " is, alas! esteemed a *golden* saying. " My property," and this or the other man's, although receiving the titles of their owners, remain but a little time, like a passing traveler who tarries for a night; for if there is income there is also expenditure. Eating and drinking, after all, are the pegs which give strength and continuity to life; and when you are really hungry perhaps nothing tastes nasty. Barbarous foreigners buy the first *bonitos* of the season with a golden *koban,* and when they have devoured them still crave for more. If you try to fare on plain rice flavored only with tea, it will travel but about three inches down your throat, and soon all will find its way to the public boats. A tight little house that you can get your knees into is quite large enough. The grand palace of the Chinese Emperor Shiko and a straw hovel differ only in being

spacious or narrow, and in being placed in the country or in the capital. If you have but a room which a single mat covers, and in which you can just manage to stretch your legs, your body will be completely protected. So again, when you have packed your five feet of carcass into clothes (they form a convenient temporary skin to your frame; while the finest brocade or the coarsest rags differ only in being brilliant or dirty. When men die and become mere clay, no one by looking at their flayed [unclothed] bodies only can tell which of them wore the grandest raiment during life. A waist-cloth made of silk crape is after all only a waist-cloth. . . .

According to the kind of costume they wear, men are divided into great and mean; and if one follows simply the laws of etiquette in regard to the cut and color of his clothes, putting on even tattered pants and carrying a rusty sword in his girdle, though his possessions may be slender, still he can pay his debts. Performing all the duties assigned to him by Heaven, seizing the opportunity which a little leisure affords to turn over the green covers of an old book, viewing the ways and manners of the ancients, and resolving henceforth to mend his own ways, this is better far than purchasing pain with money. The Religion of Heaven does not give superabundantly. If a man has money he may have no children to bestow it upon; if his family is large his means may be small; handsome men are often fools, ugly men clever; taking sorts of fellows are frequently lascivious, and men poor in speech are strong in will.

Translated by Ludovic Mordwin

ON PAINTING

From the 'Tamagatsuma' ['Wicker Basket'] of Motoöri (1730–1801)

THE great object in painting any one is to make as true a likeness of him as possible — a likeness of his face (that is, of course, the first essential), and also of his figure, and even of his very clothes. Great attention should therefore be paid to the smallest details of a portrait. Now in the present day, painters of the human face set out with no other intention than that of showing their vigor of touch, and of producing an elegant picture. The result is a total want of likeness to the subject. Indeed, likeness to the subject is not a thing to which they attach any importance. From this craving to display vigor and to produce elegant pictures there results a neglect of details. Pictures are dashed off so sketchily that not only is there no likeness to the face of the person painted, but wise and noble men are represented with an expression of countenance befitting none but rustics of the lowest degree. This is worthy of the gravest censure. If the real features of a personage of antiquity are unknown, it should be the artist's endeavor to represent such a

personage in a manner appropriate to his rank or virtues. The man of great rank should be represented as having a dignified air, so that he may appear to have been really great. The virtuous man, again, should be painted so as to look really virtuous. But far from conforming to this principle, the artists of modern times, occupied as they are with nothing but the desire of displaying their vigor of touch, represent the noble and virtuous alike as if they had been rustics or idiots.

The same ever-present desire for mere technical display makes our artists turn beautiful women's faces into ugly ones. It will perhaps be alleged that a too elegant representation of mere beauty of feature may result in a less valuable work of art; but when it does so the fault must lie with the artist. His business is to paint the beautiful face, and at the same time *not* to produce a picture artistically inferior. In any case, fear for his own reputation as an artist is a wretched excuse for turning a beautiful face into an ugly one. On the contrary, a beautiful woman should be painted as beautiful as possible; for ugliness repels the beholder. At the same time it often happens in such pictures as those which are sold in the Yedo shops, that the strained effort to make the faces beautiful ends in excessive ugliness and vulgarity, to say nothing of artistic degradation.

Our warlike paintings (that is, representations of fierce warriors fighting) have nothing human about the countenances. The immense round eyes, the angry nose, the great mouth, remind one of demons. Now, will any one assert that this unnatural, demoniacal fashion is the proper way to give an idea of the very fiercest warrior's look? No! The warrior's fierceness should indeed be depicted, but he should at the same time be recognized as a simple human being. It is doubtless to such portraits of warriors that a Chinese author alludes, when, speaking of Japanese paintings, he says that the figures in them are like those of the anthropophagous demons of Buddhist lore. As his countrymen do not ever actually meet living Japanese, such of them as read his book will receive the impression that all our countrymen resemble demons in appearance. For though the Japanese, through constant reading of Chinese books, are well acquainted with Chinese matters — the Chinese, who never read our literature, are completely ignorant on our score, and there can be little doubt that the few stray allusions to us that do occur are implicitly believed in. This belief of foreigners in our portraits as an actual representation of our people will have the effect of making them imagine — when they see our great men painted like rustics and our beautiful women like frights — that the Japanese men are really contemptible in appearance and all the Japanese women hideous. Neither is it foreigners alone who will be thus misled. Our own very countrymen will not be able to resist the impression that the portraits they see of the unknown heroes of antiquity do really represent those heroes' faces.

Translated by Basil Hall Chamberlain